MYSTERY

ONE OF THE TOWER MAGAZINES

APRIL 1933

10¢

Her Demon Lover

THE SINISTER PERILS OF MYRA

SAX ROHMER'S

MASTERPIECE

THE TAXI DETECTIVE
and the **SECRET** *of the*
BLACK BOX

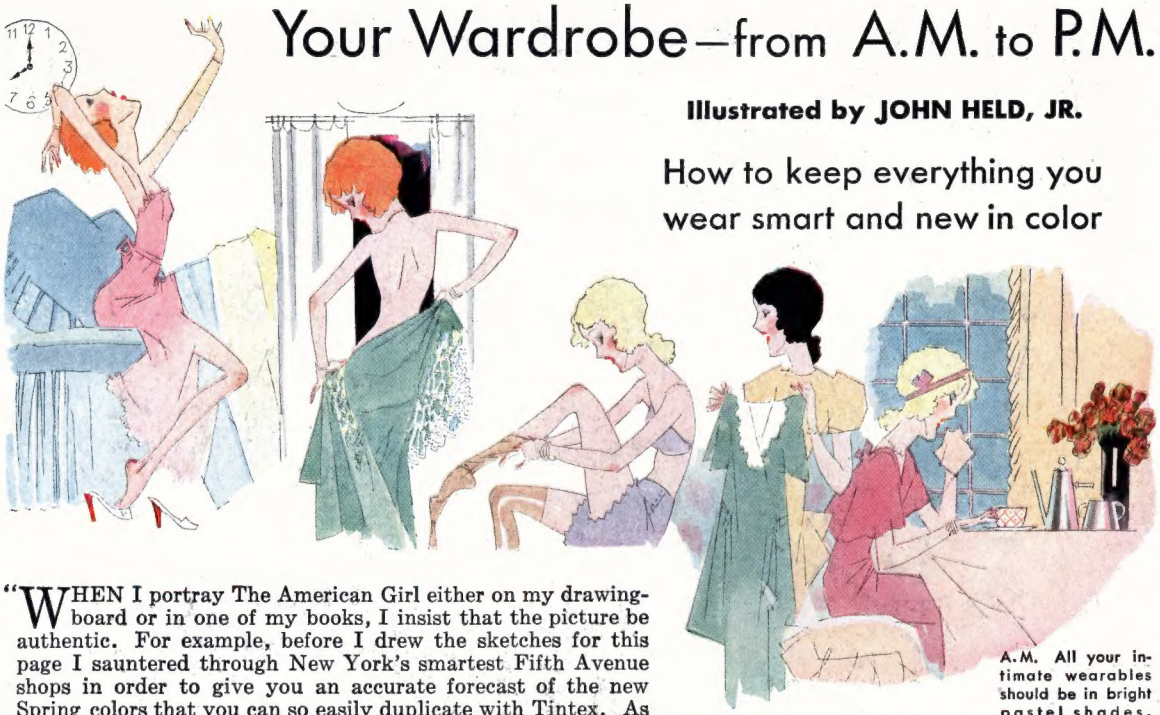
CARL BUCHANAN'S
complete new novelette
of the crime with
too many clues

MURDER
BY CANDLELIGHT

Your Wardrobe—from A.M. to P.M.

Illustrated by JOHN HELD, JR.

How to keep everything you wear smart and new in color



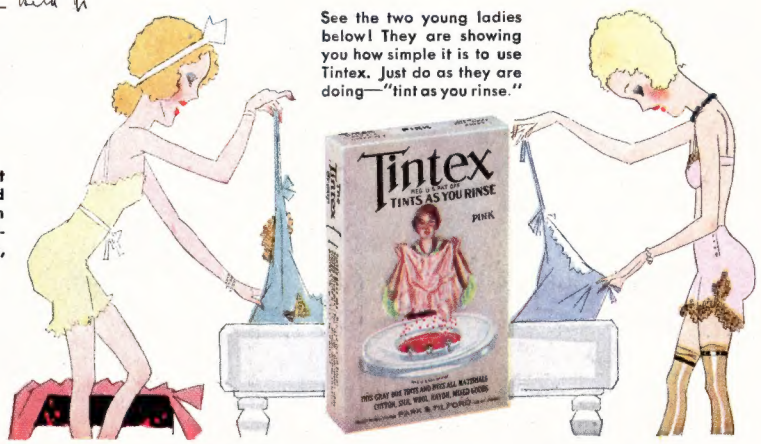
"WHEN I portray The American Girl either on my drawing-board or in one of my books, I insist that the picture be authentic. For example, before I drew the sketches for this page I sauntered through New York's smartest Fifth Avenue shops in order to give you an accurate forecast of the new Spring colors that you can so easily duplicate with Tintex. As an artist I am naturally appreciative of color—and I am always amazed at the great range of brilliant and fashionable colors that Tintex offers you for everything you wear. It is small wonder to me that Tintex is used by more women than any other tints and dyes in the world."

A.M. All your intimate wearables should be in bright pastel shades. Launderings *will* fade them, of course. But never mind. Tintex will restore their gay color.

P. M. Afternoon and evening attire depends so much on *correct color* for its smartness. And I've observed that women who are both smart and thrifty depend on Tintex to give their dresses and frocks the very colors Paris decrees.

I have drawn the girl at the left just to remind you to use Tintex on home-decorations; curtains, drapes, slip-covers, household linens, etc.

See the two young ladies below! They are showing you how simple it is to use Tintex. Just do as they are doing—"tint as you rinse."



How many Tintex colors are there to choose from? There are 35—and each, I assure you, is up-to-the-minute in Fashion. Where can you get Tintex? Well, I've noticed you can get Tintex just about every place.

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Never fails to use Lipstick— Neglects her Teeth and Gums and she has "pink tooth brush"!

IT HAS never dawned upon this girl that lipstick draws attention to her dull, dingy-looking teeth — or she would take better care of her teeth and gums.

Are *your* teeth dull—or bright? Are your gums firm — or flabby?

If your gums bleed easily — if you have "pink tooth brush"— the soundness of your gums, the brightness of your teeth, and the attractiveness of your smile may be in danger.

"Pink tooth brush" may lead to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea. It is a threat to the good-looks of your teeth — and sometimes to the teeth themselves.

Try the Ipana method of keeping your teeth sparkling, and your gums firm and healthy.

Soft modern foods rob your gums of the stimulation they need. To give them this necessary stimulation, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums each time you clean your teeth.

Almost immediately your teeth will brighten. Soon, you'll see an improvement in your gums. Continue with Ipana and massage, and you needn't be bothered about "pink tooth brush."

IPANA

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. Y-43
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

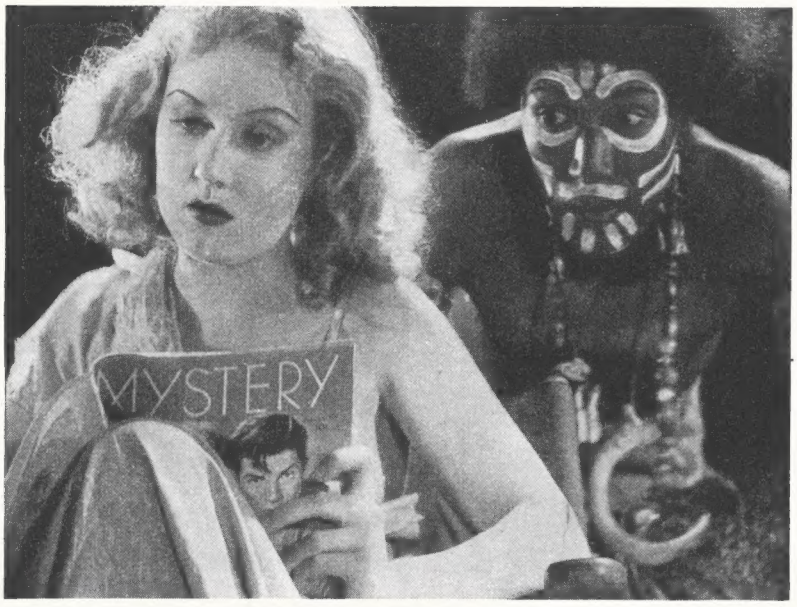
VOL. VII, NO. 4

The MYSTERY * Magazine

APRIL, 1933

Catherine McNelis—Publisher Hugh Weir—Editorial Director

ONE OF THE TOWER MAGAZINES • ON SALE THE 10TH OF EACH MONTH IN WOOLWORTH STORES



Another Scoop *for* MYSTERY MAGAZINE

FAY WRAY . . . heroine of the mystery picture, "King Kong", and one of the giant ape's brown-skinned subjects, caught by the camera as they read with absorbing interest the thrilling story as it appeared in this magazine. "King Kong", the senational, breath-taking mystery drama of the month, was conceived by Edgar Wallace and Merian C. Cooper.

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ADVERTISING OFFICES

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Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations

"Don't let love grow hum-drum"

warns HELEN TWELVETREES

"When a man begins to take you for granted, look out! Capture for yourself glamorous complexion loveliness the way the Screen Stars do. Men are always stirred by lovely skin!"

Helen Twelvetrees

She knows her husband really loves her still, yet she is taken for granted, neglected. Love has grown hum-drum, stale.

She learns the Hollywood secret—that a velvet-smooth skin has a charm men can't resist. She begins to use the Hollywood way to this complexion loveliness.

Again she knows the thrill of honeymoon days! Eager eyes search the new, seductive beauty of her face. Now life is glamorous, gay!

"DON'T let love grow hum-drum!" This is the warning Helen Twelvetrees sends to the many perplexed women who write this charming screen star for advice.

"When a man begins to take you for granted," she says, "look out!"

And then she tells Hollywood's secret of winning—and *holding*—adoration. "Capture for yourself glamorous complexion loveliness the way the screen stars do. Men are *always* stirred by lovely skin!"

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, actually 686 use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their complexions always lovely. It is the official soap in all the great film studios.

Begin today to use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap *regularly*, just as Helen Twelvetrees does!

Let the Beauty Soap of the Stars make your skin Glamorous

TRICKERY

By Carolyn Wells

The famous creator of detective mystery fiction presents these magic puzzles guaranteed to afford you and your friends real fun and entertainment. A new feature mystery page—complete with puzzles and answers!

The Complacent Shopkeeper

A BUSINESS woman, on her way home from her office, stopped in at a small hardware store to pay a little bill which she owed there.

She laid the bill on the counter, nodded to the shopman, and then proceeded to gather the various coins from her pocket.

"Good gracious," she exclaimed, "I haven't enough to pay your bill, after all! You see, I had enough when I left the office, but I made a little purchase on my way, and now, you see, I'm short!"

"Not at all," said the smiling shopman. "Forget it. Give me what you have there and we'll call it square. It won't really make any difference to me."

"My dear sir, what do you mean? If I gain this difference, you must lose it. Then why say it doesn't matter to you?"

"I say the truth. It will not affect my profit and loss account to the slightest degree."

Can you explain this? For the shopman told the exact truth.

ANSWER

The woman's bill was for two dollars. She had two dollars with her, but on her way, she had spent two cents for an evening paper. Had she taken her bill home again and sent the shopkeeper a check, the tradesman would have had to pay two cents to mail the woman's receipted bill. As it was, he receipted the bill then and there, saved the two cents he would have spent for postage and came out square.

Flower Anagrams

EACH word here given may be rearranged to spell a well-known flower.

1. Drainage.
2. Assert.
3. Claimest.
4. Inelegant.
5. Promiser.
6. Succor.
7. Avails.

ANSWERS

1. Gardenia
2. Asters
3. Clematis
4. Eglantine
5. Primrose
6. Crocus
7. Salvia.

The Game of Books

A SET of cards must be prepared according to the following directions. On each card draw or paint or write the representative titles. Have your cards uniform size and of attractive appearance.

The cards, being duly numbered, are spread on one or more tables, and each player is given paper and pencil.

The players then guess what book is described by the design on each card, and writes it down with its proper number on his own list.

When all have finished, collect the cards, and let two or three chosen judges go over them and award prizes to the best lists:

THE TITLES

1. March fifteenth, written, or cut from a calendar and pasted on a card.
2. The word *women* in very small letters. This, too, may be written, microscopically, or cut from a paper, if in small type.
3. A very long, narrow capital A.
4. Two capital I's, colored blue.
5. A picture of the moon and an English sixpence. If the coin is not available, cut a picture of a sixpence from a coin catalogue or old almanac.
6. A postcard showing the Main Street of any town.
7. Several marriage notices cut from the paper.
8. Picture of a very attractive baby.
9. Picture of a statue of Apollo.
10. Picture of a beetle, gilded on the card.
11. Picture of yacht or sailing vessel, and in front of the mainmast, print the dates, 1492 and 1776.
12. A picture of a few cakes cut from any cookery page and a picture of a bottle of ginger ale, cut from an advertisement.
13. Murder case, printed in green letters.
14. C C C C C C C.
15. Picture of girl in old fashioned costume.
16. Map of the world, spread out in the two hemispheres.
17. Three pennies, inked or painted black.
18. An arrow, gilded on the card.
19. A small map, showing part of the New England states, of which Boston is the southernmost point shown.
20. A small bowl of earth.

ANSWERS

1. Middlemarch.
2. Little Women.
3. Innocents Abroad. (In no sense A, broad)
4. A Pair of Blue Eyes.
5. The Moon and Sixpence.
6. Main Street.
7. Many Marriages.
8. Nize Baby.
9. Glorious Apollo.
10. The Gold Bug.
11. Two Years Before the Mast.
12. Cakes and Ale.
13. The Greene Murder Case.
14. Seven Seas.
15. An Old Fashioned Girl.
16. The Wide, Wide World.
17. The Three Black Pennys.
18. The Arrow of Gold.
19. North of Boston.
20. The Good Earth.

If your party is made up of literary people, you may add some less well-known books. Or if up-to-date minds are present, put in some of the most recent titles.

Watch for the Carolyn Wells puzzles each month! A new feature page of magic and mystery!

THE Mystery *of the* Lost Woman!

Masterpieces of mystery! Presenting the world's greatest detective novels told for the first time in pictures. Read Wilkie Collins' classic, "The Woman in White"

It was after midnight, and Walter Hartright, a young drawing teacher, had just bade his mother goodby on the eve of his departure for a new position at Limmeridge House, in Cumberlandshire. He was crossing Hampstead Heath on his way back to his lodgings in London when he was startled by a hand laid lightly upon his shoulder. He whirled about, and found himself face to face with a young woman dressed entirely in white. Her face was drawn and anxious, and she glanced over her shoulder from time to time, as though fearing pursuit.

"Is that the road to London?" she asked, in a hoarse voice, and pointed to the reddish cloud which overhung the great city.

"Yes; and as I am on my way there," Hartright told the Woman in White, "I will show you the road."

"And you won't detain me?" she demanded. "I have a friend in London—I must get to her at once."

Hartright reassured her, and they trudged on together. As they reached the suburbs, a cab passed. The Woman in White hailed it and a moment later was driven away.

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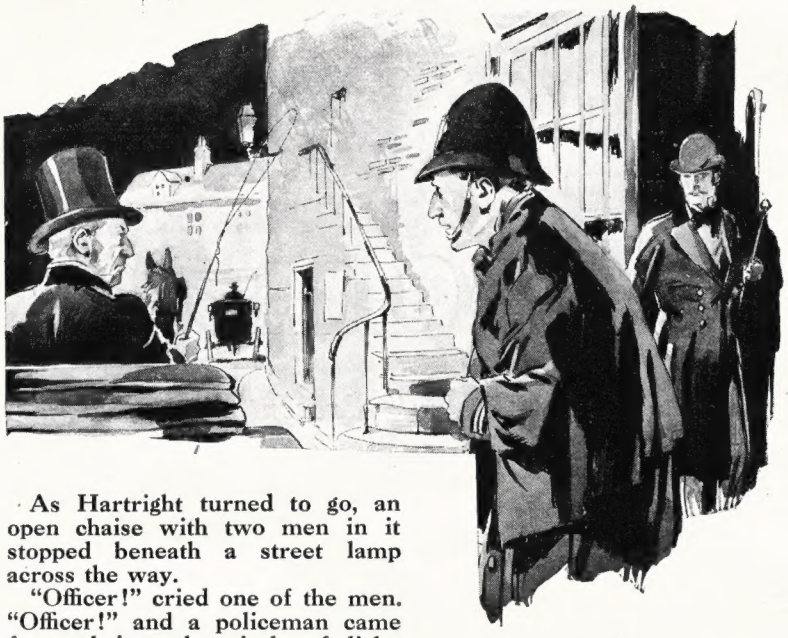
The Mystery of the Lost Woman!



As Hartright turned to go, an open chaise with two men in it stopped beneath a street lamp across the way.

"Officer!" cried one of the men. "Officer!" and a policeman came forward into the circle of light. "Have you seen a woman in white? She must have passed this way. A woman all in white!"

"I have seen no such woman, sir," said the officer. "What has she done?"

"Done!" echoed the man in the chaise. "She has escaped from my asylum. If you see her, arrest her instantly—she is not fit to be at large. Remember, a woman in white!"

Walter Hartright had journeyed to take up his new duties. And it was here that he was to find the greatest sorrow—and happiness—of his whole lifetime. While he could not know it now, it was to be he who later was to clear the mystery surrounding Laura Fairlie's life—but only after he had endured such pain and sorrow as comes to few men. Constant association with his beautiful pupil could have but one inevitable result for Walter Hartright. He fell madly in love with her. And Laura Fairlie! Days had come to have only one meaning for her. She was to see, again, the one man in the whole world who meant everything to her. So does love have its way.

"Do you think I am improving?" Laura asked one day, as they leaned over a drawing board. She looked up at Hartright with a smile, but there was something in his eyes which made her look away. Marian Halcombe saw that something, too, and her face darkened with anxiety. Could it be that this poor young drawing teacher had permitted himself to fall in love with the heiress of Limmeridge House and the Fairlie fortune? And Laura! What of her? Marian saw that her duty was clear. Since her sister had no father or mother to protect her, she herself must do so. Hartright must be told the truth, and dismissed at once.

(*Please turn to page* 10)

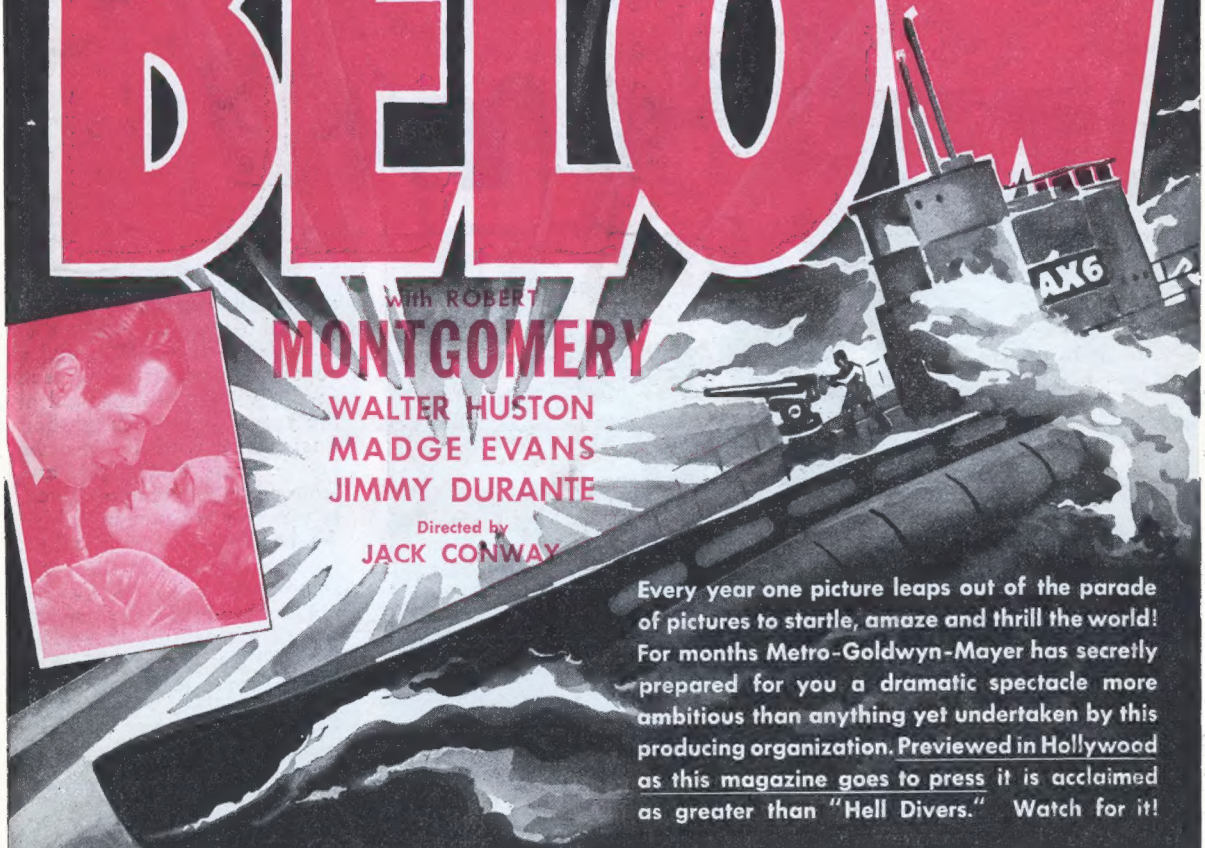
Walter Hartright, arrived at his destination, met his new employers. Laura Fairlie looked up with a start as Marian Halcombe ushered him into the summer-house. Though they were half-sisters, no two women could have been more unalike in appearance—Marian, dark, almost swarthy, with coal-black hair, and strong, magnificent figure. Laura, slender and fair, with eyes of turquoise-blue—such eyes, Hartright told himself, as he had never seen before, so soft, so limpid, so full of gentleness and candor. Standing there in the soft sunlight, she was such a vision of loveliness that his pulse was anything but steady as he met her.

"This is your new pupil, Mr. Hartright," said Marion, drawing him forward. "Laura, this is Mr. Hartright." And so it was to this household that

1933 WILL BE FAMED FOR ONE PICTURE!

HELL BELOW

with ROBERT
MONTGOMERY
WALTER HUSTON
MADGE EVANS
JIMMY DURANTE
Directed by
JACK CONWAY



Every year one picture leaps out of the parade of pictures to startle, amaze and thrill the world! For months Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has secretly prepared for you a dramatic spectacle more ambitious than anything yet undertaken by this producing organization. Previewed in Hollywood as this magazine goes to press it is acclaimed as greater than "Hell Divers." Watch for it!

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

The Mystery of the Lost Woman!

And then the blow fell. "I feel that I must speak to you frankly, Mr. Hartright," said Marian. "You have permitted yourself to fall in love with my sister. You must leave us."

"I will go tomorrow," agreed Hartright hoarsely. "I should have remembered that I am only a poor drawing teacher," he added bitterly.

"It is not that," broke in Marian quickly, "but Laura Fairlie is betrothed—a betrothal sanctioned by her father on his deathbed, which she considers sacred."

"Who is the man?" Hartright asked.

"His name is Sir Percival Glyde. He is a man of unimpeachable character—a man of large property in Hampshire."

The parting was not without effect on Laura.

"I have told him that he must go, and he agrees," said Marian. "That was right, was it not, my darling?"

"Yes," agreed Laura drearily, "that was right,

I suppose. But look what I have just received, Marian—an anonymous letter. Listen to what it says: 'Do you believe in dreams? I dreamed of you last night, Miss Fairlie. You were at the altar rail and a man was beside you—a man of five-and-forty. Outside he was fair enough, but I could see into his heart, and it was black as night. Beware, or he will strew your path with misery, as he has strewn the paths of others!'"

In the meantime, the disconsolate Hartright heard a report of a ghost being seen in the village churchyard at the grave of Laura's mother. Suspecting who it was, he lay in wait that night, and stole upon her unperceived. It was the Woman in White. As he looked down at her, he was startled by her resemblance to Laura Fairlie.

He heard her cry, softly, her cheek against the cross. "Oh, Mrs. Fairlie! *You* know how I love your child for your sake! Tell me how to save her!"

In the sitting room at Limmeridge House, Marian, Sir Percival and the old lawyer, Vincent Gilmore, were in conference.

"It is perfectly right that you should inquire into the anonymous letter, Mr. Gilmore," said Sir Percival. "It was written by a poor, demented creature named Anne Catherick. Her mother is a

(*Please turn to page* 12)

Lee Tracy
in "Private Jones"
...WITH GLORIA STUART*
DONALD COOK · EMMA DUNN
FRANK McHUGH · RUSSELL GLEASON
PRIVATE Jones was a lovable fool and he couldn't escape the draft. He snarled at patriotism, hated his officers and the men around him. He despised the army and refused to bow to discipline. He was cocky and quick-tempered. He wanted to fight everybody but the enemy. But there came a day when he was forced to the firing-line and in that swirling sea of fire, "PRIVATE JONES" —but see the picture in which LEE TRACY makes the hit of his career.
Presented By
CARL LAEMMLE
Story by Richard Schayer.
Directed by
RUSSELL MACK
Produced by
CARL LAEMMLE, Jr.
IT'S A UNIVERSAL

The Mystery of the Lost Woman!

tenant of mine, and I offered to pay for placing her in a private asylum, where she could be taken care of—an act of charity, but she has conceived for me a violent hatred."

"How did it happen Anne Catherick knew Mrs. Fairlie?" Mr. Gilmore asked. "I have been the attorney for the family for many years."

"Yes, I know," Sir Percival assented. "Anne went to school in the village here when she was a girl, and Mrs. Fairlee tried to help her. It was she who told her that she should always dress in white. For her own sake, we must find her and return her to the asylum.

"Are you satisfied, Miss Halcombe?"

"Yes," answered Marian, but there was a shade of uncertainty in her voice. "Yes—I suppose so."

Some time later, at Gilmore's office in London, Gilmore was closeted with Sir Percival's attorney.

"I sign this settlement on behalf of Miss Fairlie under protest," said Mr. Gilmore, "but the instructions from her guardian leave me no alternative."

"What is it you object to?" asked Gilmore.

"I object to the clause which leaves Miss Fairlie's personal fortune to her husband, in case of her death without issue."

"But that is only a formality—she is twenty years younger than he, and will certainly outlive him."

"Perhaps she will," Gilmore agreed grimly, "nevertheless, in my opinion, it is a mistake to give a husband, under any circumstances, an interest of twenty thousand pounds on his wife's death."

So Laura Fairlie became Lady Glyde. She soon learned that her husband cared nothing for her, and when, six months later, he summoned her into his study, she went with a foreboding of disaster.

"I have a document here for you to sign," he said roughly. "Count Fosco and Miss Halcombe will witness your signature."

"What is the document?" Laura inquired.

"It is a mere formality. Sign here," and he held the pen toward her.

"But I should like to read it first," she protested.

"Do you doubt my word?" he blustered.

"I refuse to sign any document I have not read. Mr. Gilmore warned me never to do so."

(*Please turn to page* 14)

Palmolive now at lowest prices in history

Nothing is changed but the price. The same amount of olive oil goes into every cake . . . the same generous-size cake . . . the same true cosmetic effect that has made Palmolive the voluntary choice of more than 20,000 beauty experts

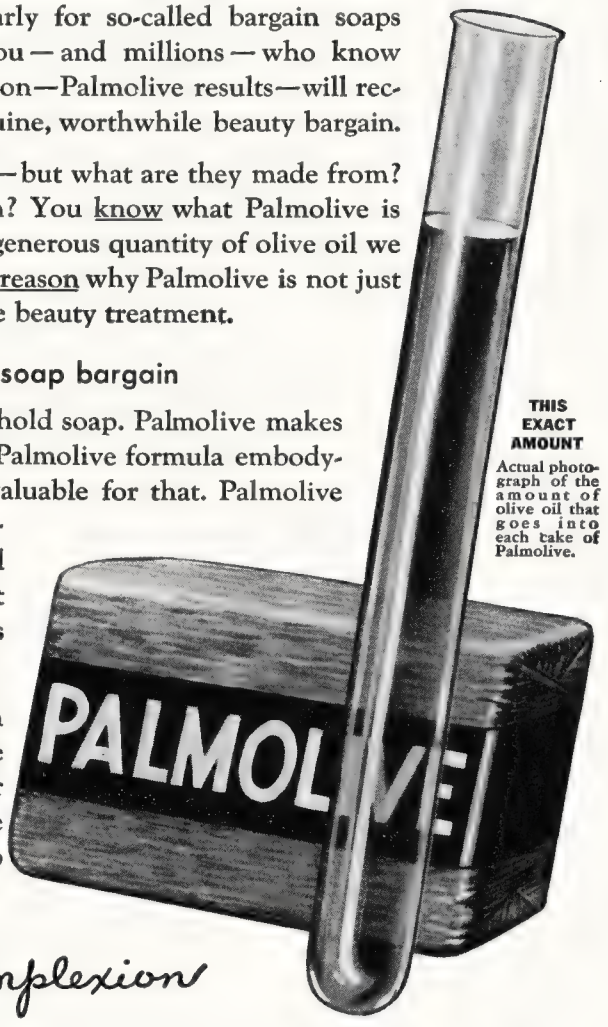
WITH beauty at stake—you must choose soap bargains carefully. Beware—lest you pay too dearly for so-called bargain soaps which dry, irritate, age the skin. You—and millions—who know Palmolive quality—Palmolive reputation—Palmolive results—will recognize in these new-day prices a genuine, worthwhile beauty bargain.

To be sure there are cheaper soaps—but what are they made from? Do you dare use them on your skin? You know what Palmolive is made from. Below we show you the generous quantity of olive oil we put into every cake. We show you the reason why Palmolive is not just another soap—but a genuine, provable beauty treatment.

A real complexion soap bargain

Palmolive is not an all-purpose household soap. Palmolive makes no claims for laundry purposes. The Palmolive formula embodying time-tested cosmetic oils is too valuable for that. Palmolive is a skin soap—a complexion soap—made to preserve youth—to foster and promote true natural skin beauty. It is the only leading soap that reveals its ingredients.

Now—supply your household with Palmolive generously! Use this fine beauty aid for face—for shampoo—for bath—for the whole family. At these low prices you need never let any soap but Palmolive touch your skin.



THIS EXACT AMOUNT

Actual photograph of the amount of olive oil that goes into each cake of Palmolive.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

The Mystery of the Lost Woman!

In an old summer-house whither Laura had fled to be alone with her thoughts, she came suddenly upon the Woman in White.

"I have been waiting for you and hoping you would come," said the strange creature. "I will save you yet! There is a secret which will ruin your husband—he will be in your power. But I must be careful, or they will seize me and shut me up again. Meet me here tonight, at ten. Goodby!" And she hurried away.

"Good God! How they resemble each other!" muttered the Count, staring after her. He came upon this scene between the two women quite unexpectedly. "And what is this secret, I wonder? Well, we shall see!"

But that night Marian Halcombe overheard a sinister conversation between Sir Percival and the Count.

"The money has been raised, in the absence of Lady Glyde's signature, by means of bills at three months," said Count Fosco. "But after that, what? They will not be renewed."

"I know it," groaned Sir Percival. "It means ruin, nothing less."

"What money do you get from your wife?"

"Nothing but the interest on her twenty thousand pounds."

"And in case of her death, what do you get?" asked the Count softly.

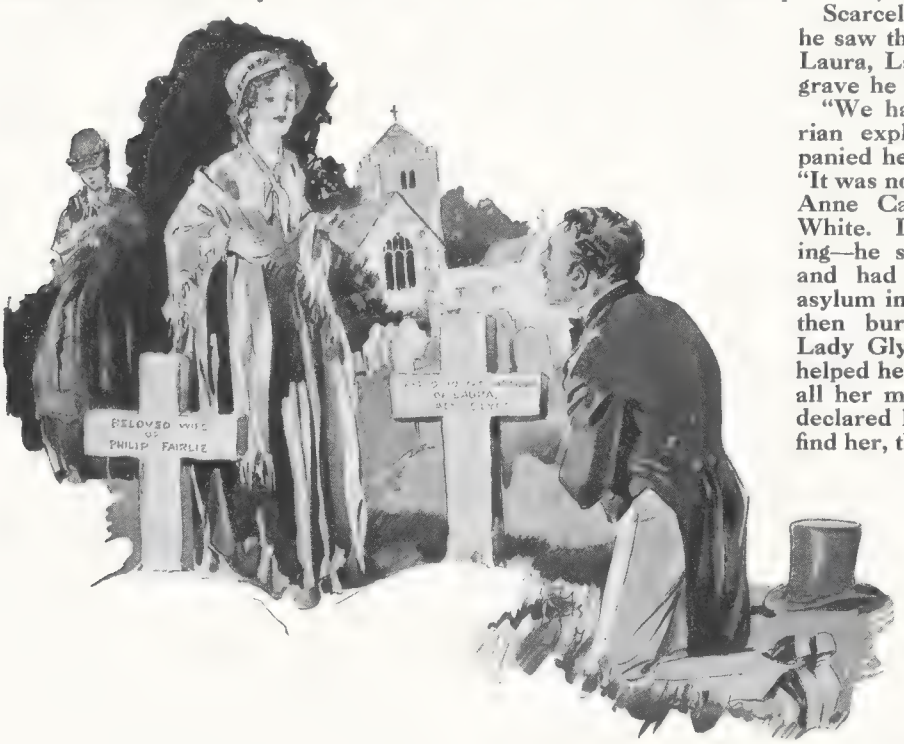
"In case of her death, I get the twenty thousand pounds."

"Paid down?" inquired the Count.

"Paid down. But why the devil do you look at me like that?"

After a year abroad in a vain effort to win forgetfulness, Walter Hartright returned to England, only to learn that the woman he loved, Laura, Lady Glyde, had died three months previously and was buried beside her mother in the old churchyard at Limmeridge. Next day, as he knelt beside her grave, a veiled woman approached him.

"Walter!" she cried. "Do you know me?" and as he stared up at her, she raised her veil.



Scarcely able to believe his eyes, he saw that it was Laura Fairlie—Laura, Lady Glyde—beside whose grave he was kneeling!

"We have been in hiding," Marian explained, who had accompanied her sister to the graveyard. "It was not Laura who died—it was Anne Catherick—the Woman in White. It was Count Fosco's doing—he spirited them both away, and had Laura returned to the asylum in Anne Catherick's place; then buried Anne Catherick as Lady Glyde. I found Laura and helped her to escape, but they have all her money. Her guardian has declared her an imposter. If they find her, they will shut her up again as Anne Catherick. We are helpless!"

"No, you are not helpless!" cried Walter Hartright. "Laura Fairlie shall be restored to her rightful place in the world—I swear it! We must unearth the secret of the Woman in White!"

(*Please turn to p.* 16)

Let CLIVE BROOK TREAT YOU . . .

to his favorite recipe
ENGLISH MEAT PIE

No tea party dish . . . this English Meat Pie. You want a husky appetite to do it justice. It's compounded from all sorts of ingredients which are popular with the men folks . . . sirloin steak, lamb kidneys, peppery spices and pastry.

This is Clive Brook's idea of a good masculine dish. But Ann Harding thinks she can put in a little competition with her Barbequed Meat. And the Gleasons have a pet Hash recipe they'll back any day against the very best of them.

Don't stop here, though . . . there are 46 movie stars clamoring to enlighten you about the recipes they like best. And you'll like them, too!

You'll find them all in the book, "Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars," on sale in the Woolworth stores or you can get a copy by sending ten cents, plus three cents postage, to:

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55 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Mystery of the Lost Woman!

Walter Hartright hastened to the vestry of the Episcopal church, where he made a valuable discovery. Checking on the marriage records, he found the record of the marriage of Sir Felix Glyde, the father of Sir Percival, crowded into a narrow space at the bottom of the page. But the copy of that page, which he held in his hand and which had been made years before by the former verger, showed no such entry.

The entry was a forgery—there could be no doubt of it. Sir Felix Glyde had never married. The man who posed as his heir was illegitimate, with no shadow of claim to his estate. The secret had been disclosed at last!

That night the man who had posed as Sir Percival Glyde forced his way into the vestry, determined to destroy the evidence of the forgery, which would send him to prison for life. In his excitement, the candle he carried was overturned among the papers. The flames leaped about him, as he tried vainly to extinguish them, and when he turned to flee he found the heavy door was jammed. Desperately he struggled to wrench it open, but in vain. In a moment the flames had dragged him down to death!

Hastening to Count Fosco's home in London, they forced him to sign a confession to his and Sir Percival's plot.

"I sign this statement on one condition," said the Count. "That I be permitted to leave England unmolested. Anne Catherick died through no act of mine. She had suffered with heart disease for years. She was the daughter of Philip Fairlie by a mistress—hence her resemblance to his legitimate daughter, Laura. The evidence is all there. Do you agree to the condition?"

"I agree," said Walter curtly. "What happens to you is no concern of mine."

"Here is Fosco's confession," said Walter, in triumph, to Laura. "Now you can take your rightful place in the world again!"

"I will take it only with you beside me, my darling!" cried Laura, her face lighted by a great tenderness, and she threw herself into his arms.

You against the Rest of Womankind

your Beauty · · your Charm · · your Skin!

Alone, your looks may not seem so important to you. But when you must hold your own, in competition with other women, you realize that life is a Beauty Contest. Someone's eyes are forever searching your face, comparing you with other women, judging the beauty of your skin.

• *To have a skin of clear, natural loveliness, apply a lather of Camay and warm water to your face twice a day. Rinse thoroughly with cold water.*

• *Pure, creamy-white Camay is the safe beauty soap for the feminine skin. You'll find Camay's rich, luxuriant lather delightful in your bath, as well!*

Of course, you can mask your thoughts, your feelings. But you cannot mask your skin. It is there for all to see . . . to flatter or criticize, to admire or deplore. In the Beauty Contest of life, in keen rivalry with other women, it's the girl with flawless skin who wins.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Your complexion at its radiant best is a glorious weapon that can help you conquer. And Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is your skin's best friend. Camay is mild, pure, safe. Made of delicate oils for delicate skins. And what a rich, copious lather it gives, even in hard water!

THE PRICE IS DOWN

Camay, in its gay new dress, is the outstanding beauty value of the hour that women are flocking to buy. Never has a soap so fine sold at a price so low! Get a dozen cakes today!

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CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

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ZOO IN BUDAPEST

Where youth finds love amid the strangest of settings . . .

Where, before the eyes of the curious, is enacted a primitive romance so thrilling, so tender so strange...that by the very power and uniqueness of its story and the production genius of Jesse L. Lasky, ZOO in BUDAPEST definitely becomes one of the leaders in the Fox Cavalcade of Hits.

JESSE L. LASKY
The genius who made movies the great American entertainment, crowns his career with the year's most thrilling picture.

with

LORETTA YOUNG
GENE RAYMOND
O. P. HEGGIE
Directed by Rowland V. Lee

The MAN *who* Died Twice

By ANDREW SOUTAR

THE man from Queensland felt proud of himself as he stood before the mirror in his hotel and stroked the point of his trim beard. He had returned from a dinner given in his honor by members of the Chamber of Commerce; the plaudits of the company were still ringing in his ears. The chairman had said:

"Our guest, as you may have read in the newspapers, has come from Australia with a romance that should infuse new courage into the flagging hearts of every farmer in this country.

"From a small boy, penniless and often hungry, he has risen to become one of the richest sheep farmers in that far distant continent. Gentlemen, I ask you to rise and drink to the health of Mr. Arnold Chester."

As he stared at his reflection in the mirror Chester thought: "I wonder what they would have said if I had told them the truth? They were paying homage to my money, not my 'romance'!"

He had never been penniless or hungry in his life. He had been resentful of restraint, of custom, of in-

Escape—his one chance! He changed clothes with the dead man, then slid the body back into the tide.

fluence being necessary to get on in life. He was resentful of the slow methods of the merchants who employed him. When Australia called he hadn't the money to book passage, so he took five hundred dollars belonging to the employer.

Everything and everybody conspired with him to cheat the law and help him out of the country. His name was William Jennifer in those days. He intended to change it in any case, but not in the circumstances that arose.

AFTER leaving the office on that fateful evening he went directly home. His landlady told him that Robert Paget, a fellow clerk, had called to see him and would call again.

Had they made a discovery at the office? Jennifer showed fear; he said to the landlady: "If he calls again, tell him I am still out. I don't like that man."

Long afterward this woman said to her questioners that she took the impression that Jennifer—"one of the nicest young men she had ever had in her house"—was afraid that Paget meant him some harm.

Leaving the house, Jennifer set out for the ship that was to take him abroad. He walked along the river dock for a distance of a hundred yards. He wanted to turn over in his mind the whole of the scheme he had planned.

It was very dark at the time, but he had no difficulty in recognizing Paget, who came out of the shadows and called to him:

"Well, this is luck—Sorry I missed you at the house."

Paget was bemused; he had been drinking. He leaned heavily on Jennifer and begged the loan of ten dollars. Jennifer struck him and broke away. Paget shouted wildly: "I'll kill you for that."

Years ago, he had exiled himself, a thief, an embezzler. Now, he had returned to his native land only to meet his former self—in one of the most dramatic stories this magazine has published.

Farther down the river bank Jennifer's gaze, following a ray of light from an electric sign, picked out a horrifying thing. It was the body of a young man, lying half-in and half-out of the water. Suicide! Perhaps. The bullet wound had completely disfigured the face.

An age-old subterfuge occurred to the escaping Jennifer; he searched the body and exchanged as much clothing as he believed to be necessary, leaving innocuous letters of his own in order to strengthen the alibi. Then he slid the gruesome thing back into the tide.

During the journey back to Tilbury Docks the only fear that assailed him was the possibility of Paget having already communicated to the Chief his suspicions or knowledge of the embezzlement. He would do it in the hope of improving his own position in the office.

The cargo boat that took a few saloon passengers loomed out of the darkness. There was something friendly about its scarred ribs and littered decks and its few lights—it offered sanctuary for just such a fugitive, as the liners were watched by the police; an ugly old tramp of this description was beneath their notice.

They were making ready to cast off when he reached the dock. Nobody had any time to waste on Jennifer. He was expected in the name of Arnold Chester; the only steward merely glanced at his ticket and showed him to his cabin, saying that he must be prepared to put up with a little inconvenience until the morning, by which time they should be around the Foreland and heading down channel. True he didn't sleep that night, but he felt that every throb of the engines was taking him nearer the new life he hoped to begin.

There were only three or four passengers—leaving England for England's good. One of them broke through Jennifer's reserve next day and was interested to learn that he was bound for Australia.

The man was able to tell him all about life on a sheep station; he himself might have made a fortune out there, he said, but drink had been his handicap. He had vision, and he convinced Jennifer of that fact. He was generous in giving away his ideas.

Jennifer absorbed them, but subconsciously. He allowed the man to talk unceasingly; it kept his own thoughts from dwelling on what he had left behind.

They were steaming east; therefore, there were no newspapers to overtake them. They touched Columbo and Penang and Singapore, but the vernacular press in those places didn't waste money on cabled reports of minor embezzlements.

Eastward, into the sunshine, forgetting the past, reaching out to the new life! Jennifer applied himself diligently to the task of creating a new personality. Arnold Chester subjugated (*Please turn to page* 87)

"I daren't let go of this great joy that's come to me," she said, "but I can't deceive you. . . . My name is not Deering!"

The SINISTER

The creator of the famous Fu Manchu mysteries invites you to read his favorite story of thrills and shudders. Meet Myra Duquesne, the girl who was threatened by a demon lover and the sinister magic of old Egypt!

ROBERT CAIRN, turning his steps in the direction of Piccadilly, with an involuntary shudder thought of the repellent figure he was about to visit—Antony Ferrara.

The man was a ghoul, a monster in the guise of a gentleman, an elemental spirit of evil—a venomous spider weaving a web that threatened to enmesh not only Robert, but his father, Dr. Bruce Cairn, and Myra Duquesne as well.

Ferrara's chambers proved to be on the second floor; the doors were opened for him by an Eastern servant dressed in white.

Robert Cairn was salaamed into a small reception room with the walls and ceiling entirely covered by a fretwork in sandalwood, evidently Oriental in workmanship. In niches, or doorless cupboards, stood curious-looking vases and pots. Heavy curtains of rich fabric draped the doors. The floor was of mosaic and a small fountain played in the center. A cushioned divan occupied one side of the place, from which natural light was entirely excluded and which was illuminated only by an ornate lantern swung from the ceiling. This lantern had panes of blue glass, producing a singular effect. A silver *mibkharah*, or incense burner, stood near to one corner of the divan and emitted a subtle perfume.

"Good heavens!" muttered Cairn, disgustedly, "poor Sir Michael's fortune won't last long at this rate!" He glanced at the smoking *mibkharah*. "Phew! Effeminate beast! Ambergris!"

ROBERT CAIRN, lean and neatly groomed, with his fresh clean-shaven face and typically British air, seemed strangely out of place in this setting of Eastern voluptuousness.

The dusky servitor drew back a curtain and waved him to enter, bowing low as the visitor passed. Cairn found himself in Antony Ferrara's study. A huge

PERILS *of* Myra

By SAX ROHMER

Illustrated by
RICO TOMASO

"I'd feel a lot happier, Myra, if you would never go to Antony's rooms again."

fire was blazing in the grate, rendering the heat of the study almost insufferable.

It was, he perceived, an elaborated copy of Ferrara's room at Oxford; infinitely more spacious, of course, and by reason of the rugs, cushions, and carpets with which its floor was strewn, suggestive of great opulence. But the littered table was there, with its nameless instruments and its extraordinary silver lamp; the mummies were there; the antique volumes, rolls of papyrus, preserved snakes and cats and ibises; statuettes of Iris, Osiris, and other Nile deities were there; the many photographs of women, too. Above all, there was Antony Ferrara.

He wore the silver-gray dressing-gown trimmed with white swansdown in which Cairn had seen him before. His statuesque ivory face was set in a smile, which yet was no smile of welcome; the over-red lips smiled alone; the long, glittering dark eyes were joyous, almost, beneath the straight penciled brows, sinister.

"My dear Cairn—how good of you to come!"

Cairn said nothing. He wasn't looking at Antony Ferrara; his eyes were on the girl who was seated in the high-backed chair, Myra Duquesne.

"Myra! You here!" he exclaimed, then instantly was conscious of the absurdity of his remark. He realized that Antony Ferrara and Myra Duquesne had known one another from childhood, that the girl probably regarded Ferrara in the light of a brother. She was Sir Michael Ferrara's niece and Antony his adopted son.

"I came to talk to Antony," said Myra. "He knows so much—so many interesting things."

Robert Cairn noted with dismay the shadows under her eyes—the gray eyes that he would have wished to see ever full of light and laughter. She was pale, too, or seemed unusually so in her black dress; but the tragic death of her guardian, Sir Michael Ferrara, had been a dreadful blow to this convent-bred girl.

"WHY shouldn't she be here?" Antony Ferrara demanded sardonically. There was a suggestion of laughter in the husky voice, a sort of contemptuous banter.

Cairn stolidly shook his head. Then he looked steadily at Ferrara.

The intense antagonism existing between the two men was readily apparent to Myra. She was anxious to divert the conversation into safer channels.

"Don't you think this is a perfectly fascinating place, Rob?"

"Great," said Cairn, though there was no enthusiasm in his voice.

He began to walk about the room, inspecting the numberless oddities which it contained. The photographs he examined with supercilious curiosity. Then, passing to a huge cabinet, he began to peer in at the rows of amulets, statuettes, and other unclassifiable objects with which it was laden. Ferrara's voice came.

"That head of that priestess on the left, Cairn, is vastly interesting. The brain had not been removed, and quite a colony of Dermestes beetles had propagated in the cavity. Those creatures never saw the light, Cairn. Yet I assure you that they had eyes. I have nearly forty of them in the small glass case on the table now. You might like to examine them."

Cairn shuddered, but felt impelled to turn and look at these gruesome relics. In a square glass case he saw the creatures. They lay in rows on a bed of moss; one might almost have supposed that unclean life yet survived in the little black insects. They were an unfamiliar species to Cairn, being covered with unusually long black hair except upon the root of the wing-cases where they were of brilliant orange.

"The perfect pupae of this insect are extremely rare," added Ferrara informatively.

Cairn found something physically revolting in the group of beetles whose history had begun and ended in the skull of a mummy.

"They're filthy things," he snapped. "It's like you to keep them and like you to enjoy telling us about them."

For an instant Ferrara's calm Oriental passivity threatened to desert him. His face grew black, but the next moment he had recovered himself.

"Why I keep them," he said enigmatically, "is my

affair. Who knows but that you some day will have a brief understanding of their uses."

It seemed to Cairn as if there lay a hidden threatening meaning behind those words.

Myra picked up her gloves.

"I must go," she said, "otherwise I shall be late for my luncheon engagement."

The room with its queer contents had lost all its fascination for her. She had a feeling of depression which she could not explain to herself—as if she were in the presence of something vast, unclean and obscene.

"I will see you to your car," said Cairn quickly. "Excuse me, Ferrara, I'll drop back later."

Black, flat shadows moved along the floor—along the walls! They were coming toward him—taking shape. One touched his hand . . . a hairy-limbed monster . . . faint, rustling, crawling noises. . . . He heard his telephone ring, but was powerless to answer it!

DOWNSTAIRS Cairn led Myra to where her little coupe was parked. He took both of her hands in his before he allowed her to enter. Their eyes met and something—something unspoken but poignant—passed between them, so that for the first time a faint color tinged the girl's cheeks. She suddenly grew embarrassed. So they stood in silence for several minutes. Then at last Cairn spoke.

"I know it's none of my business, Myra, but I'd feel a lot happier if I were certain you would never go to his rooms again."

She looked up at him smilingly, then her eyes clouded. Instead of replying, she said:

"Antony hates you, Rob. I know it, I feel it. He's planning to harm you, to hurt you frightfully in some way. It came over me when he was showing us the beetles. I felt that way when Sir Michael died."

"You mean when Sir Michael was *murdered!*"

"Murdered?" She looked at him aghast. "You, too—feel that?"

He nodded uncomfortably.

"Goodby," she said, "and take care——"

Robert Cairn walked slowly along, in deep thought. There were many questions he wanted to ask. His mind went back to the

(*Please turn to page* 76)

The Hoodoo FORTUNE!

By Moon Carroll

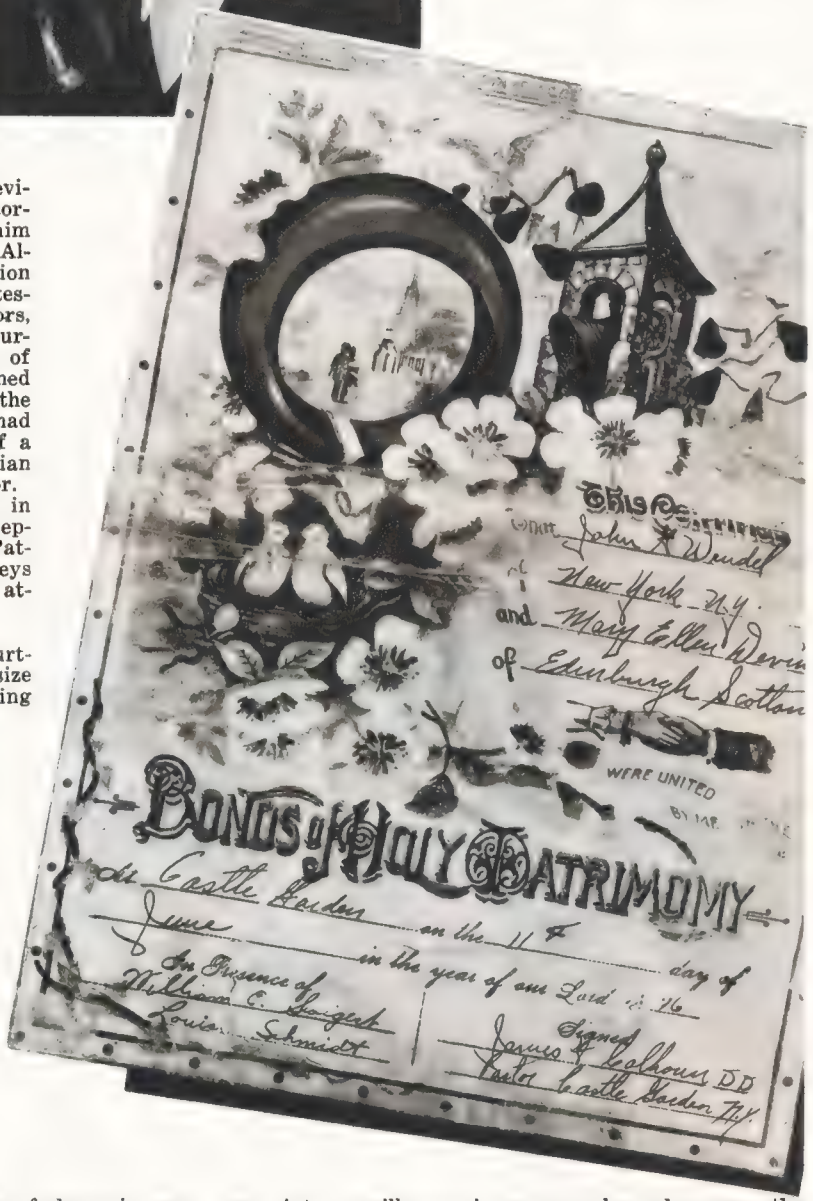
Arthur Garfield Hays, famous attorney, after reading the Wendel article written exclusively for The MYSTERY *Magazine (see November, 1932, issue), sent the editors the following telegram from California, where he was engaged at the time on the famous Wendel case:*

"The most baffling and mysterious case that has ever come to me involved the claim of Thomas Patrick Morris; and despite the Morris indictment, the mystery still remains unsolved."

Thomas Patrick Morris, the man who has New York guessing. Is he the Wendel heir?

IT was a day late in September of last year and a stuffy, enervating atmosphere enveloped the surrogate's crowded courtroom. Middle-aged Thomas Patrick Morris, impecunious little house painter, had squirmed around in the mahogany witness chair and, in language coated with a thick Scotch burr, laid his claim to the fabulous and now famous Wendel fortune. If his story went over—his story that he was the secret but legitimate son of eccentric John G. Wendel, New York's late mystery millionaire—the gold of Midas would be heaped in his impoverished lap, and one of the most bizarre mysteries of modern times would be cleared up once and for all.

A train of witnesses with wilted collars took their turns in the sticky, mahogany chair and, to the accompani-



Two important incidents of the Wendel trial. (Left) Thomas Patrick Morris beside the bust of John G. Wendel. (Below) The marriage license, Thomas Patrick's claim to wealth, now known to have existed no earlier than 1913.

ment of voluminous documentary evidence, gave testimony tending to corroborate the seemingly fantastic claim of the unemployed, uneducated Scot. Although the sum of one hundred million dollars hung in the balance, the testimony was, to most of the spectators, not nearly so exciting as that of a murder or divorce trial. But if any of those present had mentally assigned the proceedings to the category of the dull and the uninteresting, they had reckoned without the appearance of a surprise witness in the person of Julian Bowes, prominent New York sculptor.

When Mr. Bowes took his place in the witness chair on that sultry, September afternoon, one of Thomas Patrick Morris' battery of attorneys wheeled around and called to an attendant: "Bring in the bust."

AN attendant, bristling with courtroom etiquette, wheeled a life-size bust, covered with brown wrapping paper, to a point directly in front of the witness. With dramatic dignity, the attendant removed the paper, revealing to a rather amazed courtroom an astonishing bronze likeness of a middle-aged man. The bust wore a derby of the "gay nineties" vintage, a moustache and gold-rimmed spectacles, and was an exact likeness of John G. Wendel!

Mr. Bowes had modeled it from photographs of the man, who died almost two decades ago. The science of creating a bust, with its three dimensions—height, breadth and depth—from a photograph with but two dimensions—height and breadth—is known as dynamic symmetry, something that was known to the wise men in the glorious days of old Athens, but rediscovered only in the present generation. By means of dynamic symmetry, in which Mr. Bowes is a recognized expert, it is possible to create from photographs a bust of dimensions that are mathematically precise.

No one in the courtroom doubted that this life-like head—by far one of the strangest exhibits to find its way into a will case in many a long day—was the very image of the man who had long since passed from the earth. But what was it doing here in the courtroom, the spectators wondered?

The answer was soon forthcoming. A lawyer stepped forth and uncere- (*Please turn to page* 101)

The Man *with the*

IN an upper room of the old Cabot mansion, John Cabot stood putting the finishing touches to his attire for the evening. It was seven-thirty.

"Not a bad bow, Watson," he said to his attentive valet. "I suppose the guests will be along now at any minute. Everything ready downstairs?"

"Quite, sir," assented Watson. He turned as the telephone bell jangled.

"Mr. Harmer, sir."

John Cabot took the instrument. Harmer, the family lawyer! Harmer, one of two men who knew his secret and whom he could trust implicitly!

"Evening, John," came the lawyer's voice. "I'm frightfully sorry to say that I can't show up at your party. I've just been talking with Washington, and must catch the eight o'clock express. And, John! There's something I must tell you. The killer of Ben Carias, and the one man of the Wurzle gang who escaped, has been identified by the police."

"Yes?" Cabot's voice was calm, despite the icy constriction of his heart. "Who?"

"An ex-convict named Kilraine. Goodnight, John. I'll see you the minute I return."

Cabot swung around. "Watson, send Bowker here at once. Leave us alone."

The valet disappeared. John Cabot stared into his mirrored reflection, and wondered that his face was not pale. So they knew now that this man was Larry Kilraine!

Luckily, they did not know, never would know, that Larry Kilraine was John Cabot.

Bowker arrived, bull-necked, sturdy, devoted. He was the second man John Cabot could trust. Bowker had left jail at the same time Larry Kilraine was freed, and had become Cabot's chauffeur. He knew that John Cabot had earned a living as a professional magician, under the name of Kilraine, alias Korvo the Great; and he knew much more besides.

"Bowker," said Cabot curtly, "they know that it

Another astounding adventure of John Cabot, who could change his identity at will, and who used his uncanny powers in a private war on the underworld.

"My dear," said Cabot gravely, "I promise not to have anything more to do with Kilraine."

Illustrations by
FRANK BENSING

By H. BEDFORD-JONES

RUBBER FACE

was Kilraine who killed Ben Carias."

Bowker grunted. "But you didn't, sir!"

"No matter. The police are out after Kilraine, or will be soon. As far as I'm concerned Kilraine must be dead, wiped out forever." Cabot was decisive, spurred by crisis. "But there are some things at Kilraine's apartment I must get; clothes, make-up stuff, things I couldn't replace. And I left my own coat there last time I was at the place. Might be traced to me through my tailor."

"I'll get the stuff," volunteered Bowker quickly. Cabot clapped him on the shoulder.

"You will not! It's my job. They're not likely to be watching the place yet; I'll chance it. Let's see; the dancing begins at ten. I must be here for the first dance. Immediately that's over, I'll come out to the side entrance. Be there with the car."

NONE of the thronging guests who greeted the bronzed, smiling John Cabot, could guess the mingled apprehension and relief that lay behind his dark eyes. But apprehension died, and relief grew. Now that he was forced to it, let Kilraine be dead forever and good riddance! Kilraine, ex-convict, magician, had turned in many a crook; the police and the underworld alike were undoubtedly on his trail now. And the mysterious Big Shot, the unknown person who controlled the underworld of the city and state, was a bad enemy.

The guests trooped in. This was the first time the old Cabot mansion had been thrown open since John Cabot came home from Africa (presumably) to take over his inheritance. Old friends of the family, social leaders of the city, financiers; curiosity, and a keen interest in the heir, brought them, for few had seen John Cabot since he was a boy.

A simple dinner dance—but even to these guests of position, wealth, culture, the setting was impressive. John Cabot had modernized the old house, yet it still bore the magnificent traces of three past generations.

At the great dining room table were gathered a score of guests who had in other days been particular friends of the family. Opposite Cabot, at the table's foot, sat Mary Sargent, now his secretary and manager of the Cabot estate. At his left was her uncle, Winthrop Blake, famous attorney and at present police commissioner of the city. Handsome, urbane, distinguished, Winthrop Blake was already mentioned as the next governor of the state.

Otherwise, this table held older faces. The dowager Astorbilt, on Cabot's right hand. Bishop Lane, severe, ascetic spiritual leader.

Small plugs of cotton spread out his nostrils; slowly, a different, coarser face appeared.

Mrs. Grace Macey, for twenty years undisputed social arbiter of the fast dwindling Four Hundred. Fulton Perkins, sportsman and millionaire, friend of kings.

Looking down the long table to the smiling beauty of Mary Sargent, Cabot felt his heart leap at the sight of her there. He groped at a dim vision of the future; then a chill gust of fear banished it all. She, at least, must never know! To her, Kilraine must be no more than an unpleasant character.

"John!" Winthrop Blake was leaning over, speaking softly. "I want a word with you in private when this breaks up. Rather important."

"Right," said Cabot. "Before we go upstairs to dance, eh? I'll see you in the library."

Mrs. Astorbilt demanded his attention; but through the polite words and light chatter, Cabot occasionally glanced at the strong, dominant profile of Blake.

The two men struggled desperately. From Sam burst a wild, unearthly scream. The locked figures struck the desk, rebounded, reeled at the wide-open window——

Power in those handsome features, and a touch of cruelty as well.

SO the dinner passed. Presently, Cabot was ushering Winthrop Blake into the library, unchanged in any detail for a generation past. He set out cigars. Blake took one, lit it, and then gave his host a keen look.

"Cabot, this city is being purged by crime; and I mean just that. Criminals are everywhere, are getting away with jobs on every hand; we can't check 'em. Now, I want to warn you that you have one in your employ. A man named Bowker, an ex-convict."

Cabot nodded coolly. "I'm aware of it. I know Bowker's story. I believe he'll make good if given a chance."

Blake's face cleared. "Good for you! You know, I was afraid you might not know his record. Look here, John! This was reported to me; you know they keep a record of all ex-convicts. If you'd like to help this man Bowker, and will give me a line to the effect that he's making good with you, it'll bring him a good mark —eh?"

"With all my heart!" exclaimed Cabot, and crossed to the desk. The police commissioner followed, drawing an envelope from his pocket.

"Here, use this—official stationery, to give it weight. And my pen; it holds ink that can't be altered. My pet invention and hobby. Drop down to my office one of these days, and you'll find some of these things vastly interesting, even to an idle young devil like yourself!"

"I'll do just that," assented Cabot. "Damn! Your pen may be elegant, but it leaks ink—well, never mind."

He took a blank sheet of Blake's official stationery from the envelope, and upon it scrawled a note to the effect that Bowker was serving him well and honestly, and gave every evidence of going straight and reforming. Then he came hastily to his feet.

"There you are, Blake—good Lord! I've got the first dance with Mary, and wouldn't miss it for the world! See you later. Excuse me if I run."

He departed hurriedly. Blake glanced after him, then leaned over the desk. The note, he folded and replaced in its envelope. The fountain pen, he closed very carefully, then wrapped it in his silk handkerchief, careless of ink stains, and pocketed it with the envelope.

His brows lifted quizzically.

"And they said he was a smart one!" he muttered.

JOHN CABOT danced with Mary Sargent; his duty as host was over, and he was free to be himself for the rest of the evening.

"John, it's perfect—all of it!" she murmured. "I wasn't made for poverty, for living on the bounty of my uncle. I'm glad that I'm self-supporting now. I love all this glitter, this music—I can appreciate it better——"

"You darling!" exclaimed Cabot. "Well, that's what you are, so no objections. Eh? And why the sudden frown?"

She broke into quick laughter. "Nothing. We'll not intrude it on this perfect evening——"

She halted him swiftly. "All right, if you must know, I was thinking about that awful man whom I dislike so heartily."

"Oh! Kilraine!" said Cabot. "He's banished forever."

She looked at him suddenly, straight in the eyes.

"John Cabot! Do you mean that? Are you serious?"

"Absolutely. He'll never come into the office again. I'll never see him again or have anything to do with him. Word of honor."

He felt the quick pressure of her fingers on his shoulder. Her eyes shone warmly.

"Good! You make me happy, delighted! Thanks, John."

The music ceased.

Five minutes later, Cabot emerged from the side door. Under the *porte-cochère* stood a black limousine, the door open. He plunged in, slammed the door, and picked up the speaking tube as the car started.

"Take it easy, Bowker; I had no time to change," he said, then fell to work.

He snapped down the blinds, switched on the overhead light. A panel slipped away to disclose a hidden recess; a drawer slid out, a (*Please turn to page* 72)

A powerful and dramatic story of the man who found—

By
H. W. CORLEY

A Thief

RIDING home through the insidious heat of the afternoon, Morton reflected that the time, probably, was more or less unpropitious—Heath, likely enough, frequently dropped around during such absences as these when it took two days to look things over properly at the plantation. And a fine mess they'd been in this time! That coffee stealing—he'd be damned if he could check it up.

Mona wasn't expecting him until nightfall when riding would be a little easier. After dinner. And she'd be there, damn her, on that chaise longue, with cooling drinks, her long fingers twined in the leaves of some book over which she would be brooding.

Damn her, why didn't she ever change the book? If she wanted to fool him, that is. For, more than likely, Heath had dined with her, and hadn't been gone more than long enough to get out of sight.

His car, parked in that furtive group of trees, just far enough away—they thought—so that Morton would confuse its soft starting purr with the windlass in the natives' quarters.

He'd had enough of it—damned if he hadn't. Coming home and finding the air freighted with innuendoes—natives were knowing devils—the girls moving softly away as he appeared amongst them, forming low, murmuring groups as he passed by.

Taya, Mona's maid, walking insolently into the house, just ahead of him, disappearing swiftly, like a cat, toward Mona's room.

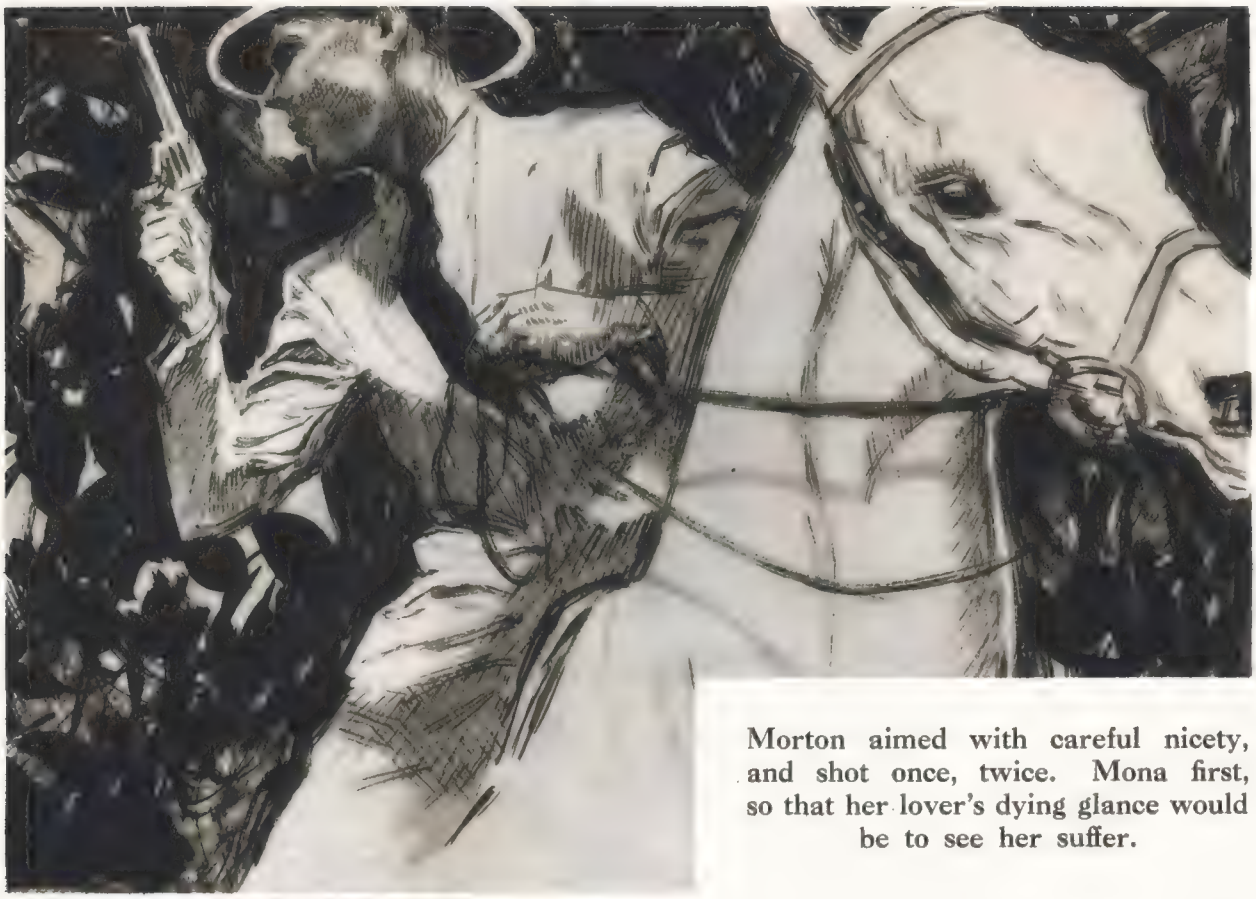
Why did Mona change her brand of perfume so frequently, out here, where every order had to come from France.

Caprice? Bah. He wasn't fooled. Every time Dorothy Heath changed, and that was often enough—he had heard her say so—Mona changed, too. Well, it saved explanations. . . . And it probably intrigued Mona, she was so easily amused.

Those cigar ashes, just one spot, mind you, left accidentally on the walk, the others carefully swept away against his coming. Two tumblers at sundown when the first highball would be brought out, though Mona herself never drank more than one.

New magazines, days before their own post came in—or Mona's mother was negligent with little things, and Heath's came from the office.

And Taya carrying letters. Heath could pay her to betray him, Morton, better than her master could pay her to be decently loyal.



Morton aimed with careful nicety, and shot once, twice. Mona first, so that her lover's dying glance would be to see her suffer.

Illustrated by
HOWARD ELCOCK

in His House

Who steals my purse steals trash—who steals my wife—who filches her good name—a lot his wife cared about her good name! Why should he care?

HEATH probably knew who was at the bottom of this coffee stealing, too, that was getting so ominous. Natives never plan anything beyond filling their own bellies; they wouldn't steal—not on this gigantic scale, anyhow—half the store overnight this way. And going on, increasing, for months.

Who steals my purse steals trash—who steals my wife—who filches her good name—hell, Mona's good name, lot she cared about it—why should he? But who lays a finger on my coffee!

Damn it, the sun was getting him. Lucky thing he had taken the horse. It made no noise like that pesky motorcycle. Tomaso, using the cycle, would come along later when the work was done.

Tomaso was O. K. A little chap, in a ragged pair of trousers, barefooted, of course, when Morton had first come to the island.

Tomaso had followed Morton about the day he landed looking for a car to take him to the agent's office. Concerning his arrival, as in everything, Morton had not seen fit to issue warning. He might so easily have changed his mind.

There the darkey had been, diving like a flash into the street gutter after the cigaret end Morton tossed away as he strode through the market place.

Tomaso even begged for money in a pleading voice.

"One penny, or I cut my thro—at, Marster," Tomaso had threatened.

Morton, new to the game, boomed out a great laugh.

"Can I depend on that?" he demanded, handing the boy a quarter.

The silver had worked miracles. Thenceforth, Tomaso had been his slave. A good servant, too, once he put his mind on it. Devoted as hell.

TOMASO learned to drive the car, to ride the motorcycle, learned about prices of coffee and sugar. Could wield a machete with the best of them, but didn't have to, now. For Morton, as Tomaso grew older, had made him a sort of chief. He would have found a new personal servant, deeming this a task too low for Tomaso in his new status. *Did* find one. But the very next week the fellow died mysteriously and Tomaso quietly took back his old duties.

With silently moving feet it was Tomaso who shoved back the mosquito netting of Morton's bed each morning, with the breakfast tray. Tomaso who drew the bath, brought the shaving water, laid out fresh linen, Tomaso who superintended the pressing of the white linen suit in the town tailor shop whose leisurely processes were speeded up by his menacing presence.

Tomaso it was who padded about the dining room at meal time, serving Morton, while Taya served Mona, slim and cool in the darkened room.

Tomaso followed Morton about with a well-filled tray, ice tinkling; ordered cigarettes when the supply was low.

"Devoted as hell," Morton repeated as he rode along, "yet he can't help me in this coffee business." An idea occurred to him. Maybe the fellow himself was doing the stealing!

But no. Not for a moment would he countenance that idea. His thoughts flew back once more to Heath and Mona. Tomaso with everything save words had warned Morton.

That was one thing, though, for which he would not stand. A native spying on his wife! Devotion and all that maybe, but not for him. He would do his own spying. His own punishing, too, if need be, though there were white men who hired the blacks.

Huh! Maybe in Heath's case, this might not be a bad idea!

GETTING hotter and hotter. Damn the sun. Morton drew a sharp whistle, pulled a handkerchief out of his back pocket. As he did so his hand struck something hard on his hip. His gun. Sure. His gun!

Lucky thing he had it along. Might need it.

What was it that Mona had said about waiting until sundown?

"It will be cooler, then. I am afraid for you in the sun."

He had answered, "I have my helmet."

"Even so, it is hot."

It *was* hot. But there before him the road dipped into a glade where, along the brook, trees dipped and clustered. Ha! Good reason why she wanted him to wait until sundown. There she was now, in the glade. And she was not alone!

"Island police ver', ver' bad things. I cut my thro-at for you, Marster."

He could not see his wife, for she had evidently seated herself carefully with this thought in mind, concealment. But the shrub which covered her from view did not conceal her hat. He would know that hat anywhere, damn it; he had paid enough for it!

Mona had to have a Panama sent down from New York, mind you, because she said that these down here, where they grow, weren't real Panamas. Next thing she'd be saying he dealt in fake coffee!

Drawing his rein he allowed the horse to stand in the cool depths of the glade an instant. The merciless sun shut out the view of his home, a mile across the sun-baked expanse through which the white road shimmered, cut off from his sight.

Then he saw it. Heath's car. There was no mistaking it. Heath's. Hell, with gas forty-five cents a gallon and coffee the way it was now, only Heath could afford to drive that car!

But at the moment, Heath wasn't driving. For before the shrub which concealed Mona, Heath's lean body was flung on the grass. The splashy green light of the glade played over his lithe body.

Lying at Mona's feet, while, likely enough, she smiled down upon him. Hadn't gone to the house yet, eh? Didn't expect him back yet; plenty of time. And Mona giving Heath a run for his money.

That was it, Heath's money. He had plenty of it. And he—Morton—if this stealing didn't stop, would be broke! Flat. In the street. No ifs and no ands about that. It had been coming for a long time. Unless the leakage could be found and stopped, it was here.

If he could only find the leak! Then he could let Mona order a gown or so from Paris, maybe. Even here, with no one particularly to see her Mona loved to dress.

The leak! But, hell, he couldn't count every bag every twenty minutes, search every native who stepped out of the compound! That wouldn't be the way they'd do it anyhow. . . . Damned if he could see how it went.

Stopping his horse short, Morton watched through a break in the green, expecting to see a flash of Mona's white arm, or hear her

(*Please turn to page* 119)

Sometimes it's bad luck to meet a

WOMAN *with a* PAST

By JOHN L. MATTOX

Dennis aimed and fired. He could not see, but heard her strike the ground.

EVERYBODY knew that Dennis Ryan was the smartest dick on the force. Also, he was the best marksman with either revolver or automatic. The inevitable result was that Dennis was almost sure to be assigned to the cases which required quick thinking and quick action, and sometimes quick shooting.

Dennis was popular. So was his pretty young wife, Mary. At the policemen's annual ball, the man who got to dance with Mary considered himself lucky. The other women were a little jealous of Mary's violet-blue eyes, her rich brown hair with its natural wave, and her petite figure, and the dimple that lurked near the left corner of her mouth when she smiled.

ON a cold night late in November, Dennis walked briskly from the Union Station toward police headquarters. Mike Tyner sat on his backbone in front of the telephone switchboard, his feet propped high on another chair.

"Hello, Mike. Anything doing?" greeted Dennis.

"Naw, nothin' only a taxi and a bus tangled on South Forty-second street. Here's the report. Want to see it?"

Dennis glanced at it and shoved it back across the desk. "Rotten night out," he commented irrelevantly.

"Yeah, sure is," said Mike. "It'll be funny if somethin' don't pop. Murders and bad stick-ups usually come nights like this when a fellow don't like to get out. Anyhow, it's been too darn quiet to last. We're about due for——"

Mike's words were cut short by the buzzer on the switchboard.

"Hullo," he drawled. "Yeh, this is central police station. Yeh—what's that?"

He sat up with a jerk and quickly seized a pencil.

"Give me that number again. Yeh! Right away! Better stay where you are!"

Dennis had sensed the alarm and already was putting on his overcoat.

"Emergency car—stick-up at the Emery Lownes' house."

Dennis whistled, and Danny McGaffney and Baldy Cohan, who had been playing (*Please turn to page* 105)

WARNER FABIAN'S

Bells *in the*

WHAT has gone before: "There is one feature that militates against a suicide theory," said Dr. Fordyce mildly. "The man isn't dead."

Joan Ellen Delane and Bob Ramsay gasped with dismay. Not that Grant Levering, owner of the luxurious houseboat, *Otisco,* was not dead, but that the two of them found themselves in an awkward spot. They had insisted to the young physician, who was also the county coroner, that Levering had committed suicide. There could be no other way out of it. Both Ramsay and Joan Ellen were trying to protect Joan Ellen's aunt, who had been taking dope to help an illness she had, and the two younger people were afraid, that in a semi-hysterical state, she might have shot at Levering.

Grant Levering's room was locked from the inside, however, and there was definite evidence tending to prove that the screen, now locked, had been opened some time during the night, in direct contradiction to the doctor's orders, who had been tending Levering for fever.

There had been many disquieting incidents, however, to give emphasis to anything out of the ordinary that might occur at this time. The swamp people, furtive, half-savage primitives, had never been so restless; and they directed unaccountable dislike toward the houseboat anchored in the river. There had been many secret meetings at midnight. There had been shots fired. Too, a swamp girl, a wild beauty, had broken with her brothers and was spending far more money than any swamp person ever owned. Dr. Estey Fordyce deduced that the midnight visitor to Grant Levering, who either shot him or helped some one else shoot him, was a woman. This theory was further borne out when Levering, in a half-conscious moment, screamed, "Get her out! Get her out!"

Completely mystifying, however, was the testimony of the toll-keeper on the bridge. Two days before, Levering had given him directions to find a certain fish-trap which the toll-keeper brought to Levering in his cabin. When Levering saw the trap, he became pale and immediately sent the trap back to the place from which the toll-keeper had brought it, not even caring for the fine catch of fish there was in the trap. What caused him such terror at this development was a mystery to the toll-keeper and now to Fordyce.

Go on with the story in detail.

UTTERLY exhausted, Joan Ellen had slept the morning through. On her way to the deck after her bath, she stopped at the owner's stateroom, listening, entered, and peered about as if somewhere there must lurk the clue to the obscure and violent event of the previous evening.

She passed to the low, screen window and looked out across the solid mass of weed four feet below, treacherously covering the ten yards of water to the shore. The forest opposite did not come down to the creek. A portable sawmill had cleared the growth and departed leaving in scattered untidiness

Terror at midnight—the swamp witch—silver bullets of death—a mysterious note of warning! Read this exciting story of an impossible murder on a Florida houseboat!

NIGHT

"Coming aboard," hailed Estey Fordyce, in answer to Joan Ellen's call.

the débris of its transferred activities; the halves of a broken saw, a pile of old planks, rusty utensils, bits of the decrepit camp furnishings.

Among these Dr. Estey Fordyce was puttering. He walked to the edge of the water, examining the ground carefully as if for footprints. He waggled his head in a motion of discouragement. Evidently, there was nothing to be discerned in the coarse grass. He then stepped into the hyacinth and floundered forward until it clogged his best efforts at advance. Joan Ellen slipped out on deck and called to him.

"Coming aboard," said he and dragged himself, dripping, from the aqueous mat.

"Have you seen Grant?" was her first question.

"Yes. No change."

"He hasn't spoken again?"

"No. Still unconscious."

After a silence he asked mildly, "What are you afraid he might say?"

"Why should I be afraid?" she flashed back to him.

"Ah! Why should *he?* Perhaps that is more to the point. For that matter, I'm rather scared, myself."

SHE looked her incredulous question.

"Of what I might turn up," he explained, with a rueful smile.

"You didn't turn up much over there on the bank, I expect."

"No, I didn't."

"What did you expect to find?"

He hesitated. "I wanted a view of Levering's window from the shore."

"You still believe some one came aboard that way?"

He looked unhappy, puzzled. "I should if I could figure out how they got across. Nobody could force a way through that tangle without cutting, and it hasn't been cut."

She leaned toward him, her eyes cunning, her voice persuasive. "Sophocles, why can't you just take it that he tried to commit suicide and let it go at that?"

"Suppose we wait and see what he's got to say on that point, himself," he turned drily.

"He may not live to say anything."

"It's more than possible."

"In that case——"

"In that case, I'll go on with the murder investigation."

"There's a mean streak of pig-headedness about you, Sophocles," she accused.

"You're not exactly biddable, yourself, you know."

"For instance?"

"Well, you might help me out by telling me what you were doing ashore last night."

Her nerves jumped at this totally unlooked-for attack, but she answered coolly enough. "I went to the bridge to stop you when I heard the car coming."

"I didn't say the bridge. I said ashore."

"Where did you get the idea that I was ashore?"

"Your shoes were caked with wet mud."

AT a loss for the moment, she looked down at her trim feet.

"I don't mean these shoes. The ones you had on last night. You've changed."

"Well, it isn't a crime to change one's shoes, I suppose."

"No, it isn't. I hope," he added, with grave significance, "it hasn't any connection with a crime."

She pulled herself together. "Is there any reason why I shouldn't have gone for a walk yesterday afternoon?"

"In the swamp?"

"Of course not. Don't be funny. On the road."

"The road was dry as Sahara until after the thunder shower which didn't begin until nine o'clock," he pointed out.

She was on the point of telling him of her summons to him from the ruined chapel; but bethought herself of her promise to Bob Ramsay, that she would keep her own counsel. Anything that she might say would be dangerous as possibly compromising the story that her accomplice had built up to support the now impaired suicide theory.

"You know, I don't like this much myself," he burst out. "If it were anyone but you! You're going to hate me, I expect, before we're through with this."

"No-o-o-o," she drawled. "Whatever happens I don't believe I'm going to exactly hate you."

"Hold that thought," said he fervently. "I can do this much anyway, Joan Ellen." It was the first time he had called her that, and she shot him a queer, warm little glance. "I can lay my cards on the table with you. What I'm working on now is who came to Levering's window last night, and why, and how."

"You mean I'm to be at his orders?" she asked, with a blasting glare at the innocent Fordyce.

"BUT I thought you'd established that the hyacinth was an absolute barrier. You don't suspect anyone of having brought down snowshoes to cross with, do you?"

He lifted his hand and brought it down, flat-palmed, on the top of his head.

"Mosquito?" asked Joan Ellen.

"Idea. I'll be back presently."

She watched him up the gangplank, across the bridge, and down again to the shore which he had just quit. There he began tearing apart the heap of old planks, turning over each one to examine the under side. Selecting a broad specimen, he carried it to the brink and dropped it outward across the hyacinth, then stepped out on it. For a moment the bladders which buoy up the heavy weed carried his weight, but only for a moment. He stood, ankle deep, thinking; then drew in the plank and came back to the girl.

"Your wise-crack about the snowshoes put a thought in a dull mind," said he.

"But the plank sank under you."

"I weigh a hundred and seventy. A person fifty pounds lighter could make it easily."

His eyes traveled down her slender figure.

"I see. I weigh just a hundred and twenty-five," said she, looking at him defiantly.

"Just about what I would suppose."

"What of it?"

"Three of those twelve-footers are clean on one side, as if they had been in the water. They would just about reach from bank to boat."

With deliberate hardihood she said, "So it works out about like this in the amateur Sherlock Holmes' mind. A girl of about my size might have got off the *Otisco* at night and come around to the shore and across the hyacinth to keep an assignation with Grant Levering."

His eyes would not meet hers. "It's a possible theory, isn't it?"

"But wouldn't it have been simpler for him just to have let her in at his door? Did that ever occur to your investigating intellect?"

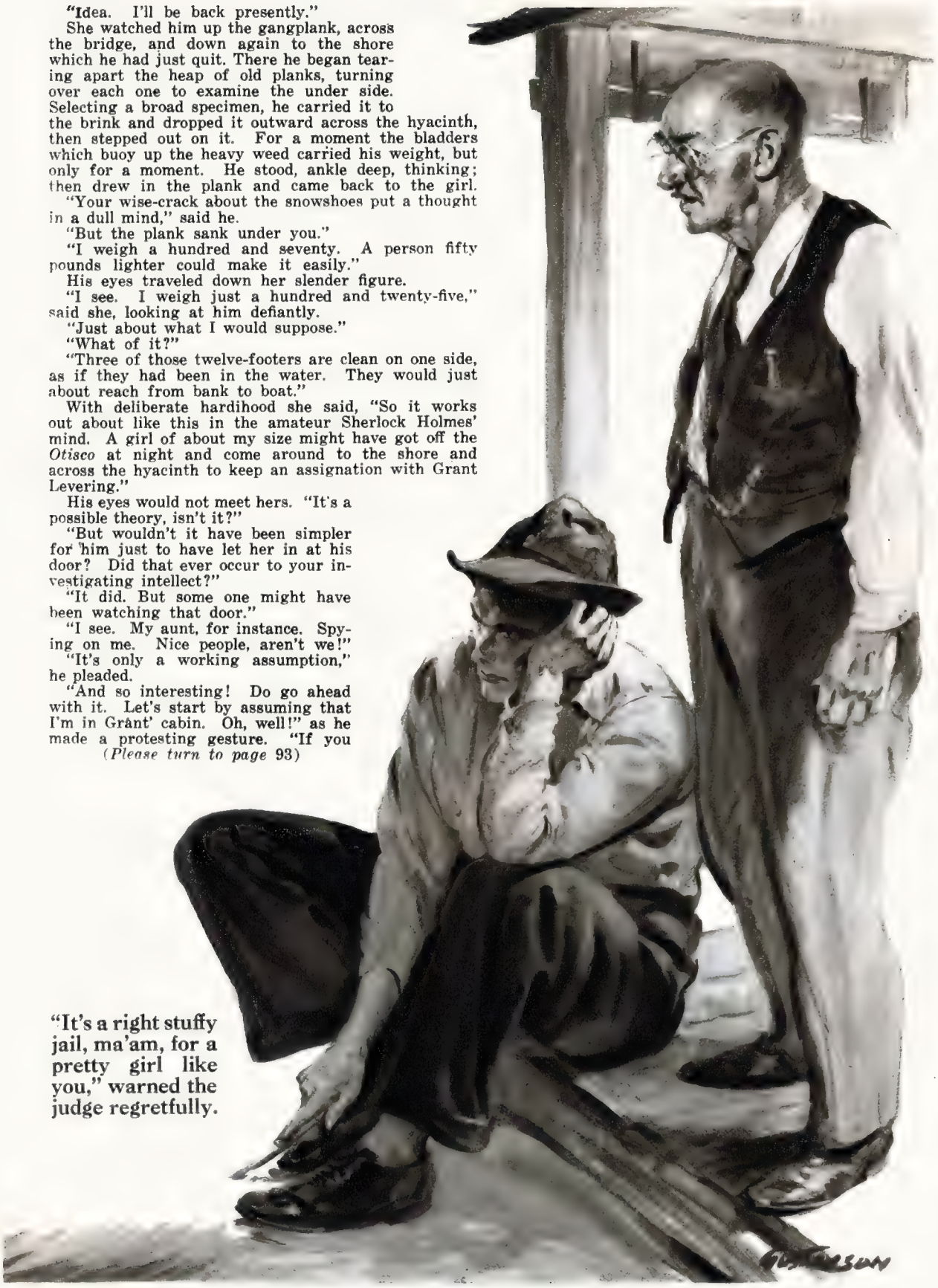
"It did. But some one might have been watching that door."

"I see. My aunt, for instance. Spying on me. Nice people, aren't we!"

"It's only a working assumption," he pleaded.

"And so interesting! Do go ahead with it. Let's start by assuming that I'm in Grant' cabin. Oh, well!" as he made a protesting gesture. "If you

(*Please turn to page* 93)



"It's a right stuffy jail, ma'am, for a pretty girl like you," warned the judge regretfully.

$50,000

Another Perfumed Letter again sends Corey Chaice on a wild, midnight adventure—and the mysterious woman in white plays a strange rôle as she wages single-handed war on the sinister crime ring

THE Mid-Winter Hop of the New York Theatrical Junior League was in full swing. Inside the great hotel, a group of famous veteran ladies of the stage, glared discreetly but poisonously at a passing celebrity of the film world, Bonnie Dent, the baby-faced ingenue whose personality was being spread all over front pages with headlines, and over Broadway in lights.

The blond beauty sailed past her more unfortunate colleagues, in the arms of her handsome dancing partner.

"Did you ever see such wall-flowers?" she asked.

"Wall-flowers?" he echoed vacuously. He had an English accent which went well with the London cut of his clothes.

"Oh, I keep forgetting," shrugged Bonnie Dent, "that your Royal Highness is not familiar with American talk."

By HAL HARGROVE

Tower Studios

"If you shoot," he warned, "there'll be a nasty crash."

Corey Chaice knew he could hold the gang at bay for the few minutes that he needed.

"But I'm not a Royal Highness," explained the Londoner seriously.

"No?" interrogated Bonnie, lightly. "I thought they said——"

"That I'm the Honorable Cecil Cartwright," deprecated her escort. "There's a difference."

Bonnie Dent looked curiously at the lean-waisted, square shouldered, faultlessly tailored youth with the serious wide-set eyes. There was something impelling about this Britisher, something that gripped her attention. "You're awfully thoughtful," she said, chidingly. "What are you thinking so hard about?"

The Honorable Cecil Cartwright bent gallantly.

"I am thinking about you," he replied. His voice was so intent that Bonnie Dent started. And then, casually, "I think you are the most beautiful woman in the room."

With this parting compliment, he detached himself from the pressing circle of Bonnie Dent's admirers, leaving her a little dazed, and not quite knowing why.

"Who is he?" asked the gushing person who had whirled her onto the dance floor, as he noticed her eyes following the broad back of the departing Honorable Cecil Cartwright.

"I don't know," shrugged Bonnie Dent. "I never saw him before." Then, wearily. "Do you mind dancing me down to the other end of the room? I'm terribly tired. I'm going to leave."

THE Honorable Cecil Cartwright slipped through the door and hastened toward the coatroom, where the bill he waved got him hat and coat with phenomenal promptness. With easy haste, he brushed past others into a descending elevator. With the same gliding dexterity, he slipped quickly through the lobby crowded with staring fans and idlers.

"Miss Bonnie Dent's car—number one-forty-three," he flung to the starter at the curb, underscoring the order with another bill.

A closed car slid up to the carpeted walk, and the Honorable Cecil leaned to confer privately with the uniformed Apollo at the wheel.

"Miss Dent's tired and wants to avoid the autograph hounds," he instructed. "She asked me to have you drive around to the side entrance."

The chauffeur nodded, and the Honorable Cecil slipped into the rear seat as the car moved away. The turn was into a narrowed and darker street off the bright avenue

"I think you are the most beautiful woman in the room," the Englishman told her.

and, as the car plunged into the shadows, the Honorable Cecil opened the window at the chauffeur's back.

"I say—" he started to say, as if intending to deliver a forgotten order. And in the moment that the chauffeur slightly turned his head to listen, the Honorable Cecil's left arm shot out, encasing the driver's head in a cruel but effective head-lock. With his right arm, he swiftly shut off the ignition switch and swung the wheel so that the slowing car veered gently and came to a stop as the front tires struck the curb. Then sighing almost regretfully, he reached into a right hand pocket and brought forth a leather blackjack, which he brought down unceremoniously but decisively on the chauffeur's head.

"I'm sorry," he sadly informed the unhearing figure in his arm. "But I have to borrow your car for awhile, and I can't have you butting in at the wrong moment. Awfully important, you know. . . ."

. . . Little Bonnie Dent pushed and autographed her way through the crush on the sidewalk before the great hotel and, with a final lunge, achieved the sanctuary of her car, which moved on at once.

In cap and uniform overcoat, the Honorable Cecil sat very stiffly at the wheel, turning his head neither to right nor left, but keeping his eyes on traffic ahead. He heard the partition window at his back slide open and felt a draft on his neck.

"Darling!" he heard Bonnie Dent's voice and, despite his sheer astonishment, noticed that it was vibrant with sorrow and forlorn hope. "Darling! Any news?"

The Honorable Cecil considered it safest to answer with a negative shake of his head. "Darling" was something he hadn't counted on!

He steeled himself for whatever turn the colloquy might take.

At his back, Bonnie Dent sobbed sharply. "What's the matter, Dickie?" Her voice rose to a note of dread. "Why do you act this way? Why don't you look at me? Oh, my baby! You've heard! My baby's dead!"

The car skidded sickeningly, then straightened out as it swung into sombre Eleventh Avenue, deserted at this late hour except for the long milk train creeping down the railroad right-of-way.

The man at the wheel preserved silence. The woman at his back now went silent, too. It seemed to the Honorable Cecil, once, that she exclaimed lowly, and he tensed. But prolonged silence ensued, and he relaxed again. He increased speed.

The silence was rent by a desperate feminine voice. "Stop the car, or I'll kill you!"

The Honorable Cecil knew what it was that was cold against his neck—cold and round and hard. He set his muscles rigidly and steered straight ahead, slowly increasing his speed.

"If you shoot," he warned distinctly, "it'll be a nasty smash-up."

HE thought he detected a wavering of Bonnie Dent's nerves, communicated to the circulet of steel against his neck. He struck down with right foot, forcing brakes until they locked. The car spun, struck the moving side of a box-car and rebounded to the walk, fetching up with one wheel jammed against a fire plug. The manœuvre accomplished its purpose. The woman in the back seat pitched forward at the impact, and her slim white arm and hand clutching the pistol appeared beside the Honorable Cecil's head. He had but to reach up and seize the tiny wrist, and the slightest of twists unlocked her grip on the weapon.

He turned to face the woman with grave reproof. "If you'd pulled that trigger, you little fool, you'd have got rid of the only friend you have."

Bonnie Dent's lips curled back and she bared her diminutive white teeth like fangs. "So! You're one of them!"

"No," came the sharp retort. "I'm here to help you. But you're being watched. We can't stop here like this. Pretend that you want to sit in the front. I'll talk as we go along. Please, hurry."

Dumbly, Bonnie Dent (*Please turn to page* 113)

JUDY *and* JERRY

come to the rescue of

THE *Platinum* BLONDE

Another thrilling midnight adventure in the lives of the collegiate detectives

By
ARNOLD FREDERICKS

"Let me go, Pete!" Kay gasped, "or I'll yell. . . ."

THE big, high-ceilinged studio room was gay and full of color, and so, indeed, was the party gathered in it.

Twenty or thirty people, singing, chattering, laughing, shouting, drinking and dancing, with the radio set at full blast and the air heavy with the smoke of endless cigarettes.

Near the main doorway a slim, silver-haired girl with tempting eyes and the smile of a Mona Lisa stood talking to a handsome, swarthy man whose staccato gestures at once bespoke Latin blood.

"You must!" he declared.

"Be your age, Pete!" The girl grinned. "Why should I go to your studio?"

"Because," the man moistened his very full red lips, "I want you!"

"A swell reason!" the girl jibed.

"And because I love you! That is something more, eh? Because I cannot say what I wish, here." He waved a large, muscular hand about the room. "Also, there is my new statue of Eve I should like you to see."

"Hm . . . m!" The slim girl considered, sipping her highball. "You know I'm engaged, don't you? To Jim Anthony. He'd smash your face, Pietro, if you tried to get fresh with me."

The swarthy man smiled, showing brilliantly white teeth.

"That chance I take. But how should he know? We slip out for a moment . . . my studio is on the floor above . . . at the head of the stairs. We shall not be missed."

"I wouldn't bank on it." Kay Hunt smiled across the room. A tall, blond young man with laughing eyes and the figure of a plunging halfback smiled back at her. "Jim doesn't miss much, Mr. Vittali."

"So? It is true, then, that in this stupid country, a woman may not go to the atelier of a friend to look at his works of art, without being suspected. . . ."

"Aw . . . bologny!" Kay sprang to her feet, set down her empty glass. "Lead on, MacDuff. I'll take a chance on your old statue! But don't try to pull any rough stuff, Pietro, or I'll have to call on my boy friend for help!"

THE two went out through the milling crowd, made their way up the narrow flight of stairs to the floor above. Pietro Vittali unlocked the door of his studio, switched on the lights as he preceded Kay into the room.

"I do the carving myself, on this piece," he smiled. "You like it?"

"Great!" Kay stared up at the powerful female figure, emerging like primitive humanity itself from the rocky, jagged base. "You're a genius, Pietro! I hope you get a prize. . . ."

Pietro Vittali smiled.

"You are the prize *I* want, *carissima mia!*" he exclaimed, sweeping her into his arms.

Kay Hunt, in spite of her engagement to Jim Anthony, did not object to occasional kisses . . . of the ordinary sort. This kiss of Pete Vittali's was not of the ordinary sort. So far from it, in fact, that she found herself being pushed back toward the wide low couch at the side of the room.

"Let me go, Pete!" she gasped, "or I'll yell . . . !"

"Wait!" he muttered hoarsely. "Kiss me again! Don't you see I must have you. . . ."

Then the door was pushed open and Jim Anthony stood on the threshold, his gray eyes blazing.

"So that's it!" he snapped, staring at the two. "When I saw you go out I thought there was something funny. . . ."

"Jim!" Kay tore herself from Vittali's arms. "He asked me to look at his statue!"

"Oh, yeah?" Jim Anthony's fist was clenched in a hard, white-knuckled ball. "Didn't chloroform you or anything to get you here, did he?" There was dark contempt in his voice.

Kay's head went up. "So that's what you think, is it?" she cried. "Well . . . think and be damned!" She tore the engagement ring from her finger, hurled it at his feet. "I'll leave you two to fight it out!" With her chin in the air she swept through the door, ran down the steps to the floor below.

"HELLO, beautiful!" Andy Maslin cried, as she entered the studio. "Where have you been all the evening? Don't I get a dance?"

"Not till I get a drink!" Kay went to the small, improvised bar. "Say," she announced to several members of the party. "Pete Vittali asked me to go up and look at his Eve, see. And just when he was trying to collect a little interest on his investment, Jim shows up, sore as the devil. Can't say I blame him much, either! I'll bet those two idiots are up there trying to murder each other right now!"

"How did Jim get in?" Andy Maslin grinned.

"Why," Kay said, "I was afraid that pup would try something so I purposely didn't shut the door tight. It locks on a spring, you know. . . ."

Tom Burr shook his head.

"I don't like it!" he growled. "Jim's been jealous of that guy for some time. Your fault, too, Kay . . . you shouldn't have encouraged him." He turned to Andy Maslin. "We better go on up there, fella, and see what's what." He turned to the door.

"Wait a minute!" Kay said, emptying her glass. "I'm going with you. I shouldn't have got sore and pulled that 'take back your ring' stuff. I'm crazy about Jim and he is about me. Only thing to do now is say I'm sorry. . . ."

Judy was wondering if Eva Zaldo was more to Vittali than just his model.

Tower Studios

"Tell Jim to come here," Jerry said. "He'll be arrested, anyway, in just a few minutes."

"Kiss and make up," Tom Burr grinned, "if there's anything left of those two palookas when we get there. Listen!"

From the floor above came the voices of the two men, raised in violent anger. Evidently the door of the studio was open. Suddenly the sounds ceased, to be followed by silence.

The little party ran swiftly toward the staircase. As they reached it they heard the crash of a door being slammed and a moment later Jim Anthony came tearing down the stairs.

"Jim!" Kay cried, trying to stop him. "Wait a minute, can't you? I'm sorry and everything. . . ."

"Sorry?" Jim Anthony pushed her aside. "It's too late to be sorry, now! I'm through!" He thrust his way past the little group and went on, his feet clattering violently on the iron steps. Nor did he stop at the floor below, but continued down the remaining two flights that led to the street.

"PETE VITTALI must have told him something rotten about me!" Kay exclaimed, her cheeks flaming. "Some lie! We've got to go up and find out! Jim would never have left me like that. . . ."

"Come on!" Andy Maslin ran up the stairs, the others following close on his heels.

When they reached Pietro Vittali's door they found at once that it would not open. Jim, slamming it as he came out, had, of course, snapped the spring lock.

Kay tapped sharply on the panels.

"Pete . . . Mr. Vittali! It's Kay Hunt!" she cried. "I want to see you, right away!"

There was no answer. The room beyond remained grimly silent.

"Say," Andy Maslin muttered. "What's the idea?" He pounded hard on the door. (*Please turn to page* 82)

Mark Harrell, *the* TAXICAB DRIVER, *solves*

Ewing Galloway

By WILLIAM CORCORAN

IT was late in the afternoon when Harrell brought his cab to a skidding stop at the taxi platform in Pennsylvania Station, and snapped open the door. He was in time, he hoped, for his passengers' 4:40 train. A little shaken, they clambered out, a quaint, nice, somewhat breathless old-fashioned couple.

"You certainly took us at our word!" said the old fellow, grinning as he paid the tariff. "Mrs. Frazer will have a case of nerves for a week—but it was a marvelous ride!"

"Ellery, you old liar!" the plump Mrs. Frazer retorted. "I'll be nursing your dyspepsia the next month. Give the man the box. Hurry!"

"The box!" exclaimed Ellery Frazer. "It's inside. On the seat. Driver, somebody left a black box after them. You'll turn it in?"

Harrell looked inside the cab. "A box? Certainly. Thanks!"

The old couple hastened for the Long Island suburban gates. Harrell sped out of the busy terminal to a quiet side street before pausing to examine the find. It was a rich, secretive thing, a

"I advise you," said Harrell, "to admit everything."

the MYSTERY *of*

The BLACK BOX

Around him whirled the dizzy traffic of New York; in his hands he held a veritable fortune in glittering jewels. This was the beginning of the strange crime that baffled the metropolitan police!

Tower Studios

Her brief, sharp scream of terror brought Harrell on the run.

flat oblong case of finest leather, pocket size, with a catch cleverly concealed in the cover. Harrell hesitated; then went to work, and in a moment released the catch. The box opened.

And Harrell gazed amazedly at a collection, assorted in small, cotton-lined compartments, of precious stones of dazzling glitter and hue: diamonds, rubies, amethysts, exquisitely cut and polished.

MARK HARRELL knew many cities, many lands, many strange and exotic peoples, for he had followed the sea during the years of his manhood, until a blight fell over the oceans of the world, and the uncertainties of fortune sent him ashore, bereft of his birthright of command. Great ships lay idle in every port, and their masters and their crews. Idleness was alien to Harrell's nature; he bought a Scarlet Tanager taxicab out of his ample savings and became a hackman, and an expert and successful one.

A nice judgment was needed now. This rich trove of jewels might mean a reward. It might mean trouble, and no small amount. With a dubious shrug, Harrell thrust the case in a pocket. He started the cab and set out swiftly uptown.

The Tanager came to a halt before a severely simple white limestone residence on West End Avenue which Harrell regarded with a dry and skeptical eye. It looked somehow unfriendly, grudging; and he felt, in unaccountable foretaste, a sense of thanklessness in the errand.

There was no immediate response to the bell. But as he waited, a young woman approaching along the sidewalk, turned and mounted the steps. She was a tall, brown-haired, handsome-eyed girl in a tweed suit that strove, but did not quite succeed, in subduing the virginally seductive lines of her generous, graceful figure. She gave Harrell an inquiring look.

"Do you wish to see some one?"

"I let a man out of my cab here half an hour ago. I'd like to speak to him."

The young man struck fiercely at Harrell. "Alan —you were hiding!" the girl accused.

"This is the residence of Mr. Fergus Farquarson. I'm his secretary. What did you wish to see him about?"

"If Mr. Farquarson was my passenger, he'll see me," Harrell said dryly. "It's rather important."

She frowned, a trifle annoyed. "And he doesn't answer? I'll see. He should be here."

He was there—the very man who had been in Harrell's cab. However, he gave no sign when they entered the house. He made no response to the girl's call. Harrell waited while she went above in search. The continued silence was sinister. It was broken by a brief, sharp scream of terror upstairs that brought Harrell at a run.

THE girl stood in the open doorway of the front room on the second floor. Within was a scene of tragic violence. The girl trembled, frozen to the spot. Harrell gripped her elbow and gave her a curt, rather necessary admonition to composure. Over her shoulder he peered into the room.

The man was there—dead, in gruesome, cold-blooded murder.

The room was both sleeping quarters and study, a big square old room with open fireplace and massive mahogany furniture and dark red velvet drapes. The dead man was sprawled across the bed, to which he had evidently staggered as he died. There was a deep wound below the heart, and at the foot of the bed lay the heavy, ornamental dirk that had inflicted it. Fergus Farquarson was a stocky, powerful figure of a man with highly bred, dour features and a strong, sensuous mouth. That strained, stricken face seemed to testify that death had come utterly unexpected. Yet there was contrary testimony in the disorder of the room, the evidence of struggle in the overturned chairs, torn drapes, disheveled rugs.

Set in one wall was a small cylindrical safe, the door open. On a desk beneath a front window lay a man's handkerchief, and on the handerchief, as if abandoned in sudden alarm, were a small roll of banknotes, a few trinkets of jewelry—and four large unset emeralds. The emeralds were of enormous size, curious, intricate cutting, and unquestioned rarity. They quite dwarfed in splendor the (*Please turn to page* 108)

THE Weird Murders of MR. CARN

Tower Studios

Who is Arnold Carn? Simeon Graves and Lois Carn again encounter the menace of the mysterious unknown killer in the Episode of the Man Who Murdered Himself!

By WALTER F. RIPPERGER

THE blue envelope!

John Landrey's turn had come—Arnold Carn would murder him that night!

Landrey lit a cigar and took a few thoughtful puffs as his limousine sped on its way to his office in the Arundel Building. Then slowly he extracted the blue envelope from his pocket.

He began to read almost listlessly, then his eyes narrowed; his pulse quickened. He read the message a second time, started to replace it in the envelope, changed his mind and read it again. His arms fell to his sides and he sank back in the cushions. There was an expression of mingled bewilderment, indecision and relief in his lean face. He slid back the glass that separated him from the chauffeur and said:

"Step on it, Ellis."

The minute he got to his office he picked up the inter-office telephone and called Jim Arundel, the president.

"I want to see you, Jim. Shall I come to your room

Finally, the door opened slowly, and Lois Carn stood there.

or will you come in here? I want to see Moldava and Sol, too."

Big Jim Arundel, Fedor Moldava, and Sol Glugheimer came into Landrey's room. They looked expectantly at John Landrey, almost as if they sensed what was coming.

"I got a message from Arnold Carn this morning," Landrey announced, without preamble. "I'm due to join Hober and Moley Druid and Lowden—tonight."

Though half expecting something of the sort, they stared at him stupefied.

"You don't seem to take it very seriously," said Sol Glugheimer, curiously.

"Oh, I take it seriously enough—I'd be a fool not to, after what's happened to Amos Hober and the others. But what's the use of getting into a panic—they did, but they're dead just the same."

"It's an outrage," Fedor Moldava stormed, "that in a civilized city such things could happen—three of our directors murdered, and what do the police do about it? Nothing! They know where they can lay their hands on Arnold Carn and yet they don't arrest him."

"Be reasonable, Fedor," Sol Glugheimer said soothingly. "There's no real evidence against Arnold Carn. All we have are those little typewritten notes. Anybody could have sent them."

"Don't be a damned fool, Glugheimer," Moldava stormed. "That's just my point. Why don't the police get some evidence? That's what they're for. Then this man, Simeon Graves, the great criminologist—bah! Sol, you're an idiot."

GLUGHEIMER'S face was a fiery red. His eyes shone angrily, but his voice was low when he spoke. He said:

"I'm always a fool around here—about everything. Only when there is money to be raised and when it comes to getting customers for the bank from the cloak and suit business——"

Big Jim Arundel had dropped into a chair. He was staring thoughtfully into space.

"The only thing that really points to Arnold Carn's guilt," he said pensively, "is the motive. Lord knows he's got reason enough to hate us. Seven years in jail and we sent him there."

Suddenly, Jim Arundel turned to Landrey.

"Was Carn really guilty—did he wreck the bank—or did you fellows frame him?"

The lanky figure of John Landrey stirred uneasily. He shrugged his shoulders and said nothing.

"I thought as much," said Jim Arundel. "Let's see the note, John."

To their surprise, John Landrey did not produce it. He looked at them nervously, coughed, and said finally, "I don't think I brought it with me."

That he was lying was so apparent that they regarded him in amazement.

"I've telephoned Inspector McNeil to come up," said Landrey, anxious to change the subject. "By the way, do you mind, Jim, if I ask your secretary to come in for a minute?"

Jim Arundel frowned.

"Let's have this understood once and for all," he said. "The fact that I am employing the daughter of the man who we think has murdered three of our directors is nobody's affair but mine. She has nothing to do with these murders. She hasn't seen her father, except on the two brief occasions when we were all there, since the day he went to prison. I won't stand for her being insulted in any way."

John Landrey smiled his thin smile.

"I am sure you will have no objection to what I have to say to Miss Carn," he murmured. "Do you mind if I send for her?"

The matter was settled without further controversy for Lois Carn herself appeared just then.

SLIM and tall, she seemed to Jim Arundel surprisingly beautiful at that moment. For an instant she stood silent, her cool glance traveling from one to the other as if trying to read the meaning of their gathering. Then she said:

"Inspector McNeil is here to see Mr. Landrey."

"Let him wait a minute," directed Landrey. "Come in, Miss Carn." John Landrey examined her speculatively. "Miss Carn," he said at last, "I presume it is possible for you to get in touch with your father?"

Lois Carn raised her head a little.

Big Jim Arundel stiffened in his chair.

"If so," John Landrey went on smoothly, "would you mind telephoning him and ask him if he could come up here—now?"

Lois Carn stared fixedly at Landrey for a long time.

"I'll telephone him and see, Mr. Landrey," she said quietly.

When Lois Carn had left the room, Inspector McNeil burst in. He looked ruffled and anxious.

"Who's to be the victim this time?" he asked heavily.

He did not need to be told. They all looked at John Landrey.

"I sent for you, McNeil," said Landrey, "to tell you what measures I propose to take for my own safety. Obviously, I can't rely on the police department for protection. Arnold Carn's note to me states that I am to be murdered not later than eight o'clock tonight. Until that time I propose to stay right here in my office. I can't think of any place I could be safer than in a room on the twelfth floor of this building. There are six more floors above, so I am not afraid of something dropping on me from the sky, and a few of your men ought to be sufficient to keep anything from coming through the door Afterwards—if I live—well, we shall see."

Inspector Lawrence McNeil looked dubious but did not contradict him.

"May I see the note you got?" he asked.

John Landrey shook his head.

"No," he said, curtly. "There's nothing in the note that would help you."

The others again looked at each other in astonishment.

McNeil grunted.

"All right," he growled. "I think myself that this place is about as safe as any for you. I am going to make it more safe. I am going to surround this building with plain-clothes men. I am going to have my own men in the halls, in the elevators, on the stairs, and on the roof. If anybody gets to you tonight, it will be over the radio."

THERE was a knock at the door and Lois Carn again appeared. She seemed agitated.

"My father is here," she said. "He is waiting in my room. Do you wish to see him now?"

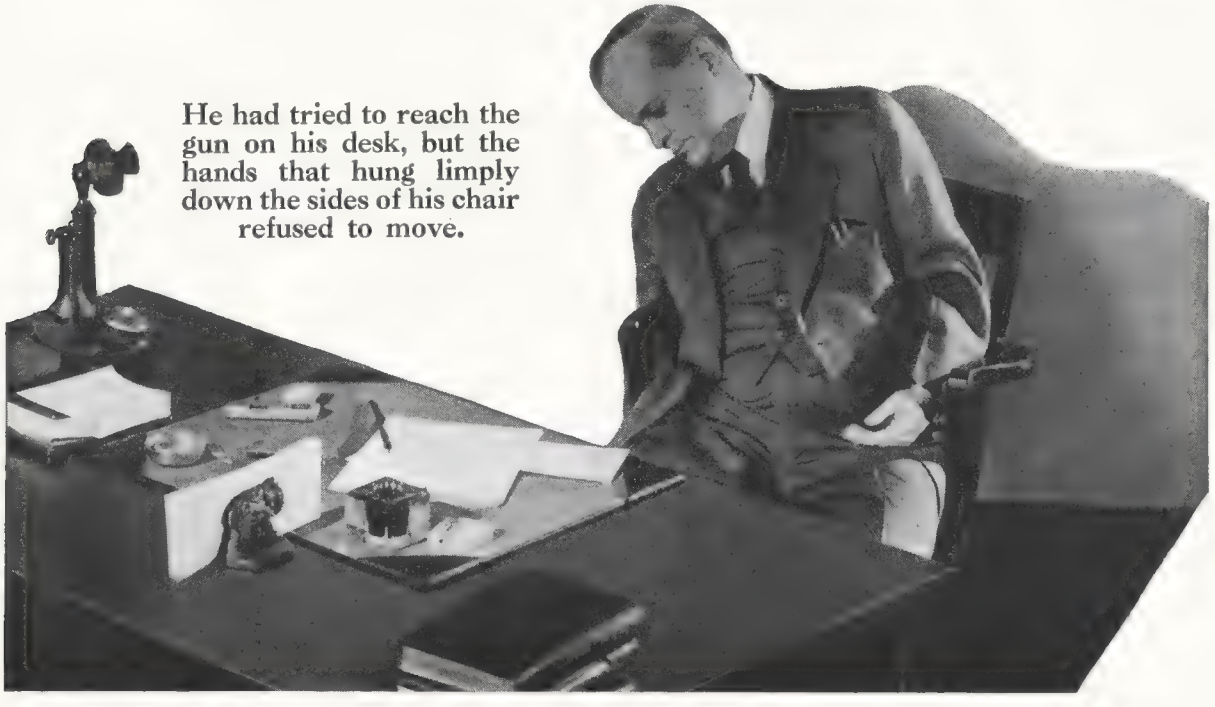
McNeil jumped to his feet. "Arnold Carn here—now!"

"I sent for him," John Landrey said, quietly. "Ask him to step in please, Miss Carn."

A minute later the little man stood in the doorway blinking at them solemnly (*Please turn to page* 88)

ARE YOU A MYSTERY FAN?

What kind of detective story do you like best? What story in this issue do you like most and why? Who are your favorite mystery authors? The editors of MYSTERY Magazine are anxious to publish the kind of stories you like to read. Write—tell us what you want in this magazine. For every letter of suggestion that is published, we will pay one dollar. And, remember, if you don't like this magazine, say so. See page 122 for the new readers' department.



He had tried to reach the gun on his desk, but the hands that hung limply down the sides of his chair refused to move.

Murder by

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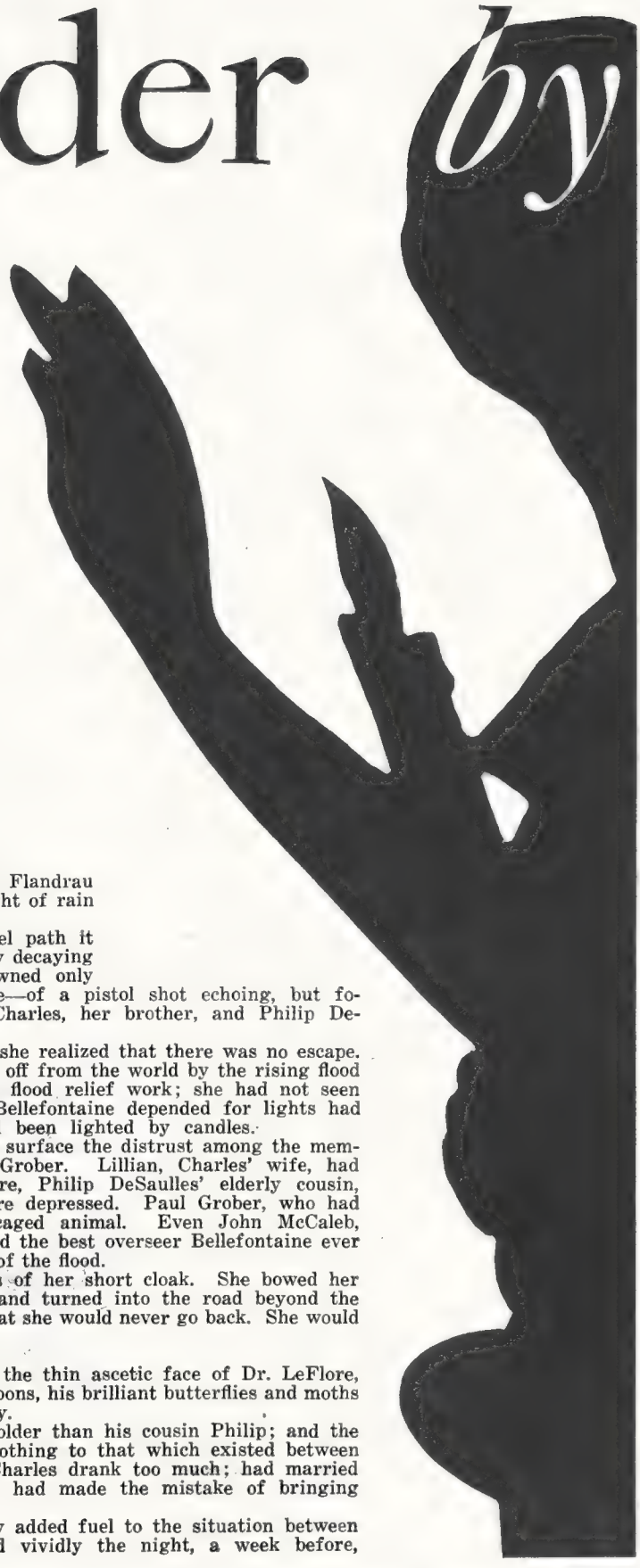


Marian Flandrau returned to face the terror from which she had fled, only to find—the wrong man murdered!

IT was sheer terror that sent Marian Flandrau fleeing from the house on that March night of rain and darkness.

As she ran gropingly along the gravel path it seemed to her that the old brick house, slowly decaying from within of old hates, could have spawned only murder at last. And now murder had come—of a pistol shot echoing, but focussed, it seemed, on the library where Charles, her brother, and Philip DeSaulles, her uncle, had quarreled.

When she reached the path to the road she realized that there was no escape. For days now the plantation had been cut off from the world by the rising flood waters. Clark Hamlen had been directing flood relief work; she had not seen him for days. The power line upon which Bellefontaine depended for lights had been down for two days; the old house had been lighted by candles.

Such isolation had seemed to bring to the surface the distrust among the members of the household and its guest, Paul Grober. Lillian, Charles' wife, had grown wretchedly bored. Dr. Rene LeFlore, Philip DeSaulles' elderly cousin, had appeared to grow more nervous, more depressed. Paul Grober, who had been a guest for weeks, had been like a caged animal. Even John McCaleb, hearty and forthright man that he was, and the best overseer Bellefontaine ever knew, had felt the depressive restrictions of the flood.

Marian tightened her arms about the folds of her short cloak. She bowed her head into the black particles of the rain and turned into the road beyond the arched gateway. She told herself, fleeing, that she would never go back. She would find Clark—go away with him.

HER mind filled with pictures. She saw the thin ascetic face of Dr. LeFlore, his pale hands carefully tending his cocoons, his brilliant butterflies and moths in the dank conservatory beside the library.

Dr. LeFlore was sixty-three—two years older than his cousin Philip; and the undisguised hatred between them was as nothing to that which existed between Charles Flandrau and Philip DeSaulles. Charles drank too much; had married a woman who was cheap and dishonest; and had made the mistake of bringing her to Bellefontaine.

Paul Grober's visit to the house had only added fuel to the situation between Charles and his wife. Marian remembered vividly the night, a week before,

Candlelight

By CARL BUCHANAN

when she had surprised Lillian Flandrau in Grober's arms.

And now these hates had come to murder. Charles had killed his uncle.

The girl slowed to a walk, closing her eyes against the faces of people who hated each other. What would they do to Charles? What would happen to him?

She stood erect, remembering the scene she had witnessed. . . .

Charles had been drinking all day. An hour ago he had come downstairs to talk with his uncle in the library. He had left the door half open behind him. Gradually the words between uncle and nephew had become more violent. Marian had crept into the hall, had stood near the arch under the hall stair, trying to get the courage to interfere in the quarrel. Then she had heard the words that had told her Charles was threatening her uncle with a gun.

Philip DeSaulles had said:

"Charles! You can't do that! Put that gun away—at once."

The sharp, echoing sound of the gun had cut through the uncle's pleading voice. She remembered that she had leaned weakly against the arch. There had been a quick heavy flurry of feet on the stair above her head. John McCaleb, the overseer, had looked over the stair rail, and had cried:

"Miss Marian, he's done it."

Then she had fled. And now . . . what would become of her brother, a murderer? She must go back to him. He would need her.

THE girl mounted the porch, lifted finally the huge brass knocker. Her summons was answered immediately. Doctor LeFlore, one thin, blue-veined hand clutching the neck band of a shabby dressing gown, stepped aside. Marian walked into the house.

There were tall candles on the narrow ledge at the right between the library door and the door of Doctor LeFlore's room. Low voices seeped from the library. To the left, in the reception room, Lillian Flandrau lay weeping upon a davenette. Paul Grober, his dark face scowling, lounged beside the mantel.

Marian turned to the doctor.

"If you cannot tell us who tor LeFlore accused Philip question anyone else. You in the room when

Tower Studios

"He—he is dead?" she asked tremulously.

"Yes, he is dead."

Marian stared at the thin, emaciated face of the doctor. His words, uttered in a sort of choked and brittle whisper sent racing chills through her body.

"I want to see him," she said. "I was afraid and ran away; but I am not afraid now."

Footsteps sounded along the hall. John McCaleb, the plantation overseer, his great bulky body pushing awkwardly through the portieres of the arch under the stair, his square, florid face scowling, came forward. Behind him, her hawk-like face distorted with fear, came Martha Voorn, the housekeeper.

"You gave us a bad shock, young lady," said McCaleb. "Go with Mrs. Voorn and get into dry clothes."

Marian stiffened with resolve. She resisted Martha Voorn's gesture of invitation.

"No, I want to see him," she declared. "I want to help."

McCaleb nodded and opened the library door. There was a single candle on the mantel beneath the portrait of Arnauld DeSaulles, stiff, erect and stern in a Napoleonic guard uniform.

Marian shifted her eyes toward a corner where Philip DeSaulles' books lay in orderly files upon the shelves of old bureau-style bookcases of marquetry, decorated with gilt bronze plaques and carved mouldings.

Beside the larger case was a divan of red brocade . . . and upon it lay a sheeted figure.

"She wants to see him," she heard McCaleb say.

The negro, Barney, stepped aside. Some one lifted the sheet that lay molded to the masses of a man's face. Marian, her hand tight upon McCaleb's arm, stepped nearer.

Thin, aquiline nose, and a mouth relaxed in death . . . half open eyes . . .

Suddenly, her senses reeled in amazement. Her heart bounded, began to beat with suffocating bewilderment. One of her hands, impelled by automatic revulsion, was flung up across her mouth, stifling the shriek of terror that was all but uttered. She wheeled to survey the room.

A tall figure walked toward her. She heard the throaty, modulated voice of Philip DeSaulles saying:

"Marian, my dear girl! You shouldn't have come in here."

Suddenly, her eyes filling with tears, not understanding the wholly unbelievable thing she had seen, she flung herself into the uncle's arms.

"Why didn't somebody tell me?" she sobbed. "I thought you were—I thought Charles had killed you! What happened? Tell me!"

Philip DeSaulles guided her faltering steps to the reception room, drew her down beside him upon a small divan.

"Your brother, my dear," he said gently, "has taken his life."

The girl grew rigid, drew herself erect. She tried to think, to remember . . .

The words she had heard her uncle saying—*"Charles, you can't do that!"*—had been a vain attempt to interfere with Charles' threat to take his life! And McCaleb's statement—"Miss Marian, he's done it!"—had been the overseer's blunt way of phrasing suicide, rather than murder.

"I—can't believe it," the girl said.

"But it is true, my dear," said her uncle, giving her

killed Charles Flandrau," Doc-DeSaulles, "it is useless to were the only one it happened."

a consoling pat. "McCaleb and I both saw it."

"But it's so horrible—so terrible . . ."

A knock sounded at the door. John McCaleb strode forward and opened it to a young man whose black poncho glistened with rain.

When they told Clark Hamlen what had happened he went at once to Marian, understanding that his duty was to comfort her, to relieve as far as possible that abject grief so plainly pooled in her dark eyes. He guided her into the dining room which was directly behind the reception room on the left side of the house. There, he drew her down beside him in a window seat and for some moments let her spend her grief in warm tears that left her relaxed.

"I'M so glad you came," she said to him.

"I've been trying for three hours," he said. "My place is under five feet of water—ran my skiff aground on a log. Had to walk three miles."

"Clark," she said tearfully, "it was something that had to happen, I suppose. Everybody in the house hates everybody else, it seems. Except Uncle Philip and me. Doctor LeFlore and Uncle Philip quarrel half the time. And Charles has been headstrong and defiant. Sometimes I think all of us are mad—especially Doctor LeFlore. Only last week he and Uncle Philip quarreled over a thing so absurd—so—I'll tell you. He accused Uncle Philip of having learned of the hiding place of Arnauld DeSaulles' treasure. That silly legend of gold being hidden somewhere in the house . . ."

"I remember," said Clark, smiling, "as a boy hearing of gold buried at the old Frenchman's house!"

"It all comes," said the girl, "from a line in Arnauld DeSaulles' diary. The legend is that a page was torn from the diary by Arnauld DeSaulles on his death-bed to keep his sons from finding the treasure. That page is supposed to contain full details as to the correct location of the secret place of burial."

"But that single line in the diary?"

"I remember seeing it last month. In French, of course. '. . . *and to him who is worthy, in a place to be mentioned hereafter, a great treasure.*' The next page *is* missing. The diary is in uncle's library."

There sounded a knock at the door. At Marian's invitation, Philip DeSaulles, his pale, aristocratic face drawn with apprehension, entered. As the owner of Bellefontaine approached he drew from his coat pocket a small revolver, passed it into Hamlen's hands.

"That," DeSaulles said evenly, but with an undertone of great anxiety, "is the gun with which my nephew is supposed to have killed himself."

Clark Hamlen thumbed the knurled cylinder lug. Six unfired cartridges were exposed to view. There was

no trace of the odor of burned gunpowder about the gun.

"This means murder, Hamlen," said DeSaulles.

"BUT how . . . ?" cried the girl. "You were there and saw it!"

"Yes, I saw," said DeSaulles, "what my senses were tricked into seeing. Charles drew this gun, saying, 'There's one way I can stop it!' I thought it was a threat against my life. I got to my feet. There was a candle on my desk, one in the conservatory, another in the hall. Both hall and conservatory doors were open. Charles turned away from me—and a gun fired. I did not see the flash of this gun."

Clark Hamlen and the girl were silent.

"It is murder," DeSaulles continued. "I made a discovery day before yesterday that shocked me. Both of you know the legend of the missing page of Arnauld DeSaulles' diary. I found that missing page when I searched old trunks in the attic for candles. Here it is."

Upon the table Philip DeSaulles spread a folded and ancient bit of parchment. It was torn halfway across. Upon its surface were time-bedimmed lines in an old-fashioned style of penmanship. The lines were in French. Hamlen deciphered the first few words, then saw that the rest were a meaningless jumble.

"A code?" he asked.

"Yes," said DeSaulles. "And I think a code used by Napoleon's army officers. I have translated part of it. There is, unless my grandfather was a tremendous joker, a treasure hidden somewhere in or about this house!"

"And you think there may be some connection—" Hamlen began.

CLARK HAMLIN faced the group in the reception room. From Philip DeSaulles, Marian and John McCaleb he had heard their testimony as to their knowledge of the mysterious affair in the library.

"I do not like," Hamlen said calmly, "what appears to be my duty here. You are not under oath to tell the truth, but—I must speak plainly—you *are* under suspicion of murder. At the time when it was believed that we had suicide rather than murder it was not important that we ascertain where each of you were at the time the shot sounded. Now, since we know that Charles Flandrau was murdered, that point is important."

"It appears to me," Doctor LeFlore interrupted testily, "that if my cousin Philip cannot tell us who killed Charles, then it is useless to question anyone else. He was in the room when it happened."

Lillian Flandrau gasped as Philip DeSaulles got quickly to his feet. Marian laid a restraining hand upon her uncle's arm.

"I was in the conservatory when the shot sounded," the doctor continued. "The door to the library was open. I saw Charles fall. Between the time when I heard the shot and the time I arrived in the library a murderer might have had ample moments in which to arrange the evidence. There is no use beating about bushes here. Two men were quarreling; one of them was killed. A second pistol is yet to be found."

"May I ask you, Doctor LeFlore," Hamlen said, "what you were doing in the conservatory at that hour?"

"I was watching one of my cocoons," said the doctor. "I have great hopes of bringing off my first *Acherontia atropos* tonight. I was neither plotting murder nor seeking buried treasure."

As they remained frozen to the spot at the shocking sight, the lights in the conservatory suddenly blazed forth, only to be immediately extinguished. In that brief moment, the brutal crime stood out in all its ferocity to the terrified group.

"Between this code and—murder? I do—certainly. I made the mistake of telling several persons about my discovery. It was mentioned in my quarrel with—with Charles tonight. Doctor LeFlore knows that I found it—"

The door to the hall opened abruptly. It swung inward, framing Paul Grober's stocky, heavy-shouldered figure. There was a pucker of worry about the man's dark eyes. He hesitated, then said:

"I am sorry, sir; but I have news I think will interest you. Doctor LeFlore says that Charles was murdered. He wants to conduct an investigation. He has assembled everyone in the reception room and asks that all of you meet him there."

Philip DeSaulles stiffened, regarded Grober with narrowed eyes.

"Just how did my cousin arrive at his conclusions?" he asked.

"He has not told us," Grober replied.

"Just exactly what did he say?"

Once more Grober's manner became hesitant.

"He accuses you, sir, of the murder."

Hamlen saw Philip DeSaulles' shoulders draw tight. A faintly sarcastic smile hovered about the mouth of Doctor LeFlore.

Hamlen, to cover the moment of smouldering hate, turned to Barney, the negro.

"Yes, suh, Cap'n," said Barney, twisting a battered felt hat between his great rough hands.

"Where were you, Barney, when the shot was fired?"

"I—I was outside de house, Mist' Clark. Comin' 'long from de quarters. We got some mules 'crosst de creek, and I want' tell Mist' McCaleb dat maybe we better git up some boys an' git 'em back 'cross heah befo' de water git any higher, so—"

"That's enough, Barney," Hamlen interrupted.

"No suh, no suh, hit ain't," Barney insisted. "I got somep'n to tell so's I can live wid my conscience. I—I seen somebody actin' mighty 'spicious outside de house tonight. Somebody was standin' 'longside de greenhouse on de back side jes' befo' I heard de shot. I kin' stop an' study an' say Whut anybody doin' out heah dis time o' night an' 'bout dat time whoever 'twas went inside de greenhouse. Den I heard de shot an'

Hamlen began to write meaningless words on the paper. Marian said, "It's death for both of us—but I'd rather die, trying——"

right after hit somebody come out de greenhouse an' start runnin' off towards de front o' de house."

"DO you know who it was you saw, Barney?"

Barney's tongue moistened his lips. He glanced about the tense circle, began shaking his head.

"No, suh, I can't say who 't was out dere."

"Was it a man, or a woman?"

"Why—hit must 'a been a man," Barney declared. "Wouldn't no woman be traipsin' 'round dat time o' night. I didn't follow him. I went on back an' come inside de house by de back door."

Hamlen turned suddenly upon Doctor LeFlore:

"Did you hear any one enter the conservatory, Doctor LeFlore?"

"I did not," was the quick reply. "Barney was seeing things at night."

"Very well," said Hamlen, "at least we have established certain facts. At the time the shot sounded Mr. DeSaulles was in the library, Marian was in the hall under the stair, Mr. McCaleb was upstairs, Doctor LeFlore was in the conservatory and Barney was outside the house. Mrs. Voorn, we will now hear your story."

Martha Voorn replied tearfully:

"I heard no shot. I was asleep in my room in the kitchen annex. I did not wake until Mr. McCaleb rapped on my door to ask me to help him find Miss Marian."

"Thank you, Mrs. Voorn," Hamlen said. "Mrs. Flandrau?"

Lillian Flandrau locked her fingers before her and said icily:

"I was in my room, upstairs—reading. I know nothing about it."

"Mr. Grober?" Hamlen said.

"I was in my room," Grober responded quickly.

"And your room?"

"Is on the east side of the house, downstairs—directly across the hall from Miss Marian's. As soon as I heard the shot I came outside and saw Lil—Mrs. Flandrau, coming downstairs. McCaleb, Barney, Doctor LeFlore and Mr. DeSaulles were in the library when I got there."

Marian Flandrau got unsteadily to her feet.

"He didn't," she cried. "He couldn't have come immediately from his room. I left the house by way of the back hall door and the covered gallery between the house and the kitchen annex. He didn't come directly from his room, or I should have seen him."

"Perhaps," Grober cut in quietly, "I hesitated momentarily—before leaving."

Marian sank back weakly into her chair, staring at Grober.

"Perhaps so," she said with doubt in her tone.

Lillian Flandrau turned toward Grober, saying calmly:

"Why do you lie about it, Paul? Go on and tell them that you were with me, on the upstairs porch. I don't mind."

Grober dropped his eyes momentarily then looked up defiantly.

"All right," he said. "That's true. I was with Lillian. We heard the shot. I came downstairs with her."

IT was then that Philip DeSaulles rose and, with a deprecating gesture, said slowly:

"I think we are getting nowhere. I suggest that we return to our rooms to wait until word can be got outside."

Ten minutes later Hamlen, McCaleb and Philip DeSaulles talked in the front hall. McCaleb said:

"It's a filthy business, Clark. Paul Grober was neither in his room, nor with Mrs. Flandrau when that shot sounded—because I saw him come through the front door about two minutes after the shot was fired. He doesn't know I saw him. Mrs. Flandrau lied to give him an alibi."

"Then Grober," said DeSaulles, "is the man Barney saw go into the conservatory!"

The three men turned as Doctor LeFlore's room door opened. The doctor hesitated for a moment, his shoulders brushing against the corded portieres of the hall arch. Then he walked briskly forward. In his hands he bore a handkerchief-covered object. With mock ceremony he lifted the handkerchief and disclosed a heavy pistol. "Don't touch it, Mister Detective," he said. "There might be fingerprints. I found this gun in the leaf mold under my specimen case along the north wall of the conservatory."

Hamlen regarded the gun curiously. He lifted it, sniffed the barrel. There was an odor of gunpowder. Opening the gun he was rewarded by the sight of a fired shell.

"Who owns this gun?" he asked.

"It is mine," said DeSaulles. "I keep it in my library desk drawer."

At some time after midnight, wind and rain still furious about the old house, most of the household had retired. Mrs. Voorn and Marian were in the girl's room. Grober had retired to his room directly across the hall; Doctor LeFlore to his, which was immediately behind the library; and Barney had returned to his vigil with the animals across the creek.

Philip DeSaulles had retired to the library, where the body of his nephew still remained, with the intention, Hamlen suspected, of working on the coded message on the torn leaf of Arnauld DeSaulles' diary.

Hamlen and McCaleb discussed the strange death. Their cigarettes spiralled gray smoke to the old ceiling of the reception room.

"Grober," said Hamlen, "lied about where he was. Mrs. Flandrau felt that he needed an alibi. Grober's motive is quite evident. He wanted the dead man's wife. Doctor LeFlore is a madman. Did he kill Charles Flandrau? Did he think that Charles was about to murder the only person who could translate that code?

"It's hard to think," he continued, "anyone would take that treasure business seriously. Yet Mr. DeSaulles is worried about it. He must know something we don't. I happen to know that Grober needs money. That gives him a double motive. Barney is another suspect. How do we know he saw anybody outside the conservatory?"

"Barney wouldn't kill anybody," McCaleb interrupted. "Our best bets are Doctor (*Please turn to page* 63)

SOLVE a CRIME!

CLUES

1. Crumpled page from calendar; also, phone with only one set of finger-prints on it.
2. Liquor bottles, and two glasses. Evidence which indicated presence of another person on the murder night.
3. Calendar showing June 26th. Page for June 25th torn off, lying crumpled beside phone.
4. Open window with scratches on sill, indicating murderer made his escape through this exit.

Winner of the February

PUZZLE

EVA STARRY

Buffalo *New York*

•

Find the murderer—and win $25! These pictures show clues that definitely establish the identity of the criminal. The first correct solution of this case to reach us—by telegram—*will receive the handsome reward! Who is the murderer?*

The MURDER *of an* Author

ON the morning of June 26 Miss Margaret Collum, pretty secretary of Arthur M. Twyning, crusading writer, came to his apartment where he did his work. She got no answer to her ring, and at last, afraid that something had happened, got the janitor to open the door. The two found the author slumped over his desk, dead from a shot in the back of the head.

Miss Collum at once called the police, and the official photograph, shown at the left, is what they saw.

Apparently, Twyning had had a visitor the night before, for on a small table were two glasses, a bottle half-full of Scotch, and an empty ginger ale bottle. The apartment window was open, and scratches on the sill seemed to indicate that some one had come in or gone out that way.

Examination of the room showed the following: there were no finger-prints on the telephone except those of Miss Collum. The two glasses gave clear prints, one of Twyning's own, and one of a man later identified as Henry Morrison. In the scrap basket was a sheet torn from the desk calendar, with the date "June 25." This yielded no prints.

One other fact was unearthed; at 1:32 A. M. the apartment had called to get the correct time from central.

Twyning had apparently been working late when he was shot, for he was fully clothed, and on the desk were several sheets of paper covered with rough notes.

Suspicion was narrowed down to four men, all of whom might have had reason to put Twyning out of the way. Two of these, Ben Osterman and Riley Burke, were the leaders of a corrupt gang which Twyning was exposing. A third was Morrison himself, who was heavily in debt to Twyning. Morrison, questioned, admitted that he had called on Twyning, as witnessed by his finger-prints on the glass, and that Twyning had been friendly but firm about the money owed him. Morrison had left at about 11:30, however, and produced several witnesses who had seen him depart. The fourth suspect was one "Cooney" Anderson, a crooked bucket-shop operator whom Twyning had been instrumental in getting convicted. (*Please turn to page* 104)

She's blond, blue-eyed, with a dainty, delicate charm, the third of the series of Mystery beauties

In Quest OF THE FEMININE

ARE you the ultra-feminine type? Is your hair golden and inclined to curl a bit around your face; your skin smooth, soft and white; your eyes the shade of blue that is often compared with cornflowers?

Are you of average height or a bit shorter; slim but with softly curving lines? Are your hands and feet small; is your mouth dainty and delicate, your nose finely shaped—whether straight or turned up; your eyelashes long but not extreme—and curling?

If you can say "yes" on a majority of these points you will see yourself reflected in this month's girl, third in our series of general types. And before I go on to tell you more about our ultra-feminine girl—we have a new service for our readers. Send us your measurements including glove and shoe size, coloring of hair, eyes and skin, a snapshot, too, if you wish, and we'll tell you what type you are, what beauty routine you should follow and what colors and clothes you should wear.

Questioning eyes, a piquant mouth and friendly hands—three clues to beauty.

Our Miss Ultra-Feminine's chief problem is keeping her weight down. She has no intention of becoming an emaciated lily because she knows that curves are becoming to her—as long as they remain curves. But she likes her desserts perhaps more than she should and she can pick up two or three pounds in a day. She dances and diets slightly to keep herself in trim.

With her cream white skin and pale gold hair, careful make-up is necessary so that lip and cheek rouge are not so bright that they overshadow her delicate coloring.

A light rouge and lipstick—not orange but a light pink with a bit of blue in it—are the best for this type. Her lips are a little uneven but she allows this piquant feature to remain. Powder should have no yellow tones with this clear cream skin but should be on the rachel tones—just dark enough for the powdered look to be missing. (*Please turn to page* 99)

Sleuthing for Beauty *By* PAMELA PINKERTON

MURDER by CANDLELIGHT

(*Continued from page* 59)

LeFlore and Paul Grober."

"Unless," Clark said in a low voice, "Mr. DeSaulles, suddenly maddened by the quarrel. . ."

"I don't believe that he would lie," said McCaleb.

"Wait! How do we know that the small gun Mr. DeSaulles produced was the gun that Charles Flandrau had in his possession? Do you suppose that Charles really killed himself and that later somebody threw the gun into the conservatory and planted the smaller unfired gun beneath Charles' body?"

"That's idiotic," McCaleb declared. "When I came far enough down the stairs to see Charles' body Mr. DeSaulles was leaning over it, but not close enough to touch it. I kept him in sight all the way until I got inside. It was Barney who picked up the little gun. I can swear to that!"

Hamlen stood erect.

"Well, at any rate, I suggest that we remain awake all night. I don't like the feel of things. Suppose you take a turn outside the house? I want to speak with Marian a moment."

A few minutes later Hamlen went to the girl's room, tried to say reassuring things to her, cautioned Mrs. Voorn to remain with her and then returned to the reception room. He was there fifteen minutes later when McCaleb, plainly perturbed, rushed into the house by way of the front door.

"Nobody has come in here?" the overseer asked.

"No—nobody. Why?"

"I saw somebody under Grober's window. The candle in the conservatory has gone out. This person went inside the conservatory, I believe. I lost sight of him, came on around here, thinking you may have heard something. The lights are on in Grober's and in Doctor LeFlore's room. Just as I came up on the porch the light in the library blinked out."

THE library was in utter darkness except for such light as came from the single candle in the hall behind them. The two men stepped inside. Hamlen heard McCaleb whisper:

"I'm going to take a chance on flashing a light."

Immediately a ray of light probed the darkness. The cone roved about the room, fell upon the bookcases behind the couch upon which Charles Flandrau's body lay. It jerked suddenly toward the library table, then moved quickly here and there into every corner.

Philip DeSaulles was not in the room.

Hamlen inhaled suddenly, gustily, then whispered, "Kill the light. In the conservatory."

As he stepped forward he stepped upon something that crackled slightly. He dropped in the darkness and picked up a small wadded bit of paper. Some instinct told him to keep it. Thrusting it into his pocket he walked toward the dark figure of McCaleb, just ahead of him.

Beyond the glass wall of the conservatory, to his left, he could see dim light spilling from Grober's and Doctor LeFlore's windows upon rain-drenched shrubbery and tree limbs and leaves.

McCaleb caught at his arm, tugging downward. Hamlen obeyed the wordless command, dropped noiselessly to his knees, his eyes probing the jungle-like darkness ahead. His left hand dropped to the damp bricked floor.

He could see nothing, decided that it would be impossible to go further into the place without making noise. The tables were close, the aisles narrow. Discarded pots and urns lay in the aisles or were balanced precariously upon table edges.

He was about to whisper a question to his friend when a sound of breaking glass at the farthest end of the conservatory sent the silence into crackling echoes and brought him to his feet, tense and alert. The sprinkle of glass fragments was followed by the dull thud of some heavy body.

ARE YOU A MYSTERY FAN?

What kind of detective story do you like best? What story in this issue do you like most and why? Who are your favorite mystery authors? The editors of MYSTERY Magazine are anxious to publish the kind of stories you like to read. Write—tell us what you want in this magazine. For every letter of suggestion that is published, we will pay one dollar. See page 122 for the new readers' department.

Hamlen knew that some one had crashed into the wall at the east end of the conservatory, close beside one of the three doors there. He jerked at his gun, fired a shot. McCaleb beside him, flung a cone of light forward into the impenetrable shadows.

Hamlen turned about as a suppressed scream reached him. Marian and Mrs. Voorn were standing in the door to the library. McCaleb began running toward the scene of the broken glass. Hamlen hesitated for a second, then followed the overseer.

Presently both men were standing beside a table near the east wall and close beside one of the doors. Upon the table were two flower pots, spilling loam from their overturned sides. One of the table edges was close to a large break in the glass wall. It was evident to Hamlen that the person whom they had surprised had accidentally brushed against the table in his haste to reach the door. The table edge had cracked the glass.

McCaleb directed his flashlight toward the ground, and at the gruesome sight its ray disclosed Hamlen drew back in utter horror.

UPON the floor, almost beneath the table, lay the body of Philip DeSaulles, sprawled grotesquely and awkwardly in what Hamlen knew instantly was the cast and mold of death. The eyes were closed and the face waxen. The clothing was disarrayed, the pockets turned inside out. Several unfolded papers lay nearby.

But the focal point of the spectacle that sent chills of horror racing through Clark Hamlen's body was a small dagger with a jeweled handle which had been thrust deep into Philip DeSaulles' back, directly through the heart.

Hamlen forced his terror-ridden body to action. He knelt quickly and grasped the wrist of the sticken man. There was no pulse.

Slowly he got again to his feet. He saw Marian free herself of Mrs. Voorn's restraining arm and begin walking, candlestick poised high above her head, down the plant-crowded aisle, her shoulders brushing the heavy fronds.

His pleas were useless. The girl walked to the stricken man and stood there, looking down. She turned to Hamlen.

"He is dead. I know it," she said. Then, sweeping her glance over the scene about her, she added, "Where is Doctor LeFlore? Where is Paul Grober?"

As they remained frozen to the spot by the shocking sight, the lights in the conservatory suddenly blazed forth, only to be immediately extinguished. In that brief moment, the brutal crime stood out in all its utter ghastliness to the terrified group. Evidently, workmen were repairing the power lines to Bellefontaine.

It was a full minute before Doctor LeFlore appearerd. His door opened and he came down the steps, clutching his robe with one hand, holding in the other a silver candlestick. He moved toward the group about the table, as if he did not at first see them.

Then his eyes fell on the body of DeSaulles. His face became a contorted grimace. He suddenly slumped to his knees, eyes wide and staring.

"Who," he cried, "who could have done this thing?"

Hamlen remembered the crushed bit of paper he had picked up on the library floor. Had Philip DeSaulles dropped that bit of paper to prevent it falling into the hands of the murderous assailant?

Hamlen got to his feet.

"Where is Grober?" he asked.

"Hasn't shown up," said McCaleb. "Neither has Mrs. Flandrau."

"Suppose you and Doctor LeFlore go at once to Grober's room," Hamlen suggested. "Later I want you, McCaleb, to help me look outside—for footprints."

When the two had gone Hamlen rose and went into the library, thence into the hall. There he procured candles and a large drapery. He left a lighted candle beside the body, over which he spread the drape. Lighting a second candle, he returned to the library, closed the hall door and locked it.

He next retrieved the crumpled bit of paper from his pocket and spread it before him. The writing there told him three things! It was in French; it was Philip DeSaulles' hand; and it was not thirty minutes old! He made a mental translation:

In a place to be mentioned hereafter, a great treasure the worth of which is incalculable and which

(*Please turn to page* 65)

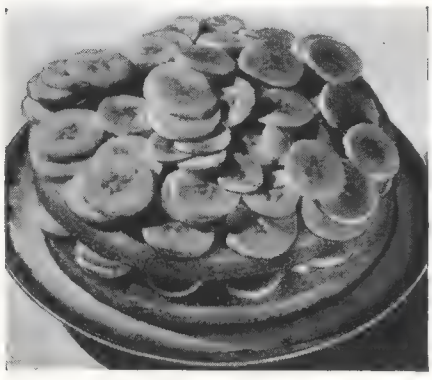
How do you like your Shortcake?

The question of biscuit or cake foundation is reopened for another season of debate

(Right)
Layers of cake topped with whipped cream with rich red strawberries sprinkled with sugar between.

(Below)
You may prefer the biscuit type of shortcake shown below.

(Bottom)
Or a double decker made of layer cake and sliced ripe bananas.



STRAWBERRIES are ripe and luscious—nothing can stop the peach crop now—and bananas are with us all the year round—everything points to a bumper season in shortcakes. And the old question is open for debate and argument. What is the best sort of shortcake? You have your idea on the subject and we have ours—or did until we assumed the rôle of referee.

One of our favorite cook books gives place of honor to a delectable concoction made of sweet cake layers topped with a luscious spreading of whipped cream, with rich red strawberries, slices of juicy peaches or what you will between. While another favorite haughtily dismisses the question, saying that that sort of thing isn't a shortcake at all. Real shortcake must be made from a rich biscuit mixture—sweetened only by the ripe sugared fruit laid on top or between the broken halves.

Even if you take this orthodox attitude, there is still room for debate. Some cooks insist that the right method is to make one large layer of biscuit—split it in half through the middle to make a soft bed for the berries, while others insist that each half must be arranged crust side down so that the top layer will have a soft bed as well. Some insist on buttering each layer, and others make two thin layers laid together with butter in a round cake tin.

Varieties in biscuit doughs form the basis for another argument. Many cooks insist on the addition of eggs to the dough; some allow a slight flavoring of sugar; and others insist the best biscuit dough is made with sour cream.

And, finally, we come to the question of whether or not to crush the berries. They may be crushed only for the middle layer; for both layers; allowed to stand with sugar for an hour before serving or the shortcakes may be put together entirely with whole or sliced berries.

If you prefer the real cake mixture for your shortcake, what is your favorite way of making the cake? Do you use the berries or fruit crushed or use whole berries and shapely slices of fruit? We're interested in your own solution of what to do about shortcake. Turn to page 67 for details.

MURDER by CANDLELIGHT

(*Continued from page* 63)

will increase as the years advance . . . may be found forty paces north of the larger magnolia, and at a point about five feet above ground. Diligence in search will repay the seeker . . .

There the writing abruptly stopped. Hamlen folded the paper and returned it to an inside pocket. He got to his feet and walked toward the south, front, windows of the room. Pulling back the curtains he looked outside. Two gigantic magnolias were ten feet apart directly before the library. An estimate revealed that forty paces on a line running north, toward the rear of the house, would strike almost at the point where he stood.

He glanced toward the walls. They were thick and rugged, he knew. Had Arnauld DeSaulles forced slaves to brick in a treasure among the walls of Bellefontaine? Had he later, in a moment of anger, torn away the directions for finding it?

The sound of a turning door knob caused him to wheel in his tracks. His hand moved toward his shoulder holster, withdrew his gun. There was a rap upon the white panels of the door.

"WHO is it?" he called.

"McCaleb, Clark," said a voice.

Hamlen replaced his gun and opened the door. McCaleb and Doctor LeFlore came inside the library.

"Grober is not in his room," said McCaleb. "He's skipped out. Room torn all to smash—clothing thrown everywhere. A window on the east side, toward the conservatory, is half open. And Mrs. Flandrau has gone, too. Her room is in the same condition."

"Neither is in the house?" Hamlen asked.

"We've searched it from top to bottom," said McCaleb.

Hamlen turned upon Doctor LeFlore, and said abruptly:

"Doctor LeFlore! I must ask that you explain why, although certainly you must have been wakened by the shot I fired in the conservatory, you did not at once investigate."

Doctor LeFlore drew himself suddenly erect. Antagonism flared into his sullen, small-pupiled eyes.

"I refuse to answer questions not put to me by an authorized agent of the law of this state," he declared. "And now, if you will pardon me, I shall return to my room."

He turned about indignantly and strode into the hall. John McCaleb, anger roaring in his throat, stepped forward with upraised hands. Hamlen stopped him with a word of command. Then the two men walked into the hall, saw Doctor LeFlore enter his room and fling the door shut behind him. They heard the turning of a bolt.

Hamlen became instantly alert. He grasped McCaleb's arm.

"McCaleb, go into the conservatory —*quick!* He's locked this door. When he closes the door to the conservatory lay two matches against it at the bottom. I'm going to do the same to the hall door. I want to make sure that he remains in that room. If the matches are not disturbed we can be fairly sure he . . ."

McCaleb nodded and disappeared through the library door. Hamlen walked quietly down the hall, knelt before the door of the doctor's room and deposited two slanting matches against it.

AS Hamlen had predicted they found not the slightest signs of footprints beneath the open window of Paul Grober's room. John McCaleb's flashlight revealed a wide brick trough beneath the house eaves.

Their search, however, was unflagging. They covered every inch of the ground along the east side of the house between Grober's room and the conservatory. They stopped near the door just beyond which lay Philip DeSaulles' boy. The candle Hamlen had left there still painted dark shadows upon the glass walls.

They found nothing near the door except splintered glass, a small spilled flower pot and a clutter of magnolia and oak twigs from which the foliage had been stripped.

"LeFlore's caterpillar food," said McCaleb with unconcealed disgust.

They moved out toward the front of the house, skirting the curved wall of the conservatory and arriving presently at the porch at a point where it abutted upon the library wall. McCaleb flashed his light along the wall. Hamlen saw a heavy gnarled vine clinging to the side of the wall and a supporting column of the porch.

"Grober," Hamlen said, "could have been where Mrs. Flandrau said he was —on the upper porch with her—and yet have come into the front door."

"Sure," McCaleb agreed, "by crawling down that vine. Yeah, he could have done that, but we don't know where Grober was when Mr. DeSaulles was stabbed to death."

McCaleb's voice had barely died away when both men turned abruptly toward the conservatory wall. A tiny sound, no more than the falling of a displaced pebble, caught Hamlen's ears. But it was enough to send every nerve in his body into jangling chaos. He touched McCaleb's arm.

"Somebody there," he whispered.

Both men crouched low in the shadows. The conservatory walls glowed dully from candlelight. Hamlen moved forward cautiously, gun in hand. He lifted his hand, could then see the tip of the candle flame, wavering—an oval and liquid spire of light, its plume of soft smoke above it, guarding the body of Philip DeSaulles.

Then as he gazed upon it, a shadow, like an extinguishing hand, covered the candle flame and the conservatory was plunged into darkness. Hamlen felt McCaleb's hand tighten upon his arm.

Some one, inside the conservatory, had pinched out the candle.

Hamlen began walking forward along the wall of the conservatory. Then he stopped and whispered to the big overseer:

"Go into the front of the house. Examine the matches I put in front of Doctor LeFlore's door!"

HE heard McCaleb set off immediately toward the porch behind them. Hamlen again got into motion, careful lest he make even the slightest noise. Presently he gained the curving east wall of the conservatory. The first door—there were three—was open. Beside the farthest lay the body of the murdered man.

Hamlen crept cautiously inside the conservatory and made his way toward the body. His eyes picked up the white line of the candle in the darkness. He turned to the left. A light still glowed dully against the drawn curtains of Doctor LeFlore's room. The windows of Grober's room were dark—had been so since McCaleb and Doctor LeFlore had gone there to look for Grober.

Hamlen, expecting momentarily the crack of a gun or the swift charge of some unknown assailant, made his way along the aisle toward the door of Doctor LeFlore's room. Gaining that objective, he sank down upon the steps and felt carefully along the lower ledge of the door for the matches. He found two of them. They fell under his exploring fingers.

Doctor LeFlore had not left his room by way of the conservatory door.

He replaced the matches and got to his feet. As he approached the door of the library it opened slightly. A flashlight poked a beam into the conservatory. Hamlen moved back against the wall. A voice he recognized as McCaleb's whispered:

"Clark?"

"Right," said Hamlen. "Anything?"

"Not a thing," was the gruff reply. "Whoever it was must have got going before you reached the door. I looked for the matches against the doctor's door. They've been knocked down—and the door's locked. The light is still burning."

"We've got to break down the door," said Hamlen.

McCaleb stepped backwards into the dark library and Hamlen was about to follow when he heard a dull sound. Then the flashlight, going out, dropped to the floor. There was the heavy scurry of stabbing heels on the carpet. The room was plunged into jet shadows. McCaleb's choked voice cried out a warning that was smothered into a choking groan.

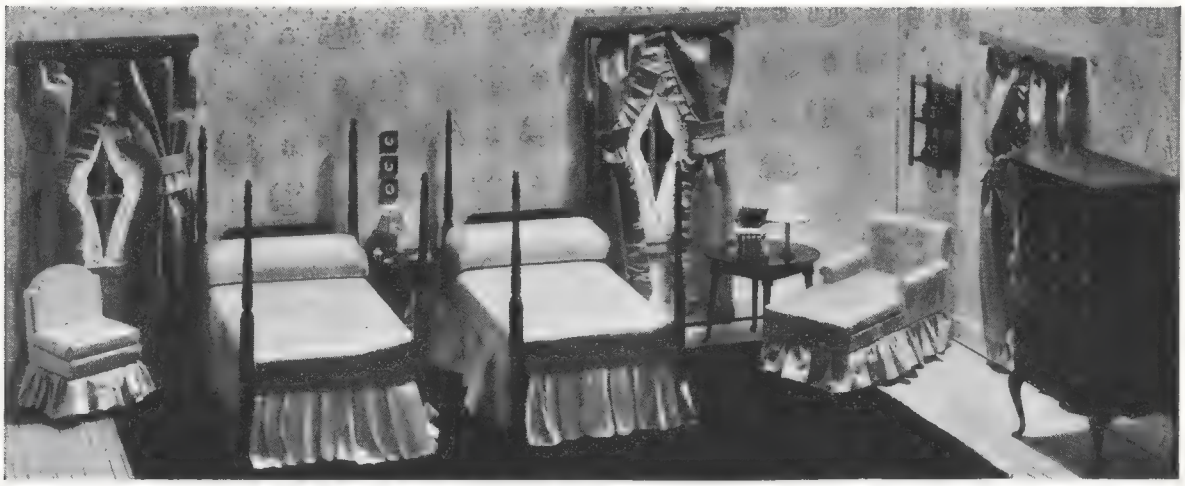
Hamlen, crouching, closed hard fingers over the butt of his gun. He heard a heavy body striking the floor and then McCaleb's voice shouting

(*Please turn to page* 67)

TEN MINUTE FIGURES

Even on your busiest days you will find ten minutes to spare—ten minutes that you'd gladly spare for the sake of improving your figure, or reducing superfluous weight. All these things can be done by means of our special exercises if carefully followed. If you would like directions, just send your request, stating your particular needs, with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Ann Allison, care of The MYSTERY Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Here's Our Colonial Bedroom



Fine reproductions of Colonial four-posters are not hard to find.

Up-to-date convenience is achieved in a bedroom rich with Old Colonial charm.

By BETTY LENAHAN

THE principal bedroom of our little Colonial house is exceptionally large and presents an interesting decorating problem. The room occupies one whole side of the house extending from the front to the rear.

The simple fireplace gives a touch of coziness to the room; it is Georgian in design, painted ivory, with the facing and hearth of red brick.

For the walls we selected a *toile de Jouy* paper with the design worked in shades of rose on a cream background. The woodwork is painted ivory.

The floor is polished hard wood, partly covered by a plain blue 9 x 18 rug.

The furniture is mahogany. The beds have the high, gracefully turned posts with the low headboard and no footboard and are covered with tailored bedspreads made of plain peach color glazed chintz. Between the beds is a small night table. The highboy and chest are excellent reproductions of eighteenth century pieces. The wing chair by the fireplace is upholstered in chintz with a small floral design in rose and green on a pale blue background. Placed near this chair is a little tripod table. A comfortable chaise (*Please turn to page* 121)

The space between two closets provides a charming little vanity alcove.

Models by
HERMAN C. KNEBEL

Unusual coziness is obtained by a simple Georgian fireplace.

ILLUSION:

The Oriental girl reclines on a sheet of plate glass supported by two slaves. The magician waves a white sheet . . . pronounces a few magic words . . . Presto! She has *disappeared* in thin air.

EXPLANATION:

One of the "slaves" is a *hollow dummy.* When the magician holds up the sheet the lithe little lady disappears completely—into his empty figure.

IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED ...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

Here's a trick used in cigarette advertising. It is called "Coolness." **EXPLANATION:** Coolness is determined by the speed of burning. *Fresh* cigarettes, retaining their full moisture, burn more slowly . . . smoke cooler. *Dried-out* cigarettes taste *hot.*

Camels are cooler because they come in the famous air-tight *welded* Humidor Pack . . . and because they contain *better tobaccos.*

A cigarette blended from choice, ripe tobaccos tastes cooler than one that is harsh and acrid. For coolness, choose a *fresh* cigarette, made from *costlier* tobaccos.

It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

Smoke Camels...give your taste a chance to sense the difference.

Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

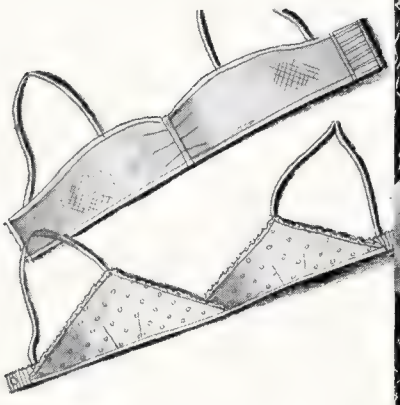
Your CAMELS *are always kept fresh in the air-tight, welded Humidor Pack.*

No Tricks — just Costlier Tobaccos

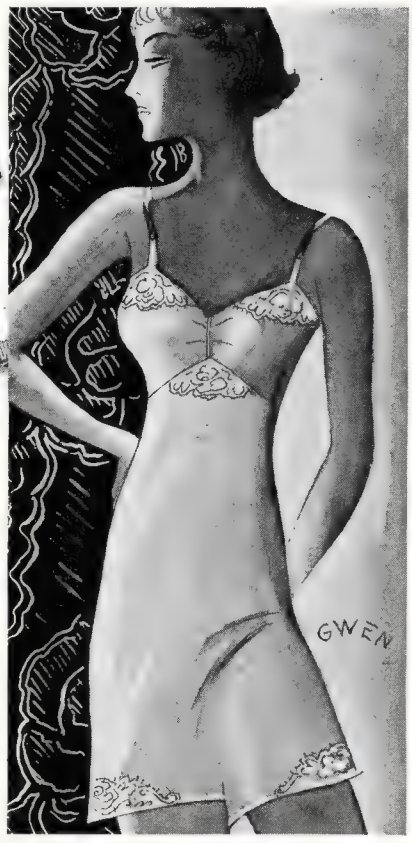
IN A MATCHLESS BLEND

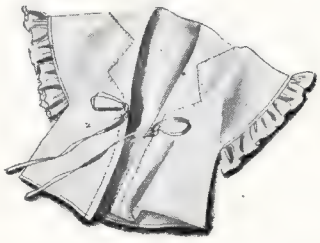
The New Lingerie is Easy to Make

By
FRANCES COWLES



Ap207—Diagram patterns from which you can make the diagonal uplift bandeau or the straight bandeau for fuller figures.

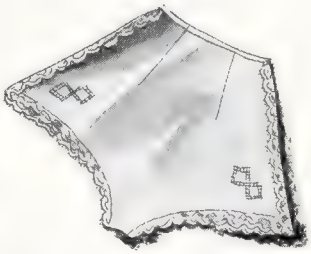




Ap208—With the aid of this circular you can make a negligée or bed jacket of the newest design.

Ap209—New fashions demand well-fitted lines easily achieved in this new, smartly tailored combination.

Ap210—The new wrap-around petticoat is very easy to make.



Ap211—No time is wasted in making these shorts.

Ap212—This circular gives diagram and appliqué design for new lingerie bag.

Ap213—Diagram and directions for making a form-fitting slip, left, and Ap214, a nightgown with the new broad-shouldered effect, right.

Turn to page 115 for directions for obtaining diagram patterns described here.

MURDER by CANDLELIGHT

(*Continued from page* 65)

through what Hamlen sensed was the obstruction of human fingers:

"Get away, Clark . . . was behind the desk . . . waiting."

Then silence again and the sound of a crushing blow. Hamlen dropped to his knees. Evidently McCaleb's attacker was not armed, or did not want to alarm the household with a shot. Hamlen, afraid to fire for fear of hitting McCaleb, began scouring the dark floor for the flashlight.

Suddenly he heard a deeply indrawn breath beside his ear. He wheeled and charged up to his feet. But he was too late. A blow that seemed to strike into the center of his brain thudded against his left temple. He plunged forward on his face.

HE knew that he had struggled for a long time against forces he could neither define nor grasp—in a world as unstable as a dream. He heard a voice that he thought was McCaleb's—except that it was too low and whispery. But it was McCaleb's; and it grew louder.

"Clark! Can you hear me?"

He welcomed the voice, tried to cling to it as if it were a rope thrown out from reality into the horrible maelstrom of his dream.

There was a small stub of candle burning on the desk. He moved his head toward the sound of a pleading voice. He saw McCaleb. There was a streak of blood from chin to forehead along the stocky overseer's face. The big man's coat was torn almost into shreds. His hair was wild about his florid face.

McCaleb's sturdy arms got Hamlen to his feet. Hamlen surveyed the room. The sheet had been wrenched from Charles Flandrau's body, which lay now half off the divan. The bookshelves had been despoiled of their contents. Great leather-bound volumes lay scattered about the floor, their leaves crumpled and torn.

"Looking for treasure, McCaleb," Hamlen said drowsily. "Got the cipher out of my pocket."

"What about your gun?"

Hamlen groped into his pocket, his holster. The gun was gone, nor was it to be found in the room. But near the desk was a crumpled bit of paper. He stooped and picked it up. It contained a few words in the handwriting of Philip DeSaulles. Hamlen saw that it was a partial English translation of the directions for locating the treasure. He read: ". . . forty paces north of the larger magnolia tree and about five feet . . ."

There the writing stopped. Hamlen knew that DeSaulles had first written the directions in French. That paper he himself had found in the library—and which now could not be found in his pockets. The murdered man had just begun his English translation when he had been attacked, made to walk into the conservatory, killed.

Hamlen began to laugh in a weird, uncanny series of grim vocables. For Hamlen knew now who had murdered twice to gain the secret of the treasure. The chain of evidence he had gathered was now complete. He knew. He knew how the murders had been accomplished.

"What is it, Clark?" cried McCaleb. "Stop that infernal laughing."

"I know who did it," Hamlen cried, his voice shrill with a touch of hysteria. "I know! Look at those books. The fool—the fool that turned them inside out! He failed to see what was right before his eyes. DeSaulles knew. He must have known; but the man who killed him to get the secret got only part of it. He couldn't read French, or he thought there must be more than DeSaulles had put down—so he began tearing into those books in the hope of finding something that would help him."

"What are you talking about, Hamlen?" McCaleb asked.

"The treasure," said Hamlen. He knew that he couldn't stand erect much longer. He knew that he was going to fall. "The treasure—and the man who killed. . . ."

He staggered against the desk. The room seemed to grow dark. He fought against the encroaching waves of unreality.

He couldn't go out—now! He couldn't go and leave Marian in the house with a madman! There was something he had to tell McCaleb—something he couldn't quite remember! He felt his knees buckling under him, felt McCaleb trying to hold him up.

He plunged once more into the horror of a dream in whose torturous and terrible mazes he had already walked . . .

MARIAN FLANDRAU set down her cup and glanced sidewise at Mrs. Voorn. She was surprised to see that the cup the woman held was shaking violently. Some of the coffee spilled into the saucer. The woman got quickly to her feet and her hands seemed to fall away from the cup and saucer. They shattered on the hearth.

Marian sprang to her feet, caught Mrs. Voorn's arms. "What is it?"

Martha Voorn made a visible effort to regain control of her nerves.

"I—I must tell you something, Miss Marian," she said. "I was not in my room when the shot that killed Mister Charles was fired. I was in the conservatory. And I saw Doctor LeFlore there. The door to his room was open, and the door from his room to the hall was open. I saw you standing beside the portieres. I saw Doctor LeFlore, just after the shot sounded, reach down beneath one of his tables. It was under that table that he claimed he found the gun later.

"I didn't see him shoot through the door of the library, but I do know that he could see Mister Charles from where he stood by one of the tables."

The girl gasped, caught at her cheek with curled hands.

"He killed him! And you—you were the person Barney saw go into the conservatory!"

Martha Voorn nodded. "Yes," she said.

She turned halfway about, fury stamped upon her thin, drawn face; her eyes filled with suppressed frenzy.

"I can't stand it," she cried "I shall go mad. I'll not stay here and die."

And then, without warning, she turned and sprang to the door. Her hand turned frantically at the knob and the next second she was in the hall. Marian ran with her, saw her get at the door opening into the covered gallery that connected the house with the kitchen annex. Marian called her name, but knew that the woman, impelled by some dreadful motive, was not to be stopped. Marian closed the door and retreated along the hall toward the library.

She must tell Clark what had happened. The hall itself was dark now, and there were no lighted candles in the big reception room. The tread of her hurrying feet sent small thudding echoes through the house. The rain had stopped now and the house seemed gripped in an awful and taut silence from which moved, wraithlike, a hundred nebulous and menacing threats. She gained the library door and turned the knob. The door was locked. She rapped lightly on the white panels.

The echo of her knocking gave her an acute premonition of disaster, of further tragedy. Her throat became heavy with a cry she was afraid to utter. Suddenly she was afraid to break the dead silence wrapped about her and the great house. What had become of Clark? Why hadn't her knocks been answered?

And then a single sound came to her. It was a muffled groan, and its source was indefinite—as if it had been poured up from all the silence of the big house.

Presently it was repeated. Marian turned her eyes toward the closed door of Paul Grober's bedroom. She took three steps toward the door, stopped.

Some one was in Grober's room! Could it be Clark? Injured? She went back to her own room and picked up a candle centered upon a small paperweight medallion. She also picked up three matches, which she stowed away in a pocket of her brown jacket.

She strode then toward Grober's room, turned the door knob.

"Clark?"

She heard a repetition of the muffled groan. She turned quickly. The sound had come from a closed closet just inside the room. She set the candle down upon a small round table and sprang toward the closet, flung the door back.

There, upon the floor, his limbs gro-

(*Please turn to page* 68)

WHAT'S SHORTCAKE TO YOU?

Can you make short cake? How do you do it? What is your favorite recipe? What kind of shortcake does your family like the best? We are particularly interested in knowing your answers to these questions and will pay $1 for each shortcake recipe printed. Send your letter to Anne Morton, MYSTERY Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MURDER by CANDLELIGHT

(*Continued from page* 67)

tesquely sprawled and motionless, his hands and ankles tightly bound with knotted ties, lay the body of a man. The girl knelt immediately and set to work at the knots. Wind suddenly surged through an open window. The candle went out.

The girl half rose in the darkness, began groping in her pocket for matches. Just as she turned toward the table a step sounded behind her and an arm shot forward closed down hard about her throat. The scream she uttered was annihilated. She grappled at the arm that bore down even more harshly about her throat. She felt a handkerchief whip about her face. She tried to scream, but wadded cloth was thrust forcibly into her mouth.

She sank to the floor. Her hands were wrenched backward. She felt knots about her wrists, and ankles . . .

She lay still and heard the footsteps of her assailant die away along the hall, heard them return—and then the click of a lock.

The handkerchief and gag cut cruelly across her mouth. She tried to turn her body as an initial move toward sitting erect. She twisted her elbows under her and at last got to a sitting posture. By an almost superhuman contortion she got her hand into a pocket and upon a match.

A series of wriggling movements brought her within reach of the table. Her foot tipped it over. The candle and medallion rolled to the floor. She at last got the candle upright.

There was no sound now from the bound man in the closet. She scraped a match across the baseboard, watched it flare into light. At last she succeeded in getting a tiny spire of light upon the blackened wick.

She then shifted her position until she could hold her bound wrists just above the flame. The hot spiraling tip touched her hands, singed them. She held back the cry of pain she all but uttered. The tie caught fire, burned until she smeared out the flame.

When her burned hands were free she quickly unknotted the handkerchief and the strips about her ankles. She got to her feet and ran toward the closet and removed the gag from the bound man's lips. She lifted his head, began asking questions.

She slipped her hand beneath the injured man's neck. Her fingers encountered a soft tenuous mass . . .

She stood up, horrified. She must get help for this man!

She ran toward the open window, climbed to the sill and vaulted outside. The windows of Doctor LeFlore's room were bright rectangles of amber light. The conservatory was dark. What, she thought, would she not give for the steadiness and sanity of electric lights again? Candlelight at Bellefontaine had palely illumined murder and hate and lust during the long night!

She walked along the wall, feeling heavy grass whip at her ankles. She came to the first open door to the conservatory, beyond which, she knew, lay the body of her uncle. It was then that she saw the shifting light in the library. It appeared that some one was directing a flashlight about the room.

The room was suddenly darkened and she heard a voice. She slipped inside the conservatory and began walking along an aisle whose boundaries she knew by instinct. She stopped at the steps leading up to the library entrance. She could see the desk. Clark Hamlen was seated there, his face half in shadow. Over his shoulders spilled the ray of a flashlight.

Her lover's face was pale except where a crimson slash lay across the mouth. His eyes were dark, and he stared straight ahead.

"Some one is in the library," she heard a voice saying.

"Yes," said Clark Hamlen dispiritedly. "I know it."

NEW BEAUTY

The beauty editor of MYSTERY Magazine offers you information and suggestions that will help you as much as possible. In order to help you help yourself in your quest for beauty you should have a copy of our New Beauty Chart. With the aid of this you can discover just how you can make best use of your creams, powders and other cosmetics. Just send your request with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Pamela Pinkerton, MYSTERY Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

"You know what Philip DeSaulles wrote in French upon that piece of paper. You read French. But if you don't remember—here it is. My gun is within two inches of your head. Write an English translation of the directions for finding the treasure."

An arm dipped forward into the pool of light upon the desk and a hand, gripping also the flashlight, spread the paper out. The arm withdrew into shadow. The muzzle of a gun touched and bore hard against the base of Clark Hamlen's head. Hamlen looked down at the paper before him. It was the sheet he had found upon the floor of the library as he and McCaleb had stalked the murderer of DeSaulles.

Marian Flandrau strode with determined steps into the library and stood straight and still, eyes defiant, her slender figure tense and commanding.

"Tell her," McCaleb said hoarsely. "Tell her to go away."

"Marian," said Hamlen, his mind leaden with thoughts of what the mad man behind him might do, "stay where you are. There is a gun at my head. I am going to write what this man wants me to write."

He saw the girl's eyes grow wide.

"Write!" McCaleb commanded.

Hamlen began to write once more—meaningless words that might bring McCaleb closer in order to read them. Hamlen prayed for a chance at an even fight to get clear!

It was then that Hamlen saw that the flashlight was growing dim. Its once blazing shaft was reddening. McCaleb also noticed it. He laid it down upon the table. Hamlen got to his feet cautiously. A word from McCaleb made him go stiff.

McCaleb applied a match flame to a candle stub. Marian Flandrau's eyes fastened upon the small light. McCaleb's thumb pressed the flashlight button. The red disc flicked out.

The girl turned her eyes from the candle to Hamlen's face.

"It's death," she said, "for both of us. I'd rather die—trying——"

She hesitated, turned her eyes upon the candle again. Hamlen saw that her dark eyes were wide with contemplation of death but that they also were brimming with courage. Hamlen smiled when she looked at him again. He understood her meaning. She intended to sweep forward and knock the candle from the desk, plunge the room in darkness, let the rest happen as the gods of chance should decree!

The big man was talking in a loud voice, but Hamlen heard not a word of it. He was watching the girl as she prepared her body for the spring toward the desk. He saw her hands lift slightly . . . then:

Light!

Dazzling, blinding and astounding!

The cluster of globes at the ceiling were flooded with sudden brilliance that froze the three persons in the room to a moment of complete inaction and bewilderment.

The power line had been repaired.

Hamlen, recovering first, charged toward McCaleb's body. The big man fired, leaping backward to avoid Hamlen's lunging figure, but he failed to get clear. Hamlen had come in with the clean lithe grace of a football tackler, with the ferocity of an animal defending itself against death.

He closed fierce arms about McCaleb's waist, pinning the man's arms to his side. The gun fired again as the two went down in a struggling mass. McCaleb threw his entire strength into a gigantic effort to free his pinioned arms, to break the encircling force of Hamlen's onslaught.

Marian Flandrau stopped quickly and caught at the barrel of the gun.

Hamlen, realizing her danger, called out a warning:

"His coat pocket, Marian—another gun!"

In another instant, her hands tight about the heavy butt of a revolver, she stepped away. Then she leaned close and jammed the gun close to McCaleb's grimmy forehead.

"Drop that gun, McCaleb," she cried. "I can shoot—and I will!"

IT was close to daylight when Paul Grober was released from his bonds and revived by Doctor LeFlore. Hamlen, with the assistance of Barney who had returned from his vigil upon the creek bank, removed the bodies of Philip DeSaulles and Charles Flandrau to an upstairs bedroom. Lillian Flandrau, weeping and sodden, had returned to the house.

To those in the library, including John McCaleb who had been securely bound lest he attempt escape, Doctor LeFlore made a statement explaining his part in the mysterious affair:

"I was in the conservatory when the shot that killed Charles was fired. I

(*Please turn to page* 70)

Keep Them Husky

IF YOUR child has never been brought into close contact with anyone who has tuberculosis, you can count yourself lucky because boys and girls are more susceptible to the disease than grown people. Most children who pick up tuberculosis germs get them from someone who has an active although often an unrecognized case of the disease.

Whenever a child is found to be infected, there should be an immediate search for the source of the infection. A child may be in daily association with an older person who is entirely unaware of the fact that he or she has tuberculosis which can be transmitted to others. The condition is probably thought to be chronic asthma or bronchitis.

However, why guess about possible infection? You can almost always find out by the simple tuberculin test whether or not your child has picked up any germs of tuberculosis.

If he has become infected, you will surely want to take the next step—have an X-ray examination to learn whether or not any harm has been done or is being done. Even though the germs are lying dormant, an infected child ought to be under medical care and carefully watched.

Many tuberculosis experts are of the opinion that the majority of the active cases of tuberculosis in adult life are partly or largely traceable to infection in childhood.

Despite all the progress that has been made in fighting the disease, it still causes more deaths and more invalidism between the ages of fifteen and forty-five than any other disease. Be on guard. Use all the help afforded by science to protect your children.

If detected in its earliest form, most cases of tuberculosis can easily be controlled and arrested. But if cases are permitted to develop to the point where the familiar first signs appear—loss of weight, lack of appetite, indigestion, fatigue and a persistent cough — there comes a long battle which can be won only with expert medical care, proper food and rest.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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MURDER by CANDLELIGHT

(*Continued from page* 68)

heard something fall upon the bricked floor beneath the table. I stooped to see what it was. I did not find it then but later I found that the object I had heard was the gun from which the fatal bullet had been discharged. I had gone to the conservatory to deliver to Mrs. Voorn the daily small package of morphine she requires. I also am an addict, by the way; a fact those who tried to waken me a few minutes ago must have guessed.

"I knew that Mrs. Voorn had seen me stoop beside the table. In fact, I thought for some time that perhaps she herself had fired the shot and thrown the gun away. I am sure that she was the person Barney saw come into the conservatory."

Paul Grober's statement, which he wrote and signed, was:

"I made arrangements with one of the negroes on the place to have a boat ready for me. Mrs. Flandrau and I were—leaving tonight. She thought I had gone to our *rendezvous* and set out to go there. After all of us were questioned about Charles' death I went outside the house. McCaleb walked up to me beside the covered gallery and accused me of committing the murder. I then told him that I had seen him on the stair when the shot was fired—the shot that killed Charles. I had been upstairs with Mrs. Flandrau on the porch. I came down the vine, walked to the porch and looked through the front door to see if the coast was clear.

"I saw Miss Marian running down the hall—and I saw John McCaleb with a gun in his hand—a gun we know now he used to kill Charles and which he then threw away.

"When McCaleb learned that I had seen him he drew a gun and made me walk back into my room. There he struck me down, bound me, gagged me. I understand that Miss Marian was later attacked by him in the same way when she started to investigate the source of my semi-conscious groans."

It was Paul Grober who took John McCaleb's full confession, typed it out on his portable machine and watched the murderer sign it.

That statement read:

"I killed Charles Flandrau through the door of the library. I was standing on the stair, could see him, and fired when I thought he was about to kill his uncle. I knew that his uncle had found the lost page of the diary; knew also that Philip DeSaulles was possibly the only man who could decipher that coded message. I wanted the treasure.

"In killing Charles I used the gun I had previously taken from Philip DeSaulles' library desk drawer. After I fired I heard Miss Marian cry out. I had not known before that she was directly below me. I then ran up the stairs and down again to make her believe that I had come from the second floor. I believed that she could not tell, because of the peculiar acoustics of the house and because of her nervous condition, from what part of the house the shot had come. When she turned and fled I threw the gun away—through the open doors of Doctor LeFlore's room. It went through both doors and fell beneath a table in the conservatory.

"I then went down to the library. Later, after all of us had been questioned, I left Clark Hamlen in the house and went outside. I encountered Grober who told me that he had seen me. He didn't have any proof, but I couldn't take chances. I made him go back to his room, knocked him out and gagged and bound him up, thrusting his body back into a closet. I scattered his clothing about to make it appear that he had suddenly left the house.

"During all this time Clark Hamlen was in the reception room. I walked around the house, leaving Grober's room by way of the window, and through the conservatory, into the library. There I held Philip DeSaulles up. He dropped the thing I wanted on the library floor. I had to kill him with the dagger I picked up from the desk.

"I found the torn diary leaf and that part of the English translation he had made. I left his body and came around the house and into the front door. I told Hamlen I had seen a man go into the conservatory. Hamlen and I went through the library and into the conservatory. I heard him pick up what I believed I had not gotten—the full translation of the code.

"We went together into the conservatory. In the darkness I threw a small flower pot at the glass wall to make Hamlen believe we had almost caught the murderer.

"Later, Doctor LeFlore and I went to Paul Grober's room. I was careful to keep the doctor from searching the closet where Grober was lying unconscious. Then Clark and I left Miss Marian and Mrs. Voorn in Miss Marian's room and went outside. We searched for footprints, I, all the while, waiting for a chance to get at what Hamlen had found in the library.

"We walked around to the porch and examined the vine. Then I threw a pebble toward the conservatory doors to make Hamlen think again that we were being watched or followed. The candle Hamlen had left beside Philip DeSaulles went out. That helped the illusion I worked. It is probable that one of Doctor LeFlore's moths fanned the candle out.

"Hamlen went to the conservatory. I went to the hall. I knocked down the matches that had been placed against Doctor LeFlore's door to make Hamlen think the doctor had left his room. When Hamlen came into the library where I was I pretended to be attacked, finally attacked Hamlen in the dark and knocked him unconscious. Then I got at the paper and saw that it was worthless to me, since I could not read French. However, the English translation was sufficient to let me know that the library itself was probably the place of the hidden treasure.

"I searched as well as I could. I smeared blood on my face to make Hamlen think I had been attacked. I worked with Hamlen to get him back to life. Just then Miss Marian knocked at the door. I went into the hall when she finally went away and followed her to Grober's room where she had discovered his body. I tied her up and returned to Hamlen in the library. I roused him for a few minutes. He began saying things that startled me, made me believe that he suspected me. He became completely unconscious again and I worked for half an hour at reviving him. I tried to make him write what he knew about the treasure but he refused.

"Miss Marian came to the library . . . the lights came on . . ."

It was Clark Hamlen who explained to John McCaleb what the treasure was and where it could be found.

"The *books*, McCaleb," he said. "They are worth their weight in silver to any collector. Tooled leather—Nuremburg, 16th century—Anthony Koberger. I think they should bring at least a hundred thousand dollars. But Arnauld DeSaulle was not thinking of their monetary value when he wrote the directions for finding the treasure. He must have loved books for the pleasure they had given him."

"When," Doctor LeFlore asked, "did you first suspect McCaleb?"

"I think," said Hamlen, "I suspected him only when I regained consciousness for the first time. I believed that he was the only person in the house who could have torn into those fine old books without suddenly realizing what Arnauld DeSaulles' treasure was! Again, he was the only person who could have known, besides Marian and Mrs. Voorn, that I had accidentally found the translation in the library. He was with me when I found it, and he must have overheard me when I told Marian and Mrs. Voorn about it."

The morning brought sunlight to Bellefontaine. And into that sunlight Marian Flandrau and Clark Hamlen walked. The girl did not look back along the path she had taken that night in fleeing from horror, nor did she look back upon the brooding malevolence of the great house she had always hated. A few miles away, beyond the receding waters of the flood, was another house, into which she soon would walk as the bride of a man whose love had been tested in a crucible of terror and menace they both must try to forget.

AT YOUR WINDOW

Curtains at your window tell the world something of the good taste and charm of the furnishings within. But even if you don't care about the world outside, you do care about the effect that curtains make on the view from indoors. If you would like help in making window draperies of just the right sort, send for our booklet, Window Treatments. A copy will be sent to you on receipt of ten cents plus three cents postage sent with your request to Home Beautiful Editor, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

IN 3 DAYS

Red, rough hands

made soft, white, alluring...

Painful chapping relieved instantly

"THAT's the girl I've been looking for all my life!" he thought as she entered the room—beautiful, poised, exquisitely gowned . . .

A murmured introduction . . . he asked her to dance.

Quickly he glanced at her hands to see if she wore a wedding ring. What a shock! Coarse, red hands that cried "Scrubwoman"—not "Romance." He finished the dance—interest gone.

It's tragic, when only 3 days of Hinds care would make those hands soft, white, baby smooth . . . the kind of hands men love.

Why hands get rough, coarse

Housework means putting hands in and out of hot water, using harsh alkali cleansers. This dries out the natural skin oils. Then cold weather roughens, chaps and cracks open skin. Hinds *puts back* these precious oils. And thus ends chapping pain . . . restores youthful softness and smoothness.

Hinds is not a weak, thinned-out lotion. Not a thick, gummy jelly that just goes over the top of the skin. Hinds is an *ultra-penetrating lotion.* Thus is absorbed more *thoroughly*. That is why it can do in *3 days* what other creams *may* do in weeks.

What the "second skin" is

And then, Hinds leaves an invisible *"second skin"* that *protects* hands from chapping. This *"second skin"* is a fine layer of Hinds Cream that has penetrated so deeply through the rough skin that water won't wash it off. There it stays, softening, whitening, *protecting.*

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The Man With the Rubber Face

(*Continued from page 31*)

mirror appeared at his touch. Here were all the appurtenances of a dressing-room, suddenly in sight. Throwing off his dress coat, Cabot drew over his head a blue denim blouse that came up high around his throat and concealed his shirt and collar, then drew a dirty, frayed cap tightly over his head.

He stared into the mirror. And as he stared, his face changed.

The regular features altered with a steady, horrifying certitude, as his head sank down between his shoulders. A wolfish snarl drew his lips aside; his brows came down, his fine nostrils thickened. A natural command of facial muscles, brought to awful perfection by days and weeks of practice behind prison bars—such patient, unrelenting practice as only one trained to the magican's art could encompass.

With a nod of satisfaction, Cabot reached into a box. His swift, sure fingers rolled plugs of cotton; these spread out his nostrils, thickened his lips, aided the changes caused by muscular action and relieved the nervous tension. A different, coarse face appeared. A dust of black powder across the brown eyebrows, a quick, deft smear of dirt over jaws and cheeks, formed the only touch of make-up. The car slowed, came to a halt.

"Looks clear, sir," said Bowker, "But I got a queer feeling."

"So have I," said Cabot grimly. "Keep the engine running."

HE turned to the dingy apartment building that housed the office of Kilraine, took the keys from his pocket, and entered. Inside, seeing no one, he passed to the corner apartment, opened its door, and switched on the light.

He halted abruptly. Nearly two weeks since he had been here; but upon the air hung the scent of tobacco. Cigars. His dark eyes glinted around in startled probing. The central room was almost empty, black drapes, touched with scarlet, covered the walls and doors. A large framed poster of Korvo the Great alone broke the ominous expanse. A table in the window bore a crystal ball on its stand; on the lower shelf was a telephone.

To the left, behind those drapes, was a small kitchen, nothing more. To the right opened the bedroom with its cot and the things he had come here to get. He hesitated, then turned to it, thrust aside the drapes, looked between two heavy sliding doors.

Empty.

He entered this room, found the coat he had left here, carelessly—too carelessly!—lying on a chair. Crossing to a large closet, he opened it, thrust aside garments that hung on a pole, and revealed a very unsuspected door. This was locked. He put a key in the lock, turned it, and left it so.

From the closet he took a large bag and into it thrust the coat, following this with boxes, small articles, pulled hurriedly from drawers and shelves. A glance around, then he closed the bag and thrust it into the closet. He came back to the sliding doors and pulled them nearly shut, then stepped into the central, black-hung room. An instant he stood there, irresolute.

"Nonsense! No danger here now," he murmured, and crossed to the table, letting the drapes fall behind him. He seated himself, picked up the telephone, called a number.

"HELLO, Viola!" he exclaimed in the throaty, rather husky voice of Kilraine.

"Larry!" came the glad cry. He smiled grimly as the voice babbled on. He had picked Viola Le May from the streets, trained her as his assistant, aided her to become the sort of woman she had vainly dreamed. While he was in prison, she had become a cabaret singer, widening her acquaintance, lining up jobs for him—the kind of jobs an ex-convict would jump at. Little she knew that Kilraine had become John Cabot!

ONLY TWO WEEKS

After two weeks Mary Jane's friends asked her what she had done to make her hair look so soft and silky and lustrous. She had simply been following out instructions in our beauty circular, Care of the Hair. If you would like a copy, send your request with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Pamela Pinkerton, MYSTERY Magazine, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

"Listen, Viola," he broke in abruptly. "I've got bad news for you. The bulls are wise; they're after me for killing Ben Carias and for other jobs. They're out after me. If they get me, it's the chair or the big house for life. I'm off tonight for the Coast, understand? And the Big Shot is after me, from the other side. Every crook in town is looking for me, too—"

"Oh, Larry!" At her cry, at the swift anguish in her voice, Cabot started. But he gave her no time to go on.

"Snap out of it," he pursued quickly. "I'll communicate with you. A man named Mark Lemon. Remember the name, Mark Lemon! You can trust him. Or else Bowker may come—you know Bowker! But I'm on the lam—"

"Wait, Larry!" she broke in desperately, urgently. "I've got something here for you, something that came only yesterday for you. It's big, Larry! You'll need it. You must get it—"

"Good Lord! I'm on my way to the station now!" he exclaimed impatiently.

"No matter. Come here, send, but get it! Just a small package. It's your share of the Templehof job; a messenger left it. I looked into it. It's wonderful, Larry! You must get it, take it with you—"

Templehof! Cabot frowned; he knew of no such job, had not the ghost of an idea what she meant, but he knew that Viola Le May could be trusted. His face cleared.

"I'll have Bowker get it in a few minutes and bring it to me," he said rapidly. "Now, listen! Too many people know we've been associated; it'll be dangerous for you. Give out word tonight, somehow, that we've broken off, that I've left town and you never want to see me again. For your own sake, understand?"

"Yes, Larry." A sob now. Cabot swore under his breath. He had not suspected this, had not thought of sentiment in their relations. "When will I see you, Larry? Will you let me know?"

"When it's safe," he said abruptly, and hung up. He cursed himself for a brute, but he had no choice in the matter.

Rising, he started toward the bedroom. Then, just as he put out his hand to the drapes, he stiffened.

"Up!" came a voice. "Up, Kilraine!"

His head turned. Ghastly despair seized upon him. They had been hidden in the kitchen all the time. Now they were out, coming toward him; two detectives, pistols ready, eyes grimly promising to use those pistols. They were dealing with a killer.

"MISS LE MAY'S apartment, Bowker. Stop half a block from there, go on afoot. Say that Kilraine sent you for a package; you'll take it down to the station and meet Kilraine. He's leaving in half-an-hour for Los Angeles. Don't let her come, on any account. Get me?"

"Got you," came the curt response.

Unhurried now, Cabot got rid of the blouse. He let his features return to their natural lines, inspected his attire, straightened his tie. Cold cream and a towel cleansed his face. He was getting into his dress coat when the car halted.

Himself again, Cabot put up the blinds, lit a cigarette and settled back to wait. It was not long until Bowker appeared, his heavy figure trim in its whipcord uniform, a small package in his hand. He ducked directly under the wheel and drove the car away.

"Keep a lookout, sir," came his voice. "Ain't sure, but seemed to me like too many birds was hanging around that joint. She said to tell you good luck, and this came to her for you from somebody you knew in Washington. She was crying and all broke up."

Washington! Templehof! Cabot's brain raced, but to no avail, as he glanced back. He saw nothing suspicious. Bowker passed back the package. This was apparently a small box, and under the string that tied it was thrust an envelope, unaddressed. Cabot switched on the light and tore open the envelope.

In his hand dropped a hundred-dollar bill, and a scrap of paper, hastily scrawled:

"Larry:

You may need this worse than I do. Take it, old pal, and good luck. God bless you.

Viola."

Twenty minutes later, John Cabot was once more moving among his guests, his absence unobserved by any.

By two o'clock the last guest had departed, the ballroom was empty and dark, and Cabot, retiring, dismissed his valet. Alone in his bedroom, he got out of his coat, slipped into a dressing-gown, and produced the package that Viola Le May had sent to Kilraine. He cut the strings, laid bare a plain pastboard box, and opened it.

Before him lay a blazing green mass of the most precious stones in the world—emeralds!

Cabot fingered them, incredulous. One glance told him they were not only real, but such emeralds as he had never seen in his life; enormous, pure, flawless. He looked at the settings.

(*Please turn to page 74*)

Those *Marked* days

what will they tell you?

IS THE FEAR OF THEM SHATTERING YOUR HEALTH?

Many eminent physicians have declared that *fear* often acts on the system like a poison, creating a toxic condition that is particularly disturbing to the delicate feminine organism.

When women watch the calendar, month after month, with anxiety and apprehension, this very worry, in itself, often causes feminine irregularities and ill-health.

Why not banish "CALENDAR FEAR"? Why not follow the lead of millions of women who are safeguarding health, youth and feminine daintiness by practicing correct and sensible hygiene?

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The Man With the Rubber Face

(*Continued from page 72*)

Necklaces, bracelets, pendants, of the most magnificent workmanship. Here was a fortune beside which Viola's hundred-dollar bill was like a postage stamp.

"But what the devil does it mean?" he muttered, staring.

The telephone jarred in upon his amazement. The telephone—after two in the morning!

"Hello!" he responded.

"John! This is Mary Sargent. I must see you instantly! I'm coming right over in my car." Her voice was urgent, breathless. He had never imagined that this calm, poised girl with the level eyes could be so excited. "Meet me at the side entrance." And rang off.

Wondering, perturbed Cabot thrust the astounding stones aside, got out of his dressing-gown, and donned hat and overcoat. Mary Sargent lived with the Blakes, only a few blocks distant. What had happened? Anything was possible. And at this hour of the morning, too!

Into his overcoat pocket, Cabot thrust the pistol from his dresser drawer, and then descended through the dark and silent house to the side entrance. Beneath the *porte cochère* he paused, and glanced back at the garage. A light showed in the upper room of this—Bowker lived there alone.

Then he turned as a small car came up the drive. He strode out to meet it in the circle at the side of the house, and a moment later stood beside Mary Sargent.

"Well, the surprise is joyful!" he said lightly. "Didn't you get enough party—"

"John! No nonsense," she broke in. He was astonished at sight of her urgent, wide-eyed face. "Uncle was talking as we drove home. He mentioned that the police have found out about Kilraine—that friend of yours! Understand? That he's a murderer, a killer! I had to let you know at once. In spite of your promise—"

"My dear," said Cabot gravely, "my promise holds. I found out about all this earlier today; Harmer learned it, and telephoned me. That's one reason I promised you not to have anything more to do with this Kilraine. I'm done with him. Unless vitally necessary to me, he'll never show up again; upon my word. He's gone to the Pacific Coast, has skipped out for good. Satisfied?"

She drew a deep breath.

"And to think of my coming over here—well, no matter. I'm glad you're rid of him."

"Me, too." Cabot opened the car door. "I'll drive you home and walk back; I insist. I need a walk to clear my head. My dear, it was good of you to come over, to warn me. I appreciate it with all my heart."

That was all, yet so much lay in his simple words that she was silent. Nor did he speak again until he was getting out of the car at her door.

"By the way, do you know anything about Washington?" he asked. "Have you heard anything about a jewel robbery there? Some one was talking about it. Templehof—"

"Templehof! Good heavens, John, don't you read the papers?" she exclaimed. "For three days they've been full of it. A broker or agent there had a lot of jewels they say the late King of Spain sent over here for sale. He was robbed, and the loss ran into huge figures. You'd better go to bed and read the papers tomorrow. Goodnight."

"Goodnight," said John Cabot, and walked home mechanically, like a man in a dream. What the devil could it all mean?

HE was letting himself in the door when he remembered Bowker, and going out to the drive, saw a light still in the chauffeur's room. He strode out to the garage. The man's quarters were reached by outside stairs, and as he began the ascent, Cabot heard a growling voice above. He paused, then ascended quietly. An oath came to him, and another.

Outside the door of Bowker's room, he halted, listening. A low cry reached him; a cry of pain. Then a voice.

"Come across, damn you! We mean business, you fool. Burn his feet some more, Pete! Come on, now, talk! Where's this Kilraine, huh? Where'd you put that package?"

Cabot's fingers closed on the pistol. He saw everything in a flash; they had followed the car here. The emeralds had been a plant—unknown to Viola! Kilraine had escaped the police on one hand, only to fall into a trap set by the underworld, by the Big Shot, that unknown person who—

Another cry of pain. Cabot reached out, silently opened the door. Before him sat Bowker, lashed in a chair, gagged, stubbornly shaking his head. Two men, their back to the door; one, kneeling, held matches to Bowker's naked feet. The other held a "sap", with which he must have been beating their victim.

"Stick 'em up!" snapped the hoarse voice of Kilraine.

The two flung a glance at the doorway. There, overcoat buttoned up close, hat pulled down, was the stoop-shouldered figure of Larry Kilraine. The dark eyes glared at them from his drawn, wolfish features; over the pistol, his face was drawn, snarling, frightful. Stupefied, the two men lifted their hands.

"Cut him loose, Pete! Move fast. Bowker, frisk 'em; stand 'em up."

The two frightened thugs lined up against the wall. Bowker, grimly intent with pistol and billy, said nothing. Kilraine came up close to them, said nothing, stared at them. After a moment, babbling words broke from them; pleas, oaths, whines.

"So!" said Kilraine abruptly. "What's his name, you—the man who sent you here? His name! The man who planted that package, set you to watch when I came for it!"

"Honest, Kilraine!" whined one. "Nobody knows his name. We don't. Maybe some guy here and there—it's the Big Shot, Kilraine! He don't tell nobody, see? Us mugs gets our orders—"

"I see you're not lying, anyhow," said Kilraine. "Bowker, want to beat 'em up?"

"To hell with them," snapped Bowker disgustedly. "I ain't hurt."

"All right." Kilraine turned to the pair. "Clear out. Tell the Big Shot that I'm going West tonight, see? But I'm coming back. And I'm coming back to get him! Scram!"

The two departed hastily.

EIGHT the next morning. John Cabot, after dressing, slipped the pasteboard box of emeralds into his pocket and turned to his telephone. A moment later he had Winthrop Blake on the wire.

"Morning, commissioner!" he exclaimed cheerily. "Going to work today? I'd like the earliest possible appointment with you. It's rather important."

"Right, John," came the response. "Say, nine-thirty, at my office?"

"I'll be there," answered Cabot.

At nine-thirty to the minute, he was ushered into Blake's private office. No dingy police headquarters, but a great corner room high in a downtown building, overlooking the river. Still an athlete, despite the gray at his temples, Blake liked fresh air on these lively spring mornings, and the two big windows near his desk were flung wide open.

To Cabot's abrupt astonishment, Blake made no response to his greeting, but looked up at him with a singular expression and motioned toward a chair.

"Sit down, Cabot. Just a moment, till I examine these prints."

Before him were two slips of paper bearing finger-prints. He picked up an enlarging glass and continued a minute examination of the prints, evidently comparing the two sets. John Cabot, astounded by this reception, lit a cigarette and composed himself to wait. He was struck again by the harsh element in Winthrop Blake's handsome features, an element of cruelty, of ruthlessness.

Then, suddenly, Blake laid aside the glass, leaned back in his chair, gazed at Cabot.

"Glad you came; saved me the trouble of sending for you," he said abruptly. "Before you took over the family estate, I believe you were in Africa?"

Cabot nodded. "Africa and parts adjacent. I supported myself in those days."

"As a magician, perhaps?"

(*Please turn to page 76*)

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This is how this bargain comes to you—in a sanitary, Cellophane-wrapped package.

The Man With the Rubber Face

(*Continued from page 74*)

The attack was cold, hard, impersonal. Cabot tingled to a sudden sense of peril. This man, Mary Sargent's uncle, a family friend—

"Just what do you mean, Blake?" he queried.

"I mean that you're caught," said Winthrop Blake, unsmiling. "When the police nearly grabbed the murderer of Ben Carias, he vanished in or around your office. Yesterday, this man was identified as Kilraine. I looked up Kilraine. He got out of jail shortly before you appeared here, after some years of wandering. Bowker and Kilraine were pals in prison. You see the inference."

"Rather, coincidence," murmured Cabot.

At first stupefied, shocked into chill horror, now he wakened. His brain leaped to the alert. He settled himself to fight.

"No," said Blake, his eyes merciless. "I began to suspect something queer. Last night I took the one way to make certain—obtained your finger-prints from that pen and that specially prepared sheet of paper. They've just been brought up. Here they are. Identical with those of Kilraine. Finger-prints don't lie."

So the blow fell.

Cabot pressed out his cigarette. He was fighting now, silently, invisibly, his brain reaching out, his whole self trying to grapple with this man mentally. But the shock was numbing. When he needed them most, his amazing mental powers failed him.

In a flash, he saw what this meant. Utter ruin. He was identified with Kilraine, and confirmation could be obtained in a dozen quarters.

"Nobody else knows this, Cabot," said Withrop Blake suddenly.

Cabot ignored the words, their implication. He leaned forward, earnestly.

"It's true, Blake," he said. "As Kilraine, I've done no wrong; indeed, I've done much for society. Kilraine turned in the kidnapers of the Carson child, and other crooks. Thanks to Kilraine, the Wurzle gang was wiped out. Kilraine didn't kill Ben Carias, but it was thought he did—"

His words died away under the unsmiling fixed regard of Winthrop Blake. At last his brain caught a warning, a horrible warning that shocked him again. Then Blake spoke.

"Fifty thousand dollars, Cabot, and I'll destroy this paper!"

Cabot stared. "What? Blake, do you know what you're saying?"

"Naturally. You're caught. Pay up."

Blackmail, then! This man, of all others!

"So!" murmured Cabot. "You're glad he doesn't know about it, are you?"

Winthrop Blake started. His eyes dilated slightly.

"Eh? What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean. What's his name, Blake? The Big Shot!"

"You'd better sing low and sing soft, Cabot," said the other. "Let me tell you, the Big Shot is the most powerful man in this city, in this state—"

The box on his desk buzzed. He responded, listened, then spoke.

"Send him in." Looking up at Cabot, he went on. "I'll get rid of this fellow while you think over the matter—and think hard. You're caught, remember."

The door opened. Into the room shambled a man, well-dressed, but pallid, twitchy, furtive. Cabot recognized him as an acquaintance of Kilraine, one Hoppy Sam Rolls, a well-known underworld character and supposedly a stool.

"Speak up, Rolls," said Winthrop Blake curtly. "This gentleman doesn't matter."

"It—it's about my girl, commissioner." Hoppy Sam spoke up, indeed, with so fierce a manner that Cabot stared in amazement. Doped up to the hilt! "You framed her, damn you! I just found out about it. You sent her up the river! Now, you write out an order to release her, see? Do it quick, damn you!"

Blake broke into a laugh. "Hello, Sam! Feeling good, aren't you? Giving me orders, huh? Clear out of here before I have you thrown out."

"Aw, have a heart, commissioner!" Hoppy Sam edged about the desk, held out a pleading hand. "You know she ain't a bad sort. Them bulls framed her and you backed 'em up—"

"Get out!" snapped Blake and reached into an open drawer.

Like a flash, moving so quickly that the eye could scarcely follow him, the dope addict leaped.

Winthrop Blake came to his feet, jerking up a pistol. Hoppy Sam grappled with him, mouthing insane curses. The pistol roared, then roared a second time. The two men rocked back and forth. From Sam burst a wild and unearthly scream. The office door was flung open, but too late. The locked figures struck the desk, rebounded, reeled at the wide open window, fell across the sill, hung there. From Blake broke one appalling cry.

John Cabot leaped forward—too late! His fingers caught Blake's ankle, but his hold was jerked loose. The intertwined, twisting figures were gone, jerking away into space. A voice wailed up emptily and then was hushed.

Weak and sick, Cabot leaned against the desk. He felt in his pocket, at the pressure of the box there. Then he glanced around. The room was in a turmoil—officers, clerks, under-cover men. It had happened before their very eyes, as they rushed in. No need to ask questions.

For the last time, the fingers of Korvo the Great moved swiftly, invisibly, deftly.

A newspaper man broke in, as Cabot was telling his story, pointing to the box and the emeralds on the desk.

"My God, what a yarn!" he cried out. "Listen here, Mr. Cabot—you say he got this bird with the goods, eh? Recovered these Templehof emeralds? Last thing he did? Holy smoke, what a story! Look at the banner—heroic death of police commissioner—"

Cabot went stumbling out. He was still weak, still rather sick at the horror of it. But, as he left the building and stood waiting on the curb for Bowker to bring up the car, he was tearing a strip of paper across and across, into tiny splinters that lifted and were gone into the street—bearing with them the damning finger-prints.

Only Winthrop Blake had known. And Winthrop Blake would not tell.

The Sinister Perils of Myra

(*Continued from page 25*)

swan with the broken neck; to the strange scene of Myra walking in her sleep, pointing her finger at the ring on Ferrara's hand. "I know you, son of an evil woman . . . the sacred ring of Thoth . . . you have stained it with the blood of those who loved and trusted you . . . spawn of a witch! . . ." He thought of the incredible death of Sir Michael—

"WHAT about Myra?" Robert Cairn asked.

"She is well provided for," his father answered. "Sir Michael Ferrara left half his property to his adopted son, Antony, and the other half to Myra."

"I didn't mean that," his son explained. "I meant, is she safe from that fiend——"

"You're asking me a difficult question," Dr. Bruce Cairn broke in thoughtfully. "It depends largely on whether Antony Ferrara would rather have her or her property. I have taken what measures I can to protect her. Sir Michael left his niece in my care, so that I, too, stand in some danger and so do you, Rob, because of your interest in Myra. The worst of it is that ordinary measures are of no use. This man fights with hellish secret weapons, weapons known only to those who have been admitted to the dark secrets of the East. It's a difficult situation, son."

His father's tone and manner were so grave that Robert Cairn was silent, stupefied. He went over and poured himself a stiff drink.

His father looked at him sharply.

"What's the matter, boy?" he questioned.

"Nothing—I guess," said young Cairn, with an embarrassed laugh. "I think that idea we had when I took up newspaper work that it would be better if I lived by myself in rooms of my own isn't so good."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, I think it would be sort of pleasanter if I had some one to room with me. I'd like to feel that there was a friend about, especially—at night time."

Dr. Cairn leaned forward in his chair. His expression was very serious.

"What's happened?" he asked.

"I think," said his son," "this whole business is getting on my nerves. I am beginning to imagine—to see things. Last night, after I had called on Antony Ferrara, I went to my rooms.

(*Please turn to page 78*)

The christening dress shown in the illustration was graciously loaned by Mrs. Frank Black, 115 Husson Street, Grant City, Staten Island, N.Y. It was made by her mother in 1887 and has served at the christenings of 11 children of her family.

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CLARK'S O.N.T.

The Two Great Names in Thread

The Sinister Perils of Myra

(*Continued from page 76*)

Just as I was going to open the door, I had a queer impression that some one was waiting for me inside. That was nonsense. There was no one there, but my study seemed filled with a queer disgusting smell. A musty odor as of something decaying. I threw open the windows and the air got better, but a few minutes later the same smell seemed to rise again, more strongly than ever."

His father started.

"Did you trace where it came from?"

SUDDENLY, Robert Cairn got up and walked to the fireplace where he slicked off the ashes from his cigar. He went to the window and looked thoughtfully out into Half Moon Street. Then he came back to the table.

"I tilted the shade of my reading lamp and looked all about. There was nothing unusual to be seen. I stuck my head out of one of my windows to see if the odor came from outside. It didn't. The air was fresh and clean. I went out into the passage where I could smell nothing but—" he paused, glancing at his father, "before I had stood there thirty seconds, it was rising all about me like fumes from a crater. My God! Dad, I realized then that it was something . . . following me!"

Dr. Cairn stood watching him in the shadows between his big table. He came forward and finished his whiskey at a gulp.

"I tell you, it gave me a turn. I was scared. I went back to my room. The odor was not so strong there, but as I stood waiting, it increased and increased and increased until it almost choked me! My nerves were getting jumpy, but I kept a tight hold on myself. I set about thoroughly airing out the place. Just the same I felt that it wouldn't do any good. I seemed to feel that I ought to put up some sort of a fight—some sort of opposition. Does that make any sense to you?"

"Considerable," replied Dr. Cairn quietly. "You were making an organized attempt to expel the invader and though of itself useless, the mental attitude dictating it was good. Go on."

"It was after eleven when I gave up, and felt physically sick. The air by this time was poisonous, literally poisonous. I dropped into a chair and began to wonder what the end of it would be. Then, in the shadowy parts of the room, outside the circle of light cast by the lamp, I detected—darker patches. For awhile I tried to believe that they were imaginary, but when I saw one move along the bookcase, glide down its side, and come across the carpet, towards me, I knew that they were not. God!"—his voice shook—"either I am mad or last night my room was filled with things that *crawled!*. They were everywhere, on the floor, on the walls, even on the ceilings above me! where the light was I couldn't detect them, but the shadows were alive, alive with things—the size of my two hands; and in the growing stillness—"

His voice had become hoarse. Dr. Cairn stood still, like a man of stone, watching him.

"—in the stillness, very faintly, they *rustled!*"

He turned, leaning both elbows on the mantelpiece, and buried his face in his hands.

Even without the special knowledge which he had acquired after many years of probing into the strange mysticism of the East, Dr. Cairn would have been impressed by the spectacle of his sturdy son, so shaken by the fearsome experience he had undergone. As it was, Dr. Cairn understood only too well.

"Have another drink," he said.

"YOU are in danger, Rob. I won't hide that from you. Myra Duquesne is no relation of Ferrara's; therefore, since she inherits half of Sir Michael's fortune, a certain course must have suggested itself to Antony. You, obviously, are an obstacle! That's bad enough; let's deal with that before we look for further trouble."

He took up a blackened briar from the table and began to load it.

"A kind of attack has been made on you which only you can repel. It will be repeated—possibly tonight. If it happens again don't run away this time. There are laws governing these things; laws as immutable as any other laws in Nature. One of them is this: the powers of Darkness (to use a conventional and significant phrase) cannot triumph over the powers of Will. When this thing occurs again stay and fight it out! Resist! You must resist or you are lost!"

"You mean——"

"I mean that destruction of mind, of something more than mind threatens you. If you retreat you're lost. Fight it out! Try and haul this thing out into the light and crush it!"

"I still don't get it."

"The phenomena at your rooms belongs to one of two varieties. According to the most ancient science in the world, the science by which the Egyptians, and perhaps even earlier peoples, ordered their lives, we share our place of existence with certain other creatures, often called Elementals. Mercifully, these fearsome entities are invisible to our normal sight, just as the finer tones of music are inaudible to our normal powers of hearing.

"Victims of delirium tremens, opium smokers, and other debauchees, artificially open that finer, latent power of vision; and the horrors which surround them are not imaginary but are Elementals attracted to the victim by his peculiar excesses.

"The crawling things, then, which reeked abominably might be Elementals superimposed upon your consciousness by a directing, malignant intelligence. On the other hand, they might be mere glamours—or thought-forms—thrust upon you by a wizard mind; emanations from an evil, powerful will."

Robert Cairn finished his second drink, and shook hands with his father. In parting he said:

"All right, Dad—I'll give the bugs a battle the next time."

But beneath his son's bantering tone Dr. Cairn detected a deep note of seriousness—a hint of dread—that indicated only too clearly how much the boy had been affected.

IT was the next night.

London's clocks were booming eleven.

Dr. Cairn sat alone in his study, reading. At intervals his glance strayed to the telephone at his elbow. For some unaccountable reason he felt convinced that this night would witness the struggle he had anticipated since his last talk with Robert. He and his son on one side—with Antony Ferrara and the most unholy and sinister influences, within Dr. Cairn's knowledge, arrayed on the other.

As the final strokes died down the expected summons came. With his jaw squared and his mouth very grim, Dr. Cairn lifted the receiver. But it wasn't Robert's voice that came over the wire—it was the fevered tones of Myra Duquesne he heard.

"Dr. Cairn—Rob! Something is happening to him! He's in danger . . . terrible danger . . . I tried to telephone him but there was no answer . . . you must go to him . . . please, quickly!"

"What sort of danger, Myra?" Dr. Cairn strove to keep his voice steady.

"I don't know! I just feel it . . . I was sitting before the fire when all of a sudden I seemed to see it in the flames . . . please go to him. . . ." She was desperately anxious.

"Wait, Myra, let me think," said Dr. Cairn. His voice was deadly calm. When next he spoke, his words came with deliberation—slowly and clearly. "Are you listening, Myra? I cannot go to Rob—I've got to fight in another quarter—but he needs help! If Rob means anything to you, you must go to him—this instant! Will you do it? Have you the courage? He needs us both, Myra—there's still time to save him—" despite himself he could not keep a tremor out of his voice—"if we act quickly!"

"I'll go." There was no sign of hesitation in her reply.

"And Myra, take some one with you—a maid or the housekeeper . . ." but the sound of the receiver being replaced on the hook told Dr. Cairn that further instructions were useless.

Dr. Cairn raced out of his study, grabbed a cap from the rack in the hall, ran downstairs and bounded into the car that had been waiting ever since ten o'clock. With one breath he shouted an address to the driver.

WITH dilated horror-struck eyes, Robert Cairn was staring at the circle of light cast alongside of his chair by the reading lamp! Indistinct black patches were crawling along the edge of the circle!

When the putrid odor first drifted gently into the room, Cairn had faced it almost joyously with the light of bat-

(*Please turn to page 80*)

ARE YOU A MYSTERY FAN?

What kind of detective story do you like best? What story in this issue do you like most and why? Who are your favorite mystery authors? The editors of MYSTERY Magazine are anxious to publish the kind of stories you like to read. Write—tell us what you want in this magazine. For every letter of suggestion that is published, we will pay one dollar. See page 122 for the new readers' department.

Tinted nails or Natural at the Opera?

ALL COLORS —

Miss Georgette Whelan, in black and white—Rose nails. **Miss Margaret Lanier Lawrance,** in salmon pink crêpe—Cardinal nails. In a box, **Mrs. Francis McAdoo,** aquamarine satin—Coral nails.

Natural goes with all costumes, but best with bright colors—red, blue, bright green, purple, orange and yellow.

Rose is a lovely feminine shade you can wear with any color dress, pale or vivid. Charming with pastel pinks, lavender blues ... Smart with dark green, black and brown.

Coral nails are bewilderingly lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, "the blues," black and dark brown. Smart also with deeper colors if not too intense.

Cardinal is deep and exotic. It contrasts excitingly with black, white or any of the pastel shades. Good with gray or beige ... very smart with the new blue. Wear Cardinal in your festive moods!

Garnet a rich wine red, smart with the new tawny shades, cinnamon brown, black, white, beige, gray or burnt orange.

Ruby (new) is such a real *red* red that you can wear it with anything when you want to be gay and dashing.

PLENTY of people go to the Opera just as much to see the grand styles as to hear the music.

And if you're one of them, you'll notice this year that variety in nail tints is absolutely correct and accepted.

All shades! From delicate Natural to red, red Ruby. Positively vying with the heirloom jewels in radiance!

Miss Georgette Whelan looks very chic in black and white and silver fox—with Rose nails. Miss Margaret Lanier Lawrance has used bright Cardinal nails with her gown of dull salmon pink.

And Mrs. Francis McAdoo, in one of the center Parterre boxes, wears Coral nails with a sheath-like gown of aquamarine satin and a sable cloak!

And no reason why *you* shouldn't be just as effective. *If you choose your polish intelligently.*

Women who have tried all the known polishes now use none but Cutex. For Cutex Liquid Polish is made in 7 grand shades by the world's manicure authority. It literally flows on—and stays on without cracking or peeling.

With spring in the air there's no better time to add to your collection of fascinating wiles—especially as Cutex is one of the least expensive aids to allure. So put Cutex on your do-or-die list. See if it doesn't add a large dash of excitement to your young life! All the stores have it.

PERFECT CUTEX MANICURE . . . Scrub nails. Remove the old cuticle and cleanse nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Remove old polish with Cutex Polish Remover. Brush on the shade of Cutex Liquid Polish that best suits your costume. Then use Cutex Nail White (Pencil or Cream) and finish with Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream. After every manicure, and each night before retiring, massage hands with the new Cutex Hand Cream.

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

Cutex Liquid Polish — smart · · · inexpensive

The Sinister Perils of Myra

(*Continued from page 78*)

tle in his eyes. He knew what to do; what to expect. He must fight—his father had told him to do that—he must face this thing down—he must drag it into the light and destroy it.

He lit his pipe and settled back in his chair. Steadily, the smell increased. Minutes passed—minutes that seemed like years—the odor grew more dense, more vile and more nauseating. Robert Cairn set his lips; he was tempted to rise, to throw open the windows and snatch a few gasps of fresh air, but he didn't move. He would fight it out where he was—unaided.

Black flat shadows, about twice the size of his hand, moved along the floor! Along the sides of the walls! They came down the sides of the bookcases. Slowly, but steadily, they were coming towards him! Cairn felt his flesh grow cold and clammy—his breath was coming faster, his heart was racing along. He felt the attack on him was more organized, more persistent than the first one. How long could he hold out? Would madness come first?

The black things were taking shape!

Now he could see their eyes—black eyes that shone like beads! Robert Cairn could stand no more—he must get to the window. He tried—tried desperately and failed—he could not get up! He shrank back in the chair and prayed. The shapes were coming nearer—the odor was getting more dense. He felt himself enveloped in a filthy miasma that fettered him to his chair!

Faintly, distantly, he heard his telephone ring, but was powerless to reach out for it. He tried to shut his eyes but couldn't. The perspiration was streaming down his cheeks. He was getting weaker. He tried to rally his will power for a final effort—only to be conscious of his own voice ringing out in hollow mocking laughter—he was laughing at himself—he was cracking up!

The things were making faint rustling noises! He could hear them—they were very close now!

"Oh, my God!" he screamed.

One was touching his hand . . . a hairy, many-limbed horror!

"Oh, God! Help me!"

Another crawled across him!

Robert Cairn could feel his mind on the verge of giving way! The door was opening. Cairn cried out—his mind had gone—he knew it! for there stood Myra! And yet he could hear her voice.

Cool and serene—wonderfully steadying it came to him across the room. She did not move but stood where she was, calling him softly.

"Rob—Rob."

He looked at her wildly. She seemed more lovely than he had ever seen her before . . . again he heard his own insane laughter . . . as he realized that she couldn't be there—that he was really mad now. . . .

Then again he heard her voice:

"Rob—I am here with you . . . I love you."

With new found strength Cairn faced the black things that were now all about him. His body stopped trembling—for minutes he held his own—but then the rustling sound rapidly increased in intensity; it was as if the beady-eyed horrors and the evil mind that was directing them had suddenly become aware of the help that had come to him. It was as if they knew that they must redouble their efforts to break him with one concentrated effort.

The wriggling things were everywhere—they swarmed towards him in a body . . . they backed away . . . they came again . . . and again . . . he was through . . . !

"Myra . . ." it came despairingly from his lips With a hoarse cry he slumped forward to the floor.

"Rob . . . !"

The next instant Myra was on her knees beside him.

MR. BRUCE CAIRN pressed his finger to the bell-push beside Antony Ferrara's door and held it there until the door opened and a dusky face appeared in the opening.

The visitor thrust his way in, past the white-clad man holding out his arms to detain him.

"Not at home, *effendim*——"

Dr. Cairn shot out a sinewy hand, grabbed the man—he was a tall *fellahin*—by the shoulder, and sent him spinning across the mosaic floor of the *mandarah*. The air was heavy with the perfume of the ambergris.

Wasting no word upon the reeling man, Dr. Cairn stepped to the doorway. He jerked the drapery aside, and found himself in a dark corridor. From his son's description of the chambers he had no difficulty in recognizing the door of the study.

He turned the handle—the door proved to be unlocked—and entered the darkened room.

In the grate a huge fire glowed redly; the temperature of the place was almost unbearable. On the table the light from the silver lamp shed a patch of radiance but the rest of the study was veiled in shadow.

A black-robed figure was seated in a high-backed carved chair; one corner of the cowl-like garment was thrown across the table. Half rising, the figure turned—and, an evil apparition in the glow from the fire, Antony Ferrara faced the intruder.

Dr. Cairn walked forward, until he stood over the other.

"Uncover what you have on the table," he said firmly.

Ferrara's strange eyes were uplifted to the speaker's with an expression in their depts which, in the Middle Ages, alone would have sent a man to the stake.

"Dr. Cairn——"

The husky voice of this man had lost something of its suavity.

"You heard my order!"

"Your *order!* Surely, doctor, since I am in my own——"

"Uncover what you have on the table. Or must I do it for you!"

Antony Ferrara placed his hand upon the end of the black robe which lay across the table.

"Be careful, Dr. Cairn," he said evenly. "You—are taking risks."

Dr. Cairn suddenly leapt, seized the shielding hand in a sure grip and twisted Ferrara's arm behind him. Then, with a second rapid movement, he snatched away the robe. A faint smell—a smell of corruption, of ancient rottenness—arose on the super-heated air.

A square of faded linen lay on the table, figured with all but indecipherable characters, and upon it, in rows which formed a definite geometrical design, were arranged a great number of little black insects.

Dr. Cairn released the hand which he held, and Ferrara sat quite still, looking straight before him.

"*Dermestes beetles!* from the skull of a mummy! You filthy, obscene beast!"

"Is there anything obscene in the study of beetles?" asked Ferrara, his calm suddenly regained.

"My son saw these things here some days ago; the night before last, and again tonight, you cast magnified doubles—glamours—of the horrible creatures into his room! By means which you know of, but which *I* know of, too, you sought to bring your thought-things down to the material plane."

"Dr. Cairn, my respect for you is great; but I fear that much study has unhinged your mind."

Ferrara reached out his hand toward an ebony box; he was smiling.

"Don't touch that box!"

He paused, glancing up.

"More orders, doctor?"

"Exactly."

Dr. Cairn grabbed the faded linen, scooping up the beetles within it, and, striding across the room, threw the whole unsavory bundle into the heart of the fire. A great flame leapt up; there came a series of squeaky explosions, so that, almost, one might have imagined those age-old insects to have had life. Then the doctor turned again.

Ferrara had leapt to his feet with a cry that had in it something inhuman, and began rapidly to babble in a tongue that was not European. He was facing Dr. Cairn, a tall, sinister figure, but one hand was groping behind him for the box.

"Stop that!" rapped the doctor imperatively—"and for the last time don't touch that box!"

The flood of strange words was damned. Ferrara stood quivering, but silent.

"The laws by which such as you were burnt—the wise laws of long ago—are no more." said Dr. Cairn. "English

(*Please turn to page 82*)

COLOR COSTS NO MORE

Fabrics of beautiful and harmonious color cost no more than those of harsh or depressing hue, but they go a long way toward making your home attractive. To help you achieve the color effect needed in your home, you should have a copy of our circular, Brighten Your Home with Color. Just send your request with ten cents plus three cents postage to The Home Beautiful Editor, care of MYSTERY Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Free Yourself FOREVER *from the dread of* GRAYING HAIR

IT IS EASY. A very simple treatment will give back to your hair its lustrous, youthful color.

You can do it alone at home. No expert beauty operator will be needed. Nor do you need experience. It will be no greater trouble than a manicure—no more costly than a jar of good face cream.

Just comb a clear, colorless liquid (called Mary T. Goldman's) through your hair. It works a marvelous transformation. Where gray strands show, the color of youth will come. So like nature's own shade will this color be, that detection is never to be feared.

For nearly half a century, this precious fluid of Mary T. Goldman has been restoring beauty to fading hair. Millions of women have used it—to find new happiness in the freedom from gray which it assures. It is not a radical nor a dangerous preparation. Medical authorities have pronounced it harmless to hair or scalp. YOU NEED NO SKIN TEST BEFORE USING. It is entirely safe.

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What every Woman should know about

REDUCING!

You have to be careful *how* you take off weight. Watch out! Only a physician can give you competent, unprejudiced advice on reducing.

There are a number of violent laxatives on the market that pose under the guise of "quick reducing treatments". The directions often tell you to take the "treatment" twice *every day*. Think of that!

The Government has issued many warnings against such treatments. It has analyzed them — and the Government knows. The only time to take a laxative is when you need it. And then, only as a laxative — not as a quick reducing treatment.

It's important that you take *a safe* laxative — one that is gentle — that leaves no harmful after-effects.

Such a laxative is Ex-Lax! It is so *safe* that for 27 years mothers have given it to their children. So scientific that doctors use it in their own families. So effective that powerful athletes use it when they need a laxative.

Get Ex-Lax at any drug store — in 10c and 25c sizes.

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Success breeds envy! Beware of imitations of Ex-Lax! The names of some imitations *sound* like Ex-Lax! But there is only one *genuine* Ex-Lax. Watch for the exact spelling—E-X-L-A-X. Insist on getting Ex-Lax to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results!

keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

The Sinister Perils of Myra

(*Continued from page* 80)

laws cannot touch you, but God has provided for your kind!"

"Perhaps," whispered Ferrara, "you would like also to burn this box to which you object so strongly?"

"No power on earth would prevail upon me to touch it! But you—you *have* touched it—and you know the penalty! You raise forces of evil that have lain dormant for ages and dare to wield them. Beware! I know of some whom you have murdered; I cannot know how many you have sent to the madhouse. But I swear that in the future your victims shall be few. There is a way to deal with you!"

He turned and walked to the door.

"Beware also, dear Dr. Cairn," came softly. "As you say, I raise forces of evil——"

Dr. Cairn spun about. In three strides he was standing over Antony Ferrara, fists clenched and his sinewy body tense in every fiber.

"You do raise other forces," he said —and his voice, though steady was very low; "evil forces, also."

Antony Ferrara shrank before him—before the primitive Celtic man whom unwittingly he had invoked. Dr. Cairn was spare and lean, but in perfect physical condition. Now he was strong, with the strength of a just cause. Moreover he was dangerous, and Ferrara knew it well.

"I fear—," began the latter huskily.

"Don't bandy words with me," said Dr. Cairn, with icy coldness in his voice, "answer me back but once again and before God I'll kill you!"

Ferrara remained silent, not daring to raise his eyes. For ten magnetic seconds they stayed so, then again Dr. Cairn turned, this time walked out.

MYRA DUQUESNE sat on the floor, with Robert Cairn's head in her lap. She bent over him talking to him, steadily, whispering crooning meaningless words, trying her best to still the writhings of his tortured body.

Suddenly, he lay still. The expression of distorted anguish left his face—he opened his eyes and looked up at her. A wan smile came over his lips.

Myra didn't know that at that moment in Antony Ferrara's rooms the flames were consuming the black beetles, that the threats reaching from those evil rooms to where she sat, had been severed by Dr. Cairn's prompt intervention; it didn't matter any way—all that mattered was Rob had been saved.

Leaning over as far as she could she pressed her lips gently to his. She felt his arms about her and saw the warm light come to his eyes.

It was so that Dr. Cairn found them when a few minutes later he opened the door softly. They were oblivious of his presence. Dr. Cairn watched them silently for a moment; then, without disturbing them he withdrew.

"They're happy now," he said to himself, as he got into his car, "why tell them now that the fight has only begun."

The Platinum Blonde

(*Continued from page* 45)

"Pete! Open up! We want to talk to you!"

Again only that dull, heavy silence, filling them all with a creeping dread.

"Look here, you people," Tom Burr said quickly, "I don't like this!" He glanced up at the small transom over the door. "Give me a boost, will you, Andy. I'll take a peep."

When he dropped down to the floor again his face was ghastly.

"He's in there!" Tom whispered. "On the floor. Looks dead, to me! Jim must have knocked him cold. . . ."

"Jim!" Kay said. "You're crazy."

"Maybe," Mr. Burr muttered. "Maybe. But we'd better damned soon find out! Say, Andy . . . you run down and ask the superintendent for his pass-key, see! Don't bring him up here, if you can help it. Just say you want the key to get into your studio. Tell him you've mislaid your own. The pass-key fits all the doors, you know."

"Right," Andy said, and clattered down the stairs.

"If he's dead," muttered Tom Burr, "they'd call it murder."

KAY was leaning against the wall, her body ice-cold, her teeth chattering.

The lights in the studio were on. The sculptor lay flat on his back, his wide, glassy eyes fixed on the ceiling. It took Tom Burr only an instant to discover that he was dead.

"There's where he was hit!" he said gruffly. He pointed to a large, purple bruise on the side of Vittali's head. "With this mallet, probably. It doesn't take much of a wallop, on the temple, to put a man out! Now what are we going to do?" He stared blankly at the others. "Send for the cops?"

"Have to, I guess," Andy Maslin said.

"Wait a minute," Kay was bending over a shining object on the floor.

"Don't touch anything," Tom Burr cautioned.

"It's my ring!" she muttered, a look of agony on her face. "Oh, my God! If they find that ring here, he won't have a chance . . .!"

JERRY had just finished the very excellent Welsh rarebit Judy had made for him when the telephone rang.

"Customers at this time of night?" Jerry grinned, glancing at his watch. "Two-thirty?"

"I'll answer it," said Judy, and ran into the reception room of her small apartment now used as an office.

In a moment she was back again, her dark eyes glowing.

"Murder at the Velasquez Studios, on Sixty-sixth Street," she said. "A sculptor named Vittali. Get your hat, big boy, we're due there right now!"

Jerry pulled a battered slouch over his rumpled hair, lit a cigarette.

"On our way!" he grinned. "The well-known firm of Baker and Todd never sleeps!"

A cab took them to the door of the Velasquez in less than ten minutes. A small, very agitated girl stood waiting there.

The Platinum Blonde

"I'm Kay Hunt!" she said. As they ran up the stairs she gasped out a brief account of what had happened. "We've just told the superintendent about it," she said, "and he's sent for the police. They should arrive at any minute now!"

"Can we see the room, first?" Judy asked.

"I hope so. The superintendent has taken charge of things . . . told everybody at the party they'll have to wait until the police get here. He'll let you in, though."

Judy went into the room, the others following. For a moment she and Jerry stood staring down at the dead man . . . a ghastly sight, lying on his back, with the vivid purple wound over his temple. Nearby lay the heavy mallet, while beside the base of the statue glittered the diamond ring which told of Kay Hunt's presence in the studio just before the murder, of her broken engagement, and Jim Anthony's fierce motive for striking the sculptor down. It seemed as though the entire tragedy lay complete there before them, for anyone to see.

For a few moments the little group remained silent. Then Judy spoke.

"He must have been lighting a cigarette just as he was killed," she said, pointing to Vittali's outstretched fingers. Between them was still clutched a half-burned paper match.

"Vittali didn't smoke cigarettes," said Tom Burr. "He's been using a pipe. There it is." He indicated a well-blackened briar, lying on the floor near the sculptor's feet. Some partially scorched flakes of tobacco about it showed that the pipe had been only just lit.

Jerry bent to examine it, conscious of the superintendent's vigilant eye. It was not, however, the pipe which interested him; he was staring with intense concentration at the smooth, polished surface of the wooden floor.

Judy stood regarding the gray walls of the studio, bare, except for a collection of photographs arranged about the sculptor's desk. Some were framed, others were unmounted prints, but all were of women, posed in the nude. One picture, showing a dark, handsome girl of Spanish type with a scarf about her naked hips, lay on the floor, its glass covering shattered to bits. Judy examined it carefully, as well as the hook from which it had hung.

"Can any of you tell me who this is?" she asked, pointing to the picture on the floor.

"A girl named Zaldo," Tom Burr replied. "Eva Zaldo. One of his models. Vittali used a great many in his work."

"Do you know her?"

"Very well. I made that picture of her. I'm an art photographer."

Then Andy Maslin called from the door.

"The cops are coming up!"

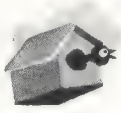
Jansen, the superintendent, began to swear.

"Get out . . . all of you!" he growled. "They'll raise hell! Hey!" He called to Jerry, still kneeling on the floor. Didn't I say you wasn't to touch anything?"

Jerry was sweeping some dust into an envelope.

"All right," he said, placing the envelope in his pocket. "No harm done. They won't be looking for finger-prints on the floor."

(*Please turn to page* 84)



"Why bird alive! . . . There's no secret to that!"

No little bird ever told them—but millions of women know that Fels-Naptha gives clothes a fresher, breezier fragrance. And they know there's nothing mysterious about Fels-Naptha's ability to do it.

The reason is that Fels-Naptha gets *all the dirt* out of clothes. It removes every trace of greasy grime as well as the loose surface soil. It makes things look clean and *smell clean!*

Fels-Naptha does this because it brings *two* helpers to the washing task—unusually good golden soap and naptha, combined by the special Fels-Naptha method. And that means *plenty* of naptha in every big bar—so much, in fact, you can smell it plainly.

Working together, briskly but gently, these two helpers roll the dirt out of clothes. The work is done quickly. And it is done easily, without hard rubbing. Without wear-and-tear on clothes.

There's glycerine in Fels-Naptha, too—and that's good news to hands. For glycerine, you know, is the soothing base of many hand-lotions.

Another nice thing about Fels-Naptha—it works beautifully under all conditions. It will give you a sweet, white-clean wash any way you use it—in tub or machine; in hot, lukewarm, or cool water; whether you soak or boil.

Change to Fels-Naptha

Ask your grocer for a few bars of Fels-Naptha today—try its *extra* help. And as you take your wash from the line, bury your face in the clothes and see if you, too, don't say: "Um-m-m! these clothes smell nice and sweet!"

THREE IMPORTANT POINTS ABOUT FELS-NAPTHA

1—It's fine for boiling or soaking clothes
2—It's gentle to hands
3—*Naturally golden*, it makes clothes beautifully white

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FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. T. M. 4-33

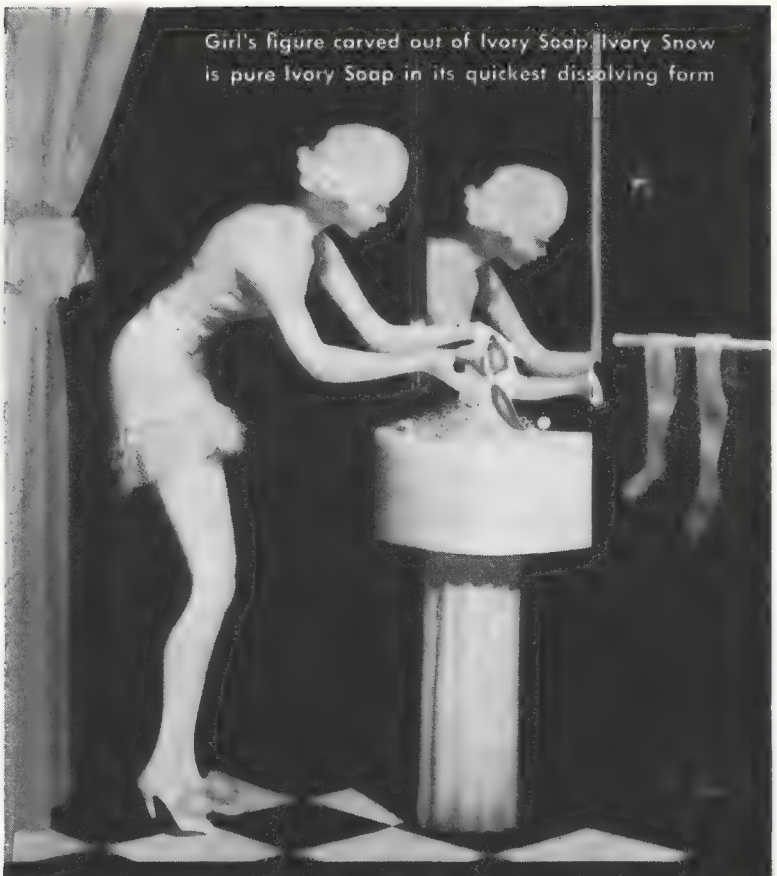
Some women, I understand, find it a bit easier to chip Fels-Naptha into tub or machine by using one of your handy chippers instead of just an ordinary kitchen knife. I'd like to try the chipper, so I enclose 3¢ in stamps to help cover postage. Send the sample bar, too.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(Please print name and address completely)

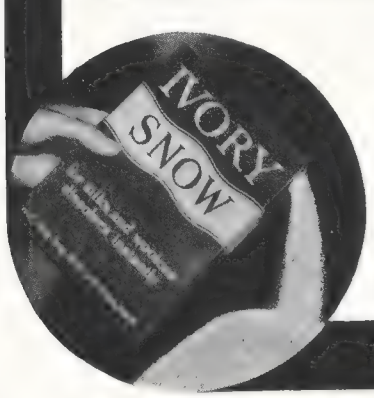


Keeps silk stockings spruce and sprightly

If you want your silk stockings to do their best for you, use Ivory Snow suds. Ivory Snow is the speedy dissolving form of Ivory Soap. Silk stockings couldn't ask a nicer bath than Ivory—the pure soap doctors advise for bathing little babies!

Dissolves completely without hot water. Ivory Snow is made in the most modern way—not cut into sharp, flat flakes, but BLOWN. Its soft *round* bits turn to suds at the touch of *lukewarm* water. Not a flat particle anywhere to flatten onto stocking mesh in an undissolved soap spot!

Ideal for all silks and woolens. Washing tests made by manufacturers of silks and woolens have convinced them of the safety of Ivory Snow. "*A perfect soap for silks*" say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers, and Truhu, and "*ideal for woolens*" agree the weavers of fine Biltmore Handwoven Homespuns, the makers of downy Mariposa Blankets, and the Botany Worsted Mills. There's this happy point to remember, too—the BIG box of Ivory Snow costs only 15c!



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99 44/100% PURE

The Platinum Blonde

(*Continued from page* 83)

"SUPPOSE we go to my studio, you people," Tom Burr said, "and talk things over." He led the way down the hall.

"Any theories?" the art photographer said.

"About this Zaldo girl," replied Judy. "Was she anything more to Vittali than just his model?"

Andy Maslin began to laugh, at that.

"Knowing Pete, I could make a good guess," he grinned.

"I asked," Judy went on, "because her picture didn't fall to the floor. It was knocked or thrown there. The wire and hook were both intact."

"What does that prove?" Kay Hunt asked.

"Why . . . it might show, if Vittali and the girl were sweethearts, that they'd had some sort of a row and he had smashed it." Judy regarded Kay Hunt steadily. "A row, perhaps, over *you!* Have you been carrying on an affair with him, lately?"

"In a way," the girl whispered. "A kidding way. Nothing serious, if that's what you mean."

"Still," Judy lit a cigarette, "it might have been serious enough to make Miss Zaldo jealous. You know the Spanish type. Suppose she gets in a rage, accuses Vittali, and he breaks with her. Jerks her picture off the wall, smashes it. Just the sort of thing a hot-headed Italian would do."

"Right!" Tom Burr said. "Vittali all over."

"Suppose this girl, crazy about him, comes to his studio to patch things up. Waits there to see him. If they were sweethearts she probably has a key." Again Judy fixed her eyes on Kay Hunt. "When you and Mr. Vittali arrive she hides somewhere . . . behind one of the pieces of statuary, probably, hears him making love to you, and a few moments later, his quarrel over you with Mr. Anthony. By that time she'd be ready to murder him, of course. When Mr. Anthony leaves, slamming the door, the girl rushes out in a jealous fury, picks up the mallet, hits Vittali with it . . . kills him! Plenty of time for her to escape into the hall, close the door softly after her, while Jim Anthony is running down the stairs. . . ."

Tom Burr, who had been regarding Judy with a queer smile, shook his head.

"Sorry, Miss Baker," he announced, "but you're all wet. Eva Zaldo couldn't have done anything like that."

"Why not?" Judy asked indignantly.

"Because," said Tom, "she's been downstairs at that party all the evening."

Jerry went over to Judy, who had thrown herself into an easy chair.

"Look here, sweetness," he grinned. "I've been the silent partner in the firm of Baker and Todd long enough. Time I did a little work. You just sit here and watch me."

A tall, gray-eyed man in plain clothes pushed open the door.

"Say," he remarked, giving the little group an appraising glance, "the lieutenant wants to see the guy who first lamped this bird through the transom."

"That's me," Tom Burr said, and followed the detective down the hall.

In a few moments they were back again.

"Now that young lady them two had the argument about," the plain-clothes man announced.

The Platinum Blonde

Kay Hunt accompanied him without a word but her cheeks were like putty, her lips were trembling.

"That guy in charge, Lieutenant King," Burr said, "thinks Jim Anthony committed this murder. Especially since Jim has run out on him. They've been trying to locate him everywhere, and can't. All the questions he asked me went to show there wouldn't have been time for anybody to kill Vittali and escape from the room during the few seconds it took us to come up the stairs. After we heard his voice . . . and the door slam. With the motive . . . the story he'll get from poor Kay, it looks pretty bad for Jim."

JERRY, who had been gazing at the photograph-covered walls of the room, pointed to a door in one corner.

"What's in there?" he asked.

"My dark room and laboratory," Burr replied.

"Mind if I take a look?" Jerry placed his hand on the knob.

"Not a bit. I'll show you around myself." The two went into the smaller room.

A few moments later the plain-clothes man came back with Kay Hunt and took Andy Maslin off to interview the lieutenant. Kay sat on a couch, weeping. Like Tom Burr, she knew that every answer she had made to the questions flung at her had only made the case against Jim appear worse.

"Everything'll be all right, Kid," Andy said as he left her, but to Kay it seemed things could never be right. Jim *had* come to the studio . . . *had* caught Vittali trying to embrace her . . . *had* been fighting mad! She, like Tom and Andy, *had* heard the two men's angry voices . . . *had* seen Jim run down the stairs after slamming the door . . . *had* found Vittali, a few moments later, dead! There seemed no possible escape from the cruel logic. The circle of evidence was complete, even to her discarded engagement ring. In her despair Kay's faith began to waver. Maybe Jim *had* killed him, after all!

Then the telephone bell rang and she fairly leaped to answer it.

"Hello," a ragged voice came over the wire. "This you, Kay? Some guy who answered the phone downstairs said I could reach you at Tom's. What's going on, anyway? This is Jim!"

"Jim!" Kay screamed. "Where are you?"

Then Jerry came out of the dark room.

"Is that Mr. Anthony?" he said.

"Yes!" Kay turned from the telephone.

"Where is he?" Jerry asked.

"At the drugstore. Times Square. He's asked me to meet him. . . ."

"Tell him to come here . . . right away!"

"And be arrested!"

"He'll be arrested anyway, in a few minutes. Don't you suppose the cops are listening over that wire! Get him here quick!"

Kay spoke for a moment into the telephone.

"He's coming!" she said. "Right away."

Then Tom Burr appeared from his photographic laboratory.

"You're right, fella!" he exclaimed. "It's just what you thought it was."

(*Please turn to page* 86)

This way to
EVERY MAN'S HEART
HEINZ Tomato Ketchup is one sure way to a man's heart. Men truly relish this spicy condiment—from ham and eggs in the morning to steaks and chops at night. They like its tangy goodness in gravies, too. And when you serve hash, beans or stew, Heinz Ketchup adds rich color and tempting aroma that make these simple dishes extra choice and tasty. It is made from special Heinz-bred tomatoes—famous for their luscious flavor—cooked and bottled dewy fresh from the fields. Even the spices are personally selected by Heinz agents in the markets of the Far East. Order a bottle now and keep it on the table—see for yourself how men enjoy its wholesome goodness.
H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
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THE LARGEST SELLING KETCHUP IN THE WORLD

BABY'S LIFE SAVED!

Mother praises Eagle Brand!

"EAGLE BRAND is the best baby food in the world," writes Mrs. Jack Holland, 406 B-Line Street, Tyler, Texas. "It saved my baby's life.

"I gave my baby several different foods, but not one would agree. At last, when she was three months old, I tried Eagle Brand. *I have had no more trouble!*

"I wish every mother could know about Eagle Brand. The picture shows my baby at ten months old, so you can see what a fine Eagle Brand baby I have. I can't praise Eagle Brand enough!"

• • •

If your baby is not thriving on his present food we suggest that you and your doctor consider Eagle Brand. Send for free booklet, "Health for Baby and You." 80 pages on: care before birth; layette; baby's bath, bowels, weight; latest scientific findings on baby feeding. Mail coupon.

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The infant food with three generations of proof behind its claims

Eagle Brand is approved by Good Housekeeping and other eminent authorities.

FREE! Wonderful baby booklet!

THE BORDEN COMPANY, Dept. 51, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Please send me—free—"Health for Baby and You."

Borden's 1857

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Please print name and address plainly

The Platinum Blonde

(*Continued from page* 85)

JERRY went up to Judy, still reclining in her easy chair.

"Come along, angel!" he grinned, seizing his hat. "You, too, Miss Hunt. We've got to see the police about this." He ran down the hall, with Judy, Kay and Tom Burr at his heels.

A group of plain-clothes men stood about Pietro Vittali's door, Andy Maslin with them. Inside, Lieutenant King, a short, heavily built man, was talking to the medical examiner. Jerry, although his work on *The Star* had brought him into contact with a great many members of the Police Department, did not know the lieutenant.

"May I see you a moment, sir?" he called over the heads of the group of detectives.

"Who the devil are you?" asked the officer, frowning.

"Todd, of *The Star!* If you're looking for Jim Anthony I'd like to say he'll be here in two or three minutes!"

"I know," the lieutenant snapped. "Coming to give himself up, I suppose."

"He doesn't even know there's been a murder!" Jerry said.

"You mean that's *his* story! Might as well let that bunch of drunks downstairs go home, Anderson," the lieutenant went on, addressing one of his men. "They don't know anything about this case."

"If I may butt in," Jerry said, "there's a girl there named Zaldo, Eva Zaldo, who may know something about it."

Then Jim Anthony was storming up the stairs between two plain-clothes men.

"Kay!" he cried, holding out his arms.

"Jim!" The girl ran to him, her upturned face wet with tears.

Jim Anthony kissed her, then turned to the little crowd, a bewildered expression on his face.

"What's all the row?" he asked.

Lieutenant King spoke from the door of the room.

"Your name Anthony?" he asked.

"Right! What of it?"

"A man here . . . Pietro Vittali, has been murdered! You were the last person with him! What have you got to say?"

Jim Anthony, staring through the open door of the studio, saw Vittali's body lying there, the medical officer bending over it.

"Murdered!" he gasped. "Vittali murdered! Impossible! When I left him . . ."

"That's just what we want to know!" the lieutenant growled. "What happened when you left him?"

"Nothing! Nothing of any importance! Vittali and I had a row . . . !"

"About this young lady." The lieutenant nodded at Kay Hunt. "We know all about that . . . quarrel . . . engagement ring returned, everything!"

"Vittali told me," Jim Anthony said, a look of confusion on his face, "that he and this lady . . ." he grew crimson as his eyes met Kay's . . . "were in love with each other . . . intended to get married. That let me out, of course. I couldn't . . . beat him up, then, the way I . . . felt like doing. Not if they were honestly in love. He said that was why she'd broken our engagement . . . on his account."

"The dirty liar!" Kay Hunt exclaimed.

"When Vittali said that, I . . . well . . . I guess I just cursed him, and left! Slammed the door . . . ran down the stairs . . . told Miss Hunt I was through . . . beat it . . . !"

"If you please, lieutenant," Jerry said, "I'd like to ask Mr. Anthony a question." As he spoke, one of the plain-clothes men came up the stairs with a small, very handsome girl wearing a scarlet evening gown.

"What is it?" the lieutenant grumbled.

"Tell me," Jerry went on, staring at Jim Anthony, "just what Vittali was doing, when you left him?"

"Doing?" Jim said. "Why, nothing. Just standing there talking. . . ."

"Think, man, think!" Jerry exclaimed. "He had a match in his hand."

"Oh, yes!" Jim Anthony's eyes narrowed. "I remember now . . . the thing irritated me at the time because it seemed so cool . . . contemptuous. He took his pipe off the desk, filled it, had just started to light it when I dashed out. . . ."

"Well," asked the inspector, "what about that?"

But Jerry, who had been watching Eva Zaldo, smiled.

"Somebody," he said slowly, "had filled the stem of that pipe with cyanide of potassium. The crystals powdered. The first puff Vittali took killed him! Like a shot! As he tumbled over he struck his temple on one of the sharp corners near the base of that statue, but it was the cyanide that did the work! I found a few grains of it on the floor . . . just where his pipe was lying. They had jarred out of the stem when it fell. You'll find more, I think, still clinging inside. . . ."

The room was now humming with excitement. The medical officer, kneeling beside Vittali's body, was eagerly examining his eyes, his tongue.

"How do you know what you found was cyanide?" the inspector demanded.

"I had this gentleman make a rough test for me," Jerry said, indicating Tom Burr, "in his laboratory. He's an art photographer . . . uses cyanide in his work. A bottle of the stuff he kept in his place has been stolen!" Jerry turned swiftly on Eva Zaldo, who was staring at him with flaming, murderous eyes. "This girl has been in his studio a lot, lately. She was in love with Vittali . . . crazy jealous of him . . . hated him, after he gave her the air! I think she stole that bottle of cyanide . . . used a key to the studio here that Vittali gave her . . . came here early yesterday evening, while he was at the party, and doped his pipe! If you look in her purse you may find both the key and . . ."

Then Eva Zaldo was running down the corridor, scattering the contents of her small beaded bag as she went. Money . . . a compact . . . keys . . . and finally a small squat bottle, from which a shower of brownish crystals rattled to the floor. Her unexpected swiftness gave her a start of several yards, but she did not reach the end of the corridor. When Jerry and two of the plain-clothes men caught up with her she had stumbled to her knees, her lips still moving faintly. Before they could raise her to her feet she was dead.

"That stuff sure knocks 'em quick!" one of the detectives muttered.

The Man Who Died Twice

(*Continued from page* 21)

William Jennifer—effaced and forgot him. In the privacy of his cabin he practised dissimulation in anticipation of awkward questions that might come from a wholly unexpected quarter.

He talked in whispers to himself, and placed himself in the position of the other man who might say: "Are you William Jennifer?" He rehearsed the attitude he must take up and the facial expressions that should make the interrogation seem ludicrous.

HE conceived and committed to memory a plausible story of the antecedents of Arnold Chester. Often he had read of a tiny flaw in a circumstantial story that brought about the conviction of an accused person; he was not to be trapped in that way; there should be no loose end in his scheme of deception.

From the moment he reached Australia he became an exile in every sense of the word. He made his way into the bush, where men are taken for what they are and not for what they may have been. They don't ask questions about a man's past.

Jennifer was a strong, healthy fellow and physically capable of taking care of himself in any company. As Arnold Chester he went from one sheep station to another. The ideas that had been passed on to him by his fellow passenger he passed on to those for whom he worked.

They were impressed, and generously they gave him credit for being able to use his brains. This was the life, he told himself, for which he had been designed in the beginning. The work he was doing now seemed to expiate his offense in an earlier day.

He became his own judge and jury and completely exonerated himself. There was a niche for him in life, after all; he had been justified in seeking it and allowing nothing to stand in the way of his attaining it.

Success began to surge around him. He couldn't make a mistake in the vocation he had chosen; a few years, and he was comparatively wealthy. He would have been completely happy if it hadn't been for the ghost of a fear that was positively indefinable.

He would ask himself again and again what it was that seemed to be trailing after him in the darkness, reaching out a hand and withdrawing it. In the quiet of the night he would go over the story he had concocted and try to discover any slip.

Only seldom did he ponder the identity of the man whose dead body he had slipped back into the River Thames that night when he was making his way to Tilbury. He tried to find solace in the belief that it was a Divine intervention by which a man of his undoubted gifts might be saved to the world.

LOVE came to him. He married the daughter of another sheep farmer, and she brought a fortune as her dowry. To him the money meant little, for he had already built up a large fortune of his own. But, in herself, she was a gift from heaven itself.

The beauty of her face and form was beyond describing; and the beauty of her mind and nature was not less. He

(*Please turn to page* 88)

"SCRAP OLD IDEAS ABOUT DIETING

sugar *helps* you reduce!"

SAYS SYLVIA

World's foremost authority on the care of the feminine figure

MME. SYLVIA

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, *Beautiful Paramount star now featured in "The Sign of the Cross."*

Once in a great while I find it harder to rid a Hollywood star of a silly idea than to banish a brace of extra chins. And the silliest idea of them all is the idea that sugar has no place in a reducing diet.

But thank goodness, my clients usually listen to me when I tell them that there is a certain "sugar secret" which will actually help them reduce faster. I am going to give you that "sugar secret" here. But first I want you to read my three simple slenderizing commandments.

FIRST: Get sufficient exercise. Walk at least two miles a day in the open air.

SECOND: Shun fat, rich foods, gravies or sauces—*and by all means liquor!*

THIRD: Now get this right—*don't starve yourself on sugar!*

Why you reduce FASTER *with my "sugar secret"*

Sugar is the one food element that most quickly and safely melts away body fats. Why? Because fats are fuel . . . *sugar is the flame.* Late dietetic discoveries prove that. You actually lose that excess poundage faster with the right sweet at the right time . . . But what is the best sweet for slenderizing? That's the secret . . . and its name is "Life Savers."

I prescribe Life Savers to all my clients, because they are the *purposeful* candy for reducing.

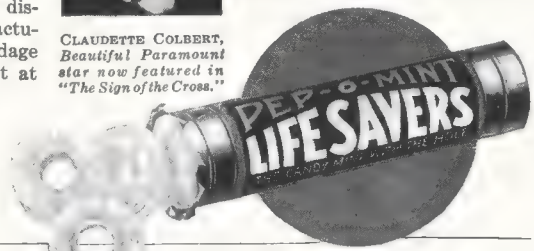
In the first place, Life Savers give quickly assimilated sugar energy—without a lot of fat-building bulk. Being hard, they dissolve slowly and deliciously on the tongue, thoroughly satisfying the normal hunger for sugar. Slip one on your tongue as often as you have that sweets hunger—*and don't worry about putting on weight!*

Let's Not Fiddle Around!

I'm in earnest about this reducing business . . . Prove that you are, and I'll make you a wonderful gift. This gift is a booklet that sums up information I usually get hundreds of dollars for. Buy two packages of Life Savers and send me the two wrappers with the coupon below . . . and my book comes to you free.

Mme Sylvia

There are many enticing kinds of Life Savers . . . the new Spear-O-mint . . . Pep-O-mint . . . Wint-O-green . . . Cryst-O-mint . . . Cl-O-ve . . . Lic-O-rice . . . Cinn-O-mon . . . Vi-O-let . . . and the fruit drops . . . Lemon, Orange, Lime and Grape.



IF YOU MEAN BUSINESS SEND THIS COUPON . . . IF YOU DON'T, *Don't!*

MADAME SYLVIA, c/o Life Savers, Inc.
Dept. TM-4-33, Port Chester, N. Y.

Certainly I mean business. Attached are wrappers from two packages of Life Savers. Please mail me your booklet of diet and exercise instructions. (If you live outside the U. S. A. and possessions, or Canada, include 10c to cover mailing.) This offer expires December 31, 1933.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.

If you use
ANTISEPTIC
MOUTH WASH

TRY
4 OUNCE BOTTLE
10¢

MIFFLIN
and save half the cost

No matter what you pay for antiseptic mouth wash — you can't buy anything better than MIFFLIN. It contains the same fine ingredients used in the most expensive brands—and is guaranteed safe and highly antiseptic. For bad breath—and as a gargle —there's nothing finer. Try it after smoking.

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If you need
ASTRINGENT
MOUTH WASH

TRY
4 OUNCE BOTTLE
10¢

MIFFLIN
and save half the cost

If you have receding or spongy gums — use this astringent mouth wash regularly. It's made of pure, fine ingredients—scientifically compounded. There's no finer or more effective astringent mouth wash made —and it costs you less than half the usual price. Delightful in flavor.

Mifflin Chemical Corporation, Philadelphia

• •

AT LEADING 5 & 10-CENT STORES

The Man Who Died Twice

(*Continued from page 87*)

lived for her, and she for him, he told himself that without her life would be a dreary routine.

And two years after they were made man and wife she died, leaving a son as a legacy!

Even in the hour of his greatest grief he did not think of her death as a link with the incident of the past. In work he found the true palliative; he gave of his best for the sake of his boy and the world; it was a tribute to the memory of the woman whom he had loved with all his heart and soul.

And now, after many years, Arnold Chester had returned to England, bringing with him his son, Ambrose. He wished that Ambrose had been present at the dinner that night; he would have been very proud of the old dad.

Chester turned from the mirror to answer the call on the telephone.

"Hello, son! Where are you speaking from?"

"Margot's place."

"Well, well? Tell me the news? Is the romance as strong as ever?"

"Greater and stronger than you can imagine, Dad," said the boy.

Mr. Chester laughed pleasantly into the phone.

"Is it possible to bring her here tonight?" he asked.

"We are coming along immediately," said Ambrose.

An hour passed. Then Ambrose brought his future wife into the presence of his father for the first time. The pride of the boy touched the beautiful.

"Dad," he said, "this is my Margot. I know you'll love her almost as much as I do."

Chester smiled paternally on the girl who looked up into his face with eyes that were full of yearning.

"My boy's happiness means everything to me," he said.

"Margot was afraid that your wealth might make a difference, because she is poor," said Ambrose reassuringly.

"Not likely, my dear," said Chester.

"Didn't I tell you, Margot, that Dad is the most broad-minded man in the world," said Ambrose. He turned to his father: "There's something that she wants to tell you, Dad. She's told me and prefers to tell you herself. . . . I'll leave you for a few minutes. Now, darling, go ahead." He went outside of the room, leaving his father gazing curiously at the door which had been closed.

"Well, my child, why don't you tell me?" he said.

She was biting her lip; the tears were starting.

"I daren't let go of this great joy that's come to me," she said, "but I can't deceive you. . . . My name is not Deering! We had to change it—my mother and I—years ago. She died afterwards."

He asked: "Why did you change the name?"

"Because of my father," she replied, and looked down at the floor.

"What—what had he done?" Chester asked, and he was listening to echoes that came across the years.

"He was charged with murdering a man on the bank of the Thames," she said. "I don't believe that he did it. My mother wouldn't believe it either."

"Charged with murder?" Chester's voice was hollow.

"The murder of a man named William Jennifer—his body was taken from the water about six months after death."

"And the name of your father?" Chester's lips remained apart. It seemed incredible.

"Robert Paget."

"What happened to him?"

She whispered three words that boomed in his ears like surf on a broken shore.

"He was hanged!"

Chester stared again at the door; he seemed to be afraid that it might open.

The Weird Murders of Mr. Carn

(*Continued from page 51*)

and silently. Prison life had left its mark on him.

"You wish to see me—Landrey?"

The situation was tense and awkward. This small man, who had once been their president in the days when the bank was called the Carn Commercial Trust and Savings Bank, was now their sworn enemy. They were convinced that he had already murdered three of their number and yet they had no real evidence with which to convict him.

John Landrey started to speak and stopped. He seemed to have difficulty in finding the right words.

"I just want to tell you this, Arnold," he began, in measured tones, "we were friends once, and in case no further opportunity comes up, I am going to do everything to help you re-establish yourself *just the way you would want me to.* I am telling you now because I might not get another chance to."

There came a gasp from Fedor Moldava. John Landrey's intentions seemed suddenly clear to him. He was trying to placate Carn. He was pleading desperately for his life.

The little man looked at John Landrey. His own face was inscrutable.

"Thanks," he said quietly. "Is there anything else?"

Landrey appeared to consider.

"No," he said. "I'm only telling you now in case something unforseen will prevent my letting you know later."

Arnold Carn turned his back on them. He placed his hand for a second gently on his daughter's shoulder; then, without another word, left.

McNEIL went directly to see Mr. Simeon Graves.

In a few words he explained to the renowned criminal lawyer the substance of the morning's conference with the directors of the bank.

"And Landrey doesn't want you called in on this at all," the inspector concluded his report despondently.

Never before had McNeil seen the old lawyer so angry.

"So they don't want me—think I'm no good! What do they expect of me?" he thundered. He pounded the top of

The Weird Murders of Mr. Carn

his desk with the flat of his hand. "I can't work miracles! I wasn't there when Amos Hober was murdered—they told me about it long afterwards. What was there to go on in the Druid case? A dead cat! And Emory Lowden—he came to me too late."

"Sure, I know," the inspector tried to placate him.

"I told them what to do. They ought to get out of town, and give me time. The man responsible for these crimes is a genius, McNeil."

"Funny thing—Landrey refusing to show me that note," McNeil mused.

Mr. Graves sat up.

"That's more than strange," he reflected. "The messages the others received were all more or less alike—just a notice that they would die the same night they received the warnings. The fact that Landrey declines to show his must mean only one thing."

"That his message is different?" McNeil suggested.

"Exactly. And in that difference lies the secret of how John Landrey is to be killed!"

THE disposition of the plain-clothes men in and around the Arundel Bank Building was left to Sergeant Tobin. In accordance with McNeil's instructions there were detectives in the elevators, on the stairs, in the outside office and in the private offices on each side of John Landrey's room. No one could get into the building without passing the sergeant and two detectives posted at the entrance.

Shortly before seven McNeil arrived. He surveyed the arrangements, posted a few additional men in the halls and made his way straight to Landrey's office. Here he found Jim Arundel, Glugheimer and Moldava chatting with John Landrey.

"Anyone else belonging to the bank in this building besides you four?" McNeil asked Jim Arundel.

"Only Miss Carn," Jim Arundel answered. "She's in her room, I think. I asked her to stay. I've some work I thought I might as well get done while I'm here."

The inspector frowned. For some strange reason he felt uneasy because of Lois Carn's presence. Whenever he saw her he knew it was absurd to suspect her of having any connection with these diabolical crimes—and yet she was Arnold Carn's daughter.

McNeil shrugged his shoulders and turned to John Landrey.

"Let's have a look at that note, Mr. Landrey." There was a trace of insistence in the inspector's voice.

"I prefer not to show it to you," Landrey replied coolly. "It concerns nobody but myself."

"I'm responsible for your safety—" McNeil broke in gruffly.

"You needn't be," Landrey assured him. "If you wish to leave, with your men—" With an expressive gesture Landrey indicated that it was of no consequence to him. "And now, gentlemen, I have a letter to write. Mr. Carn, in his message, indicated that by eight o'clock at the latest, I should cease to exist. I haven't much time."

There was a wintry smile on John Landrey's lips. He looked unnaturally pale.

"I feel quite safe here," he went on,

(*Please turn to page* 90)

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If you are forever "catching cold," specialists say you're a Colds-Susceptible, and should be especially careful now. The coming of Spring—with its uncertain weather and quick changes of temperature—always means more colds. And these miserable Spring colds so often pave the way for bronchitis and pneumonia.

But here's welcome news for Colds-Susceptibles and their families—a way to avoid many colds altogether. At the first sign of "catching cold," use Vicks Nose & Throat Drops—the new aid in *preventing* colds. They promptly soothe irritation, and help Nature throw off the infection that threatens.

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The Weird Murders of Mr. Carn

(*Continued from page 89*)

"even without this."

From the center drawer he took a heavy revolver and placed it on top of the desk.

There was nothing to do but to leave him alone.

Jim Arundel went to Lois Carn's little office that adjoined his own.

"Are you all right?" he wanted to know.

She looked up at him in surprise.

"Why shouldn't I be?" She noted that his face was devoid of its habitual expression of arrogance. His mein was very gentle towards her. She was conscious of strange impulses that made the blood ebb and flow from her cheeks. If only he could forget that he was one of those who had sent her father to prison.

"There's a queer atmosphere here tonight," he confided. "And no wonder—waiting to see if a man will die. Landrey makes the fourth," he ended, thoughtfully.

"Do you still think my father has anything to do with these crimes?" Her voice was challenging.

"I've great confidence in that old gentleman, Mr. Graves," he evaded her. "I'm half inclined to ask him to come here, no matter what Landrey thinks."

"Do you think it's my father?" she persisted.

Then she rose swiftly, a little breathless. She could read the answer in his eyes, almost hear his lusty words: "I don't give a damn! I love you!" Before he could speak, she said, "There was some work you wanted me to do. What is it?"

For a moment he said nothing, then:

"There wasn't anything I wanted you to do. That was just an excuse to keep you here—to be sure you were safe. These are strange days for the Arundel Bank—soon there'll be none of us left—if this keeps up," he finished with a laugh.

She started to follow as he went to the outer office where the switchboard was. He was trying to get a number. She thought of offering to help him, changed her mind and went back to her room and shut the door.

In front of Landrey's office, Inspector McNeil paced to and fro like a sentinel.

Inside, alone with his thoughts, sat John Landrey. A queer medley of impressions flitted through his brain. He thought of Amos Hober, of Moley Druid, of Emory Lowden. What he, John Landrey, did couldn't hurt them. He thought of Sol Glugheimer and Moldava, and of Jim Arundel—all of whom he was now about to betray. Well, it was every man for himself—no man could trifle with Arnold Carn and live.

John Landrey looked at his watch. It was a quarter past seven—high time that he wrote that letter. He went and locked the door. He wanted no unforeseen interruptions just then. He drew the note that was signed in typewritten letters with the name of Arnold Carn from his pocket, read it carefully and replaced it. He took some sheets of note paper from the tooled leather rack on his desk and started to write. He wrote for a long time. When he came to the end he again looked at his watch; it was almost a quarter to eight. He read what he had written, made some corrections and folded the sheets.

From the leather rack he took an envelope and addressed it to:

ARNOLD CARN

He placed what he had written inside the envelope. For a long time it lay there in front of him, unsealed. He stared into space. He felt light-hearted, as if a great weight had been lifted from him, a horrible menace destroyed.

John Landrey took the envelope and ran his tongue across the flap.

A look of startled surprise swept across his face . . . then that look changed slowly to one of stark terror. There was a peculiar taste to the gum on the flap of the envelope—a very bitter taste. The tip of John Landrey's tongue seemed to be on fire; a tingling sensation shot to the roof of his mouth; then a numbless, a numbness that spread gradually over his entire body. He could feel his heart laboring sluggishly—desperately. Was he dying? His brain was working with lightning speed—more clearly than ever. He must unlock the door—get help! He tried to rise only to find himself slipping lower in his chair. It seemed to him his body was growing cold. He strove to reach for the revolver on his desk—a shot would bring help. With every remaining vestige of will power, John Landrey tried to direct his hand towards the gun but the hands that hung limply down the sides of his chair refused to move.

INSPECTOR McNeil was still pacing up and down in front of Landrey's office when Simeon Graves arrived.

"Mr. Arundel telephoned me—he wanted me here," Mr. Graves explained hurriedly. "Is everything all right?"

"He's in there, safe as a church," McNeil stated with satisfaction. "Nothing's happened—how could it?"

The old lawyer stood irresolute for a few seconds. The next moment he was at Landrey's door. He knocked and turned the handle. The door was locked. Mr. Graves turned inquiringly to the inspector.

"He must have locked it," McNeil muttered uneasily.

Simeon Graves beat a tattoo on the door with his knuckles. "Mr. Landrey! Mr. Landrey!" he shouted.

McNeil didn't wait. With the butt of his revolver he shattered the frosted glass panel in the door. He reached inside, found the lock and opened the door.

Slumped deep down in his chair they saw the dead figure of John Landrey.

"My God!" McNeil burst out, distracted. "What more could I have done?" This last was to Arundel, Glugheimer and Moldava. In the back stood Lois Carn. They had been brought to the scene by the sound of the breaking glass.

No one answered him. Overcome with fear they stood mute, watching Simeon Graves who was examining the body of John Landrey. Mr. Graves was looking into the dead man's eyes. An expression of incredulous horror was there. The man's skin was the color of paste, almost blue. His lips were puckered in a ghastly smile. Mr. Graves leaned down. An acrid odor assailed his nostrils.

Simeon Graves straightened up and looked about, puzzled. Finally, his gaze rested on the envelope, the flap curled back from the moisture of Landrey's tongue. He picked it up and smelled it. He nodded his head, then a look of unwilling admiration came into his questioning eyes.

The Weird Murders of Mr. Carn

"John Landrey murdered himself!" Mr. Graves announced.

"Suicide?" McNeil couldn't help the note of relief in his voice.

Mr. Graves shook his head.

"Not suicide—he didn't want to die. When I say he murdered himself I mean he killed himself without wanting to do it—without knowing he was doing it until it was too late. The real murderer is, of course, the man who arranged the scheme that would cause Landrey to kill himself."

They listened in awed silence.

"The point is—what happened to make him do it—to make him murder himself?" Mr. Graves paused to consider. "Did anyone telephone him tonight?"

There was a little cry from Lois Carn. Her hand went quickly to her lips as if to hold back the words that had almost escaped her. She was staring with horror-stricken eyes at Jim Arundel! The next minute she was gone. She was out of the building before Jim Arundel could catch up with her.

Simeon Graves sat on the edge of the desk, pulling nervously at the hair that stuck out of his ears. With an exclamation of annoyance he got up.

"Dear me, I must be getting old," he mumbled peevishly.

Putting his hand into Landrey's inside pocket, he extracted the blue envelope with the note that Landrey had refused to show McNeil and the other directors. He glanced through it quickly. Then he read it aloud.

" 'John Landrey:

You are next on my list. But you alone will be given a chance to escape the fate you deserve. A written confession exonerating me and admitting yours and the others' perjured testimony that consigned me for seven years to a living hell will save you. If you do not hear from me before seven tonight write the confession in your office. Place it in a sealed envelope. At ten minutes to eight raise and lower the shade in your office three times. I shall then know you have complied with my orders. Leave the confession on your desk and you can walk out alive. If by ten minutes to eight I do not see the signal—you die.

Arnold Carn.'

"It's all so beautifully simple," declared Mr. Graves. "The note is so worded that it places Landrey on the spot right here in his office. He's not to write the confession before seven and he's to *seal* it in an envelope! In that way the murderer made certain that the sealing would be done here in one of the envelopes on his desk!"

"But how was he killed?" McNeil asked, impatiently.

"Landrey was poisoned, judging by the smell, by aconitine—one of the most deadly poisons known. The poison was smeared on the flap of the envelope!"

"Good God!" the inspector exclaimed.

"The rest of those envelopes have probably been treated the same way—you'd better take charge of them, McNeil," Mr. Graves continued.

"Well, that let's out Arnold Carn," said McNeil. "He wouldn't kill the man who was ready to confess."

(*Please turn to page* 92)

Held back by Coffee . .

this boy never had a fair chance

"DUNCE" they call him . . ."a sluggard" they say. But Science lifts a hand in his behalf and says "You're wrong!"

Pin the blame on the real culprit . . . pin the blame on coffee. Yes—*coffee!* For thousands of parents are giving their children coffee, and coffee harms children mentally—and physically!

Why coffee harms children

Coffee contains caffein—a drug stimulant. A single cup often contains as much as *three grains* of this drug—20% more than a physician would give an adult as a medicinal dose.

Coffee can make quiet children more listless and sluggish. It can make active children nervous and irritable. It can keep children from getting the restful sleep they should have.

More serious still—by crowding milk out of the diet of children, coffee is a cause of *undernourishment.* It robs children of their rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes. It lowers their vitality, lessens their resistance to disease, and hampers development and growth.

Read this amazing proof!

Studies made by responsible institutions among America's school children not only disclosed the fact than an alarming number of these children of grade and high-school age drink coffee—*but that children who drink coffee get poorer marks than those who do not drink it.*

A survey conducted by a famous Research Institution among 80,000 school children proved that those drinking coffee were harmed mentally as well as physically. *Less than 16%* of those who drank coffee attained good marks! Over 45% of those who did not drink coffee attained good marks.

Another survey, conducted among large groups of undernourished children, brought to light this fact—*over 85% of the undernourished children received coffee once or more daily!*

No wonder medical authorities warn parents against giving children coffee!

A hot, nourishing drink is important

"But" many parents say, "my youngsters need a hot drink in the morning." Of course they do. But why one that tears down? Why not one that builds up? Give them Postum made with hot milk. It contains no caffein.

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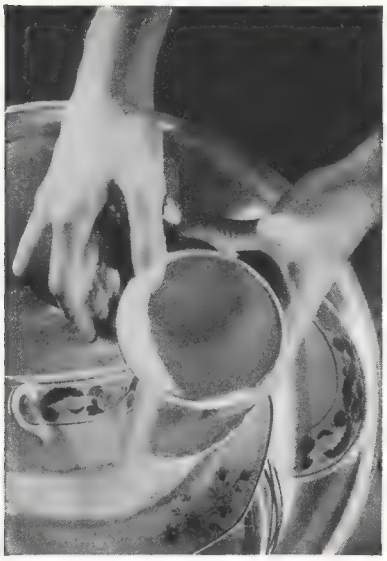

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TUNE IN—Monday nights, "Fu Manchu" mystery dramas, Columbia network; Friday nights "First Nighter" plays, N. B. C. coast-to-coast.

The Weird Murders of Mr. Carn

(*Continued from page 91*)

Mr. Graves was frowning.

"On the contrary," he contradicted, "it points to him more strongly than ever. Remember, his motive for killing is revenge for the years he spent in prison—that motive is not elminated by a confession. But, think of this, Carn accomplishes his revenge and gets the confession!"

They looked at Mr. Graves, stunned

"Of course, in a sense, he can't make use of it without admitting that he's guilty of murder—but he doesn't have to. The confession exists—it's here—it will be part of the police records available any time that he thinks it safe to use it."

"That confession must be turned over to us." It was Sol Glugheimer shouting. His face was livid with rage. "It's a lot of lies anyhow."

"You haven't seen it yet, how do you know?" Simeon Graves came back smoothly.

Gingerly, he extracted the papers from the poisoned envelope and stuck them in his pocket.

"Mr. Graves!" Jim Arundel's face was deathly white as he addressed the old lawyer. "How did the envelopes get on Landrey's desk?"

Mr. Graves' reply was long in coming.

"If I knew that," he said at last, "I'd know who killed John Landrey . . . I'll know sooner or later," he finished grimly. "Who's in charge of the stationery store, by the way?"

JIM ARUNDEL left the building and drove directly to the house where Lois Carn lived. His face was drawn. his eyes shone unnaturally bright.

The boy at the switchboard reported back that Miss Carn couldn't see him.

"Tell her she must see me," Jim Arundel ground through his teeth.

"Nothing doing, mister," the boy said, after a second effort. "Can't let you up." But a five dollar bill caused him to change his mind. "Her apartment's 5D," he called after Jim Arundel, who was already tearing up the stairs.

For a long time there was no response to his knock. Then the door opened slowly and Lois Carn stood there. She was very pale.

"I want to talk to you," he said roughly.

She backed away from him and he came into the room and slammed the door shut.

For endless moments they stood staring at each other.

"The envelopes . . . they were poisoned!" he rasped. "You knew that!"

Her eyes widened—she looked at him dazed, uncomprehending.

"I saw you put them on Landrey's desk. . . ." His whole big body was shaking.

Then all of a sudden he reached for her. He crushed her to him fiercely and held her. When he spoke his voice throbbed with unleashed passion.

"Lois—why did you do it? Why . . . why? But it doesn't matter; nothing matters . . . except that I love you . . . need you . . . we'll go away . . . don't worry, I'll take care of everything . . . I won't let anything happen to you!" He held her tighter.

She freed herself and stood apart from him. Her eyes were misty.

"You—you thought I had something to do with—you thought I killed him?" she demanded softly.

He nodded miserably.

"And you love me—so much that it wouldn't matter?" It sounded as if she couldn't believe her own words.

She came to him slowly. She put her hands up to his face.

"My dear—my dear," she whispered.

"THE envelope clue is a washout," said McNeil to Simeon Graves the next morning. "I talked to Miss Carn—she's in charge of the officials' personal stationery and when Landrey found he had no more envelopes last night, he asked her for some. She took the stack out of the regular cabinet where she keeps them. The rest of them in the cabinet are O. K., by the way."

"And I suppose everybody in the world at one time or another was in her office yesterday," Mr. Graves ventured gloomily.

"That's right—Glugheimer, Moldava, Arundel and—Arnold Carn. Don't forget him!"

Mr. Graves nodded.

"The reason she beat it so suddenly last night was that she heard you ask if anyone had telephoned Landrey—she'd seen Arundel at the switchboard and the poor kid thought he had something to do with the killing." The inspector's face lit up with a brilliant thought. "You know—I think she's sort of keen on Jim Arundel!"

"You have the makings of a great detective, McNeil," said Mr. Graves solemnly.

Who is Arnold Carn? Don't miss the two final episodes of this exciting series as Simeon Graves, the famous criminologist, tracks down the most daring archfiend murderer the world has ever known!

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Bells in the Night

(*Continued from page* 39)

don't want me to say 'I,' this mysterious plank-walker is in the cabin. What next?"

"It might be"—his words came with painful effort—"that Mrs. Holliday heard something, became suspicious, or possibly jealous, made Levering let her in and in the quarrel that followed shot him, afterward drugging herself to forget it."

"I see," said the girl, in an uninterpretable tone.

"Then the other person let her out," pursued Estey Fordyce, the detective in him warming to his theme, "bolted the door after her and got back to shore as she came, drawing the screen to and drawing the planks after her to leave no trace."

"VERY pretty. It depends for its plausibility on the visitor having been admitted by Grant, doesn't it? In other words, of her being Grant's mistress."

He winced. "There may have been some other explanation."

"You're dodging now," she charged. "Do you think I'm Grant's mistress?"

"Well, since you've forced the question on me I'm bound to take it into consideration as part of the case. Are you?"

Her lips set doggedly. "Would you believe me if I said 'no'?"

He lifted his eyes, which had slid away from hers, and studied her. "I wouldn't believe you if you said 'yes,' Joan Ellen."

"I couldn't believe it," he retorted, not at all in his best official manner. "It would hurt too much to believe it."

"You needn't," she said curtly. "I'm not."

Ramsay appeared before them. He was plainly in an ugly mood. "Joan Ellen, what's he talking to you about?"

"Oh, more theories."

"Haven't you anything better to do than bulldozing women?" The sportsman turned upon Fordyce. "If you've got questions to ask, come to me like a man."

"Thank you. I'll ask you one question now. Have you ever looked into the legal penalties for being an accessory after the fact?"

Ramsay turned red. "I can hire a lawyer to tell me that. And I'm going to do it as soon as I can find one. This thing has gone too far!"

"Perfectly sound idea," returned the younger man equably. "I'm expecting a nurse down by the river boat and I must meet her. May I offer you a lift to town?"

Seeing no alternative but to walk, Ramsay accepted. On the bridge the toll-keeper drew Dr. Fordyce aside.

"Doc, could you fetch me back some silver from town?"

"I expect so. Are you short?"

"The creekers cleaned me out this morning."

"Robbed you?" exclaimed the incredulous physician.

"Sh! No. Give me bills and took all my dimes and quarters." He set a roll of soiled greenbacks in the other's hand. "I gotta have some change."

"What did they want of it?"

Dutro hesitated a moment before answering in a half whisper, "Bullets."

"Silver bullets! A witch-hunt?"

Fordyce had heard of such enterprises in the swamp regions but sup-

(*Please turn to page* 94)

HOW IS YOUR FIGURE *in a modern gown?*

CURRENT styles emphasize gentle curves. Women whose measurements are a bit generous are sharply restricted in the things they can select.

So, many of us hasten to reduce. Diet and exercise are both necessary. Meals should contain adequate "bulk" to prevent faulty elimination. Otherwise eyes may lose their sparkle. Skins become sallow. Wrinkles appear.

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Fourth, apply Maybelline Eyelash Grower to your lashes nightly before retiring, and allow it to remain on while you sleep. It is composed of pure and beneficial ingredients that stimulate and nourish the growth of the lashes. You will find it delightfully effective.

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Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

THE *perfect* MASCARA

Bells in the Night

(Continued from page 93)

posed they were things of the past.

"Bish Gamore's sixteen-year-old boy, Flem, seen her in a lightnin' flash," returned the other, speaking suddenly, in a rush of nervous eagerness.

"Was she sitting on a log?"

"No. She was on the edge of the swamp. Looked like a flame of fire, he said. He was near dead of scare when he got to the others. They went to the place and all they found was a punk-stump. You know how they shine in a storm. So they reckoned it was all scare till Orrin Close come on the run, all sweatin' and chillin' and he'd seen her, too. There'll be plenty guns loaded with my silver tonight, if the creekers are out again. But don't you never let on that I told you, will you, Doc?"

"No. And I shouldn't talk about it to anyone else, Bert."

"You bet. D'you believe in witches, Doc?"

"No."

"I wish I didn't," sighed the native.

What Estey Fordyce did believe in at that moment was the probable identity of the incredible apparition of Bob Ramsay's mishap with the flame-clad witch. In the car he questioned his companion.

"That woman on the log; what color dress did she have on?"

"Couldn't tell you."

"Would it be red?"

"Might have been. It was some bright, silky stuff. There's the log, right there."

Getting out of the car, Fordyce re-examined the spot. He saw nothing that he had not noted before. Cutting a withe he poked the left boot, which he had discovered on his former investigation, out of the pool. It seemed to be man-size and pattern. Caught on the inner side was a long thread of crimson silk.

The investigator rolled it carefully up and put it in his pocket medicine case.

THE nurse, Miss Gillen, whom Dr. Fordyce brought back with him, was a competent looking young woman. Joan Ellen was glad to have her aboard. After seeing his patient and installing the new arrival, the doctor invited Joan Ellen's attention to a sheet of typed paper, evidently copied from one of those biographical compilations which confer contemporary glory upon thousands of otherwise unsung though doubtless worthy citizens.

> Levering: William Grant; 45 years of age; financier, sportsman, naturalist, and authority upon Americana. Donor of Williston collection of glass and chinaware to Brooklyn Art Museum; also collection of Central American birds to Museum of Natural History; author of, "Birds Seldom Seen," "Blown in the Glass," "Trails Across Honduras," and "Oriental Traces in Amerind Pottery." Clubs: St. Nicholas, Century, University, Piping Rock, and Travelers (London).

"A highly versatile person," said Fordyce to the girl. "Have you anything to add to the record?"

"Well, he's rich, restless, a good deal of a dilettante, and a bachelor."

"With immediate ambitions to terminate that last condition," he supplied. smiling at her. "What kind of dis-

Bells in the Night

position would you say he had?"

She reflected. "Pleasant enough when things go his way."

"Had he had any trouble with anyone here as far as you know?"

"His crew. They quit the boat."

"Yes, I remember. Were there threats?"

"I doubt it. People don't threaten Grant Levering."

"And yet," he commented ruminatively, "he lives there in terror of his life, apparently. Odd, isn't it?"

"I can't understand it. If he had any enemies around here—but I don't think he knows anyone at all."

"What is his reputation with women?"

"Puritanical," she answered promptly. "There has never been a breath of scandal attached to his name."

"Hm! Not the kind to pick up some liaison with a local charmer, then?"

"The most unlikely man I can think of. He's much too fastidious."

"Still, that kind sometimes does bust out—at forty-five. There hasn't anyone been dining aboard in a bright red dress, I suppose?"

The girl laughed. "Looking for the scarlet woman? Not here, I'm afraid. What's your next move?"

"I was thinking of going fishing."

"For more evidence? Have you got a fresh clue?"

"Can't tell yet. One did occur to me, though, after I left you. Whoever was in the room with Levering may have got him to the window on some pretext so that he should be a fair mark for some other person on shore. There are signs that somebody was in the brush on that little bluff." He paused. "Had Ramsay been alligator shooting before last night?"

A pang of alarm for loyal, blundering Bob whose well-meant but technically criminal pretence this young man had so easily penetrated, went through her. "No, he hadn't. But surely you're not going to suspect poor Bob! What possible motive could he have?"

"If you say 'possible,' I'd have to answer 'jealousy.'"

Her eyes opened wide. "Of me?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"How absurd! Are you going to assume that every man in sight is in love with me?"

"It may be absurd," he replied, with perfect seriousness, "but from my point of view it seems quite logical."

Suddenly, the fleeting dimple appeared. "Your logic is as silly as you are, Sophocles. But I rather like it. *Won't* you take me fishing?"

"SOME day. Just now I'd like to know where Ramsay was when he fired that single shot at his alligator."

"You'd better ask him," she retorted. "Where is he, by the way?"

"In the village."

"When is he coming back?"

"Well—er—the fact is—er—just at present he's under detention."

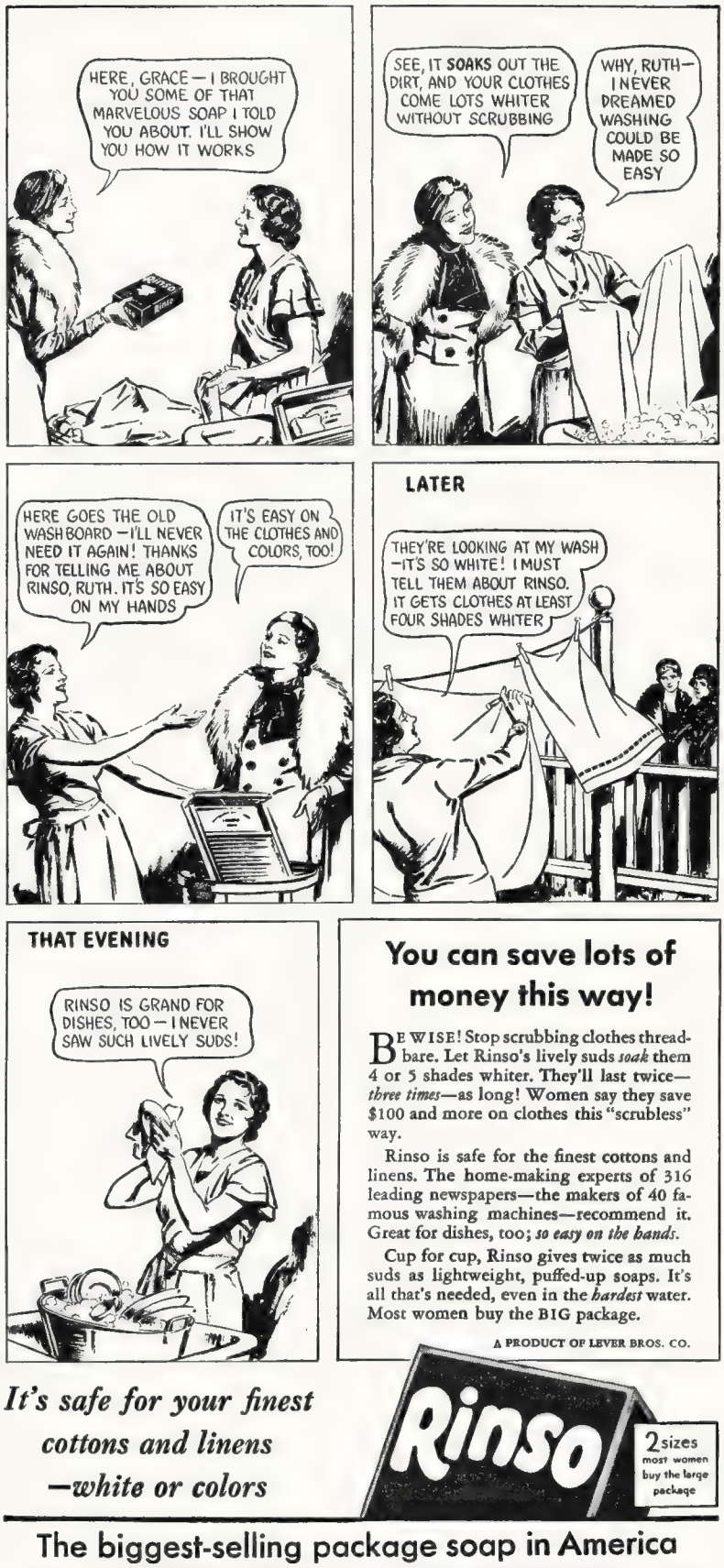
"Bob? In jail? You did that to him?"

"I didn't want to, but circumstances——"

"How despicably sneaking of you!" she flamed.

"This isn't play-acting, you know, Miss Delane. It's crime; very possibly murder. I couldn't afford to take a chance on his leaving."

(*Please turn to page* 96)


HERE, GRACE — I BROUGHT YOU SOME OF THAT MARVELOUS SOAP I TOLD YOU ABOUT. I'LL SHOW YOU HOW IT WORKS
SEE, IT SOAKS OUT THE DIRT, AND YOUR CLOTHES COME LOTS WHITER WITHOUT SCRUBBING
WHY, RUTH— I NEVER DREAMED WASHING COULD BE MADE SO EASY
HERE GOES THE OLD WASH BOARD — I'LL NEVER NEED IT AGAIN! THANKS FOR TELLING ME ABOUT RINSO, RUTH. IT'S SO EASY ON MY HANDS
IT'S EASY ON THE CLOTHES AND COLORS, TOO!
LATER
THEY'RE LOOKING AT MY WASH — IT'S SO WHITE! I MUST TELL THEM ABOUT RINSO. IT GETS CLOTHES AT LEAST FOUR SHADES WHITER
THAT EVENING
RINSO IS GRAND FOR DISHES, TOO — I NEVER SAW SUCH LIVELY SUDS!

You can save lots of money this way!

BE WISE! Stop scrubbing clothes threadbare. Let Rinso's lively suds *soak* them 4 or 5 shades whiter. They'll last twice—*three times*—as long! Women say they save $100 and more on clothes this "scrubless" way.

Rinso is safe for the finest cottons and linens. The home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers—the makers of 40 famous washing machines—recommend it. Great for dishes, too; *so easy on the hands.*

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps. It's all that's needed, even in the *hardest* water. Most women buy the BIG package.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.

It's safe for your finest cottons and linens —white or colors

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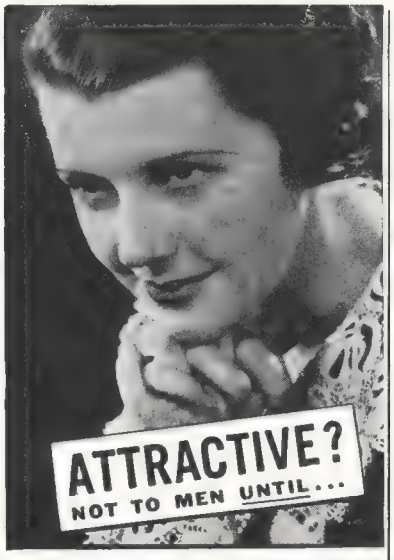
2 sizes most women buy the large package

The biggest-selling package soap in America



She DISCOVERED the Beauty of being Natural!

NICE EYES. Nice teeth. Nice everything. But somehow men didn't take to her. They said her mouth was conspicuous. *"Couldn't see her lips for the paint!"* ... Then, as good luck would have it, she tried a different lipstick. A lipstick that accents her natural coloring...ending that painted look!

Flatters lips with natural color!

No man will tell you to your face that you have a painted look. Yet, without doubt, a painted look comes from all ordinary lipsticks. Tangee, however, isn't ordinary. It isn't paint. Tangee brings out the natural color hidden in your own lips ... yet never paints them!

In the stick, it's orange. On the lips, *your* natural coloring! For Tangee changes instantly to *your* shade of blush rose!

Use Tangee for youthful lips ... glowing with natural color all day long! Costs no more than ordinary lipsticks. At drug stores and cosmetic counters.

New Refillable Rouge Compact

Tangee Rouge, too, changes to your natural shade *instantly*. It blends beautifully ... heightens natural coloring ... never makes cheeks look painted. Comes in refillable compact. Buy Tangee Rouge Refill at a saving! Fits compact perfectly.

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A Personality Trio that tickled the high-hats of Europe! Tues. and Thurs. 7:30 P. M. (E. S. T.) Columbia Network.

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417 Fifth Ave., New York
I enclose 10c. Send Miracle Make-up Set containing trial-size { Tangee Lipstick / Tangee Rouge Compact

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

Bells in the Night

(*Continued from page 95*)

"Why shouldn't he leave if he wants to? I'm going to leave. Now. At once."

"I wish you wouldn't do that."

"Oh! *Do* you?" With which she whirled around and went inside for a hat.

Her plans were unformulated except in one respect. She must get a lawyer and help Bob out.

The officious and infuriating sleuth was not in sight when she emerged. He hailed her from his car.

"May I take you to the village?"

Not being able to think of any other method of getting anywhere she gave him an icy acknowledgment. "Very good of you."

THE car entered the village and pulled up before a hardware shop. A pink and pleasant old person emerged and was presented as Judge Cobb. Shifting a quid from cheek to cheek, he spoke with some embarrassment and to an effect which almost paralyzed Joan Ellen with fury when she got its purport.

"You mean I've got to stay here whether I want to or not?"

"Heah or heahabouts, ma'am."

"I'll see a lawyer. I'll—I'll——"

"Yes, ma'am. That's your right. But he'll tell you you can't go against the co't's ordehs."

"Then I'm under arrest?"

"Oh, no, ma'am. Not rightly to say arrest."

"I can't see the difference," fumed the angry girl.

"Oh, theh's a right big difference," was the soothing reply. "I can put you in the Doc's parole."

"You mean I'm to be at *his* orders?" with a blasting glare at the innocent Fordyce. "Do as he says? Not go anywhere without his permission? Well, I won't do it. What then?"

"It's a right stuffy jail, our jail, for a sweet, pretty young lady like you," warned the judge regretfully.

Joan Ellen was taking only one thing into consideration. "I can't bear to think of Bob's being shut up. I can't bear it! He's the best and finest man I know anywhere," she declared. ("The poor dumb-bell!" she added mentally.) "And as soon as I can get a lawyer from home he'll get us both out and we're going to leave this awful state of yours and you'll never see either of us again."

He said slowly and painfully, as she turned away, "I'm sorry. I didn't realize the extent of your interest in Ramsay."

Her baleful desire to get back at him in the most hurtful way possible inspired her retort. "You realize now, don't you? You probably cooked up this jail and parole business just to keep us apart."

Fordyce stiffened. "Your love affairs are no part of my official business. And until this thing is cleared up perhaps it would be as well if we kept to the official basis."

IT was dusk when they reached the *Otisco*. Miss Gillen reported no change in the patient's condition.

"This is supposed to be an accident case, isn't it, Doctor?" she asked.

"Officially. And for the present, yes."

"Then I'm not supposed to report on anything but my professional duties."

"That depends. What is it?"

"I thought I saw somebody moving cautiously around on that low, brushy knoll ashore two or three times this afternoon."

"That's interesting. But I don't think I'd mention it to anyone."

She nodded and returned to her charge.

Estey Fordyce sat in thought, while the dusk deepened. He summoned Bert Dutro from his shack.

"Did anyone board or leave the boat while I was gone, Bert?"

"Nary un, Doc. Couldn't have."

Fifty yards upstream a chuck-Will's-widow had been vociferating its ceaseless strain. Abruptly, it ceased and fluttered, a dim shadow, from its bushy choir-loft to make a bee-line across stream.

"That bird's scairt," commented the toll-keeper. "Must-a something passed that way."

Fordyce strained his eyes into the silent darkness. So the *Otisco* was being watched!

JOAN ELLEN slept poorly that night. She had a prickly feeling in her conscience that she had not treated the young doctor quite fairly; he was doing the best he could with a difficult situation. Wakeful, she thought several times that she heard distant shots in the forest. Once, Dutro's dog set up a surly clamor, subsiding into suspicious growls. Shortly after dawn, finding herself broad awake, and unrefreshed, she went to her window and looked out across the lonely panorama of the creek. The forest was stirring in a fitful breeze. A flock of white crane, looking like distorted angels, moved in a long, ordered progress above the parapet of green. Opposite her a snaky neck with a bird's head protruded from the surface of the weed where a water-turkey was considering breakfasting. A patch of hyacinth as big as a freight car passed in mid-stream in its steady advance toward the river. Near its further edge a bright, incongruous flutter of glossy color caught her eye and for a moment she wondered idly about it. The breeze shifted, filling her cabin with grateful coolness. She returned to her bed and fell into profound slumber.

When she awoke and went on deck a chunky native was diving repeatedly in a clearing which he had cut through the hyacinth between shore and houseboat. What did he expect to find? She watched the insignificant objects which he brought up from the ooze until a door behind her opened and she saw Estey Fordyce. In her surprise she forgot that they were hardly on speaking terms.

"When did you come aboard?"

"Late last night. I've overslept shamefully."

"You needed it. Let me get you some coffee."

He thanked her with more enthusiasm than the offer strictly demanded. Over the sketchy breakfast she asked about Levering, confirmed her idea that the diver was working under her companion's directions, and then asked: "Did you hear the shooting in the night?"

"No. I slept like the dead. Where was it?"

"Quite far away. What more have you found out?"

"Not what I most want to know,"

Bells in the Night

he replied dispiritedly. "Nothing about the woman in red."

Joan Ellen's eyes widened in the excitement of a sudden connection of ideas. "What shade of red?"

"How should I know? Oh! Yes. Here, this shade." He produced the silk thread. "Why? Do you know anything about a dress that color?"

"Why, I don't exactly know anything. But I suspect that the owner didn't care much about it."

"How is that?"

"She tore it up and threw it into the creek."

He got to his feet with such heedless violence that his coffee sloshed over the stand.

"Clumsy!" reproved Joan Ellen. "Why—why—whatever is the matter? You look——"

"Did you see a dress of this color in the creek?"

"A piece of it. At least it may have been. In the hyacinth. Floating downstream."

"Good God! When?"

"Oh, four or five hours ago, I suppose."

"It might be as far as the river by this time, then," he answered despairingly.

"Well, I don't see what all the fuss——" she began, but he was already hurrying forward, to the bridge.

"Tell Miss Gillen I'll be back as soon as I can," he called to her over his shoulder.

After a word with Dutro both descended to the stream bank and immediately she saw a boat move out into the current, the toll-keeper rowing and the doctor standing on the stern-seat scanning the water and the line of weed along the shores.

Less than an hour later the sound of oars came to her ears again. It ceased as the boat paused at the bridge just long enough to let the keeper off, then resumed as the doctor's long-muscled arms drove the craft strongly through the current, upstream. The craft was a dug-out, narrow-beamed and with a prow which the native builder had fashioned grotesquely but not inartistically to the likeness of a swan's reared head. She called, but Fordyce gave her only a brief, impatient motion of one hand as if to indicate that his errand was too pressing for interruption.

Curiosity drew Joan Ellen to the bridge.

"Did you find what you were looking for?" she asked Dutro.

The man's face was drawn and sick looking. "Yes, we found it."

"Did it help Dr. Fordyce to what he is after?"

"Yes. No. I dunno." Dutro gulped. "The 'gators had found it first."

"Oh-h-h-h-h!" shivered the girl, horror-stricken as the meaning of his words struck home to her. "Was she—was the woman in——"

He nodded. "That was part of a sleeve. They don't leave much."

"Who was she?" asked Joan Ellen, white and trembling.

"God knows."

(To be Continued)

The next exciting instalment of Warner Fabian's first murder mystery appears in the May issue of this magazine, on sale April 8, 1933.

NOW
there's no
excuse
for
half-hour
nose!
The nose that is powdered with Pompeian will retain its loveliness for hours
But how often ordinary powder leaves the nose looking like this after half an hour

OF COURSE you're lovely when you leave your dressing table! But how long do you stay that way? How many times in an evening do you have to look in a mirror to be sure that you're even presentable?

For certainly few things are more disconcerting than a nose that has shed its powder, and stands out from a beautiful face like an unkind and ugly beacon light. Can you even count the number of times you have to powder during the day?

All that is over now. Pompeian has created a powder that will cling, not for minutes, but for hours! It doesn't coat the face, as old-fashioned "clinging" powders do. Soft and fine, it gives the skin a smooth, even perfection.... No more stolen glances in passing mirrors. With this new Pompeian powder you can be serene and confident of your beauty for hours.

It comes in a variety of flattering skin tones, expressly created to complement and enhance every complexion type. It has a refreshing and very feminine perfume. And a box you'll be proud to have on your dressing table.

AT TODAY'S REASONABLE PRICE

All that we can save in manufacturing costs by long experience and present economies we pass on to you. Which is the reason this remarkably fine powder can be bought for so little! Pompeian products can be purchased at stores everywhere. Convenient and attractive sizes of Pompeian Beauty Powder are obtainable at almost all stores of F. W. Woolworth Co., and other of the better class five-and-ten-cent stores.

The Pompeian Company, Bloomfield, N. J.
Sales Representatives: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., 40 E. 34th St., New York, N. Y.

SIXTY-FIVE CENTS THE BOX

NEW YORK PARIS LONDON

THE *Witchery*
OF A SOFT SMOOTH SKIN CAN BE YOURS

with this marvelous *Olive Oil* Face Powder

It is so easy for a woman's skin to become red and rough. Particularly at this season... Sharp cold and biting winds attack the face. Destroy its smoothness and charm... Indoor heat saps the natural oils from your skin. Leaves it dry and old-looking.

Protect your complexion from these harsh extremes. If your face has a tendency toward redness... if it often feels dry and rough ...begin using OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder *at once.* Dust it on every day before going out. And again when you come in.

OUTDOOR GIRL is the only face powder made with an *Olive Oil* base. It is soft and fluffy in look and feel, yet it clings longer than any other powder. With the first application you'll notice a distinct improvement in your complexion.

Try this *different* face powder today. In 7 smart shades to blend naturally with any complexion. The Good Housekeeping "Seal of Approval" is your guarantee of quality.

OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder and other *Olive Oil* Beauty Products are sold by leading drug, department and chain stores in 3 sizes —10c, 25c and $1.00. If you want to sample five of the most popular preparations, mail the coupon.

OUTDOOR GIRL
OLIVE OIL FACE POWDER

Crystal Corporation,
Dept. 874
130 Willis Ave., New York

I enclose 10c to cover postage and handling. Please send me your OUTDOOR GIRL "Introductory Sampler" containing liberal trial packages of Olive Oil Face Powder—Lightex Face Powder—Olive Oil Cream—Liquefying Cleansing Cream and Lip-and-Cheek Rouge.

*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

Follow these rules sent in by our readers if you would have the perfect cup of coffee.

Favorite Coffee Recipes

YOUR article about the different methods of making coffee was interesting. Boiling coffee makes it bitter and drives most of the fine coffee flavor into the air, the smell of which causes you to anticipate an extra good cup of coffee. And you are disappointed because the goodness has evaporated into the air and is no longer in the coffee. Here's my way. Put four slightly rounding tablespoonfuls of a good brand of coffee into a Mason fruit jar. The same precaution needs to be taken against breaking the jar as when canning. Fill with boiling water. Put on the rubber ring and cover and seal it quite tightly and put it where it will keep hot. Let it stand fifteen minutes. You will not be disappointed in this coffee.

A. E. Benson,
Box 18,
Utica, Minn.

REGARDLESS of whether one uses the old fashioned type of coffee pot, the aluminum percolator, the electric percolator or the drip coffee devices, the most perfect coffee I have ever tasted was made by permitting it to percolate, boil or drip for just seven minutes after it starts cooking, using one tablespoonful to the cup.

Geo. W. Barnes,
Apt. 418. The Dupont Circle,
Washington, D. C.

DOWN here in this Southland, every one drinks the French Drip Coffee, usually black and thick as molasses, adding quantities of sugar, and if any milk or cream is added, they add equal parts (to the coffee) of boiled milk, served hot. Into a cup of black coffee, drop one or two pecan meats, and see what an unusually delicious flavor you get.

Mrs. J. T. Welch,
218 Magnolia Street,
Biloxi, Miss.

I CAN easily understand why there is "Mystery" about the preparation of good coffee and hasten to add my comments on the subject. Perhaps the primary reason for muddy, bitter-tasting coffee is because there are so many conflicting ideas. Why not follow my simple plan? Here it is! Use a medium-sized aluminum percolator and a reliable brand of coffee which can be depended on for flavor. Measure one tablespoon of coffee to one cup of cold water, and one extra tablespoon of coffee "for the pot". Allow to percolate for six minutes. Serve piping hot! It is very simple, yet—oh, so satisfying.

Mrs. Marie Thompson,
17 N. Chatsworth Ave.,
Larchmont, N. Y.

I HAVE made the "perfect cup" of coffee many different ways during the years I have been a homemaker.

My husband contends that coffee is best made like his old Swedish mother makes it. Place one tablespoon of coffee for each cup in pot. Mix coffee with a little cold water, then add white of an egg and stir well. Pour on boiling water. Boil three minutes, add dash of cold water, and set back to settle. This coffee must be coarsely ground. I have made fine coffee this way. Sometimes I tire of my favorite brand. Then if I change brands for a while, I like the flavor of the new brand for a while. The way I now make my coffee is the quickest, easiest, and I think the best way. Use a granite coffee pot or granite pan with a tight lid. Put in as many cups of water as wanted. When the water is boiling furiously, add one tablespoon of medium ground coffee for each cup (heaping if you desire it strong). If you are using cheap coffee, more must be used. Stir well with a spoon. Let boil up, turn down gas. Repeat this three times. Turn off heat. Place clean white cloth in spout of coffee pot to keep in the flavor, and place pot where it will keep hot, but not boil, until ready to serve. I like good cream placed in the cups before coffee is poured.

Constance M. Swanson,
222 S. 6th St.,
Monmouth, Ill.

In Quest of the Feminine

(*Continued from page* 62)

Soft brown mascara is used on eyebrows and eyelashes, and any excess is wiped off. Our ultra-feminine girl remembers that too-dark lashes and brows make blond hair look artificial. Green or blue eye shadow is used at night.

Her skin, along with most white skin or cream white skin, is delicate and inclined to be dry. This, she counteracts with consistent use of tissue or nourishing creams at night.

Complexion routine starts off in the morning with cleansing cream to soften the skin, a good soap lather comes next and then a thin film of tissue cream is patted on and removed with skin-toning lotion. When wintry breezes are blowing or it's mid-August, a foundation cream—sometimes a hand lotion is substituted—is used before powdering. She uses cream rouge first—lightly, then dry rouge after powdering.

At night after cleansing, oil is rubbed in about the eyes where wrinkles form easily on dry skin, into the mouth lines and forehead frown lines. Then tissue cream is patted in with a brisk but light touch to work up circulation.

Hands, too, when the skin is dry, must receive special attention. Our Miss Ultra-Feminine has a professional manicure once a week but doesn't forget them in between times. They get their dose of the same tissue cream used for face treatments every night. Mornings, and after any immersion in water, hand cream or lotion is smoothed in. She always uses light colored polishes.

But it's that golden hair that receives most attention, since we all—don't we?—work hardest on our best features. A shampoo once a week, with a lemon or camomile tea rinse or one of the preferred rinses that brings out the lovely lights in the hair is on the program.

Brushing is a nightly ritual that naturally curly hair makes easier, of course. No scalp condition is allowed to make any headway—and no shears are allowed to cut into the long, golden locks.

Our Ultra-Feminine girl knows her type and wears clothes to suit it. Pastel shades and white are her favorite colors along with any shade of blue, some greens and an occasional golden brown. Her clothes are not cut too extremely although always in the general fashion trends. This season's styles, of course, were made for her with their feminine capes and puff sleeves, small waistlines, and jabots.

Here are her measurements: Height, 5 feet 4 inches; weight, 110 pounds; bust measure, 31 inches; waist 25; hips, 35. She wears a 6½ glove and a 5½ shoe.

What about it? Are you this type? Or some other? Write me about it and I'll help you decide. Just send a stamped self-addressed envelope to Pamela Pinkerton care of THE MYSTERY Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Send a stamped envelope, if you have any other beauty queries you would like to have answered, or for a copy of the April Make-Up Box, Care of the Hair, the Beauty Chart or the Color Harmony Chart.

How to have *beautiful floors with* 10 MINUTES WORK!

NO RUBBING! NO POLISHING!

Do this Pour a little Glo-Coat right onto your clean floor. (An ounce or two at a time is best.)

..then this Spread Glo-Coat over floor with the Glo-Coat Applier or a soft cloth. You don't have to rub or polish it.

And your floors will look LIKE THIS..

● You'll never believe how beautiful your floors can look until you try Glo-Coat! This amazing new polish goes on the floor like water. You simply wipe it over the surface with the Glo-Coat Applier or a cloth. In 20 minutes Glo-Coat dries with a bright, hard polish, making linoleum, rubber tile, varnished and painted floors lovely as new.

● Send 10c for a trial can—enough for small kitchen or bathroom.

GLO-COAT

BY THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX

Special SALE at your dealers

1 large 16 oz. can Glo-Coat . . . . 75¢
1 longhandled Glo-Coat applier . 75¢
~~$1.50~~

BOTH FOR ONLY **98¢**

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Dept TM 4, Racine, Wis.
Enclosed is 10c. Please send me a generous trial can of your new easy-to-use floor polish, GLO-COAT.

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ADDRESS_____

CITY AND STATE_____

MOTHER: My baby has a terrible croupy cold. What can I give him?

DRUGGIST: Ma'am, just rub on Children's Musterole. It's a "counter-irritant," and the surest thing I know.

MOTHER: What do you mean by "counter-irritant?"

DRUGGIST: It's something that penetrates, goes right to the seat of congestion and breaks a cold in no time.

MOTHERS!

Watch that cold in children!

● Children's colds can bring on serious illness. At the slightest sign of a cold, rub on Children's Musterole, once every hour for 5 hours. This pure white ointment is just good old Musterole in milder form. Used for 20 years by millions, recommended by doctors and nurses—Musterole is a famous blend of mustard, menthol, camphor and other valuable ingredients. It gets action and results because it's NOT just a salve. It's a "counter-irritant." It penetrates, stimulates blood circulation, breaks congestion, draws out pain and infection—pleasant and convenient to use on babies and small children. Keep full strength Musterole on hand for adults, and milder Children's Musterole for little folks. All druggists'.

CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

MILD

The MAKE-UP BOX

An attractive powder jar with a magnifying mirror under the lid—and a new three-in-one lotion for your skin.

IF you can look facts in the face without whimpering and you want to be beautiful, by all means get yourself a magnifying mirror. True, it confirms your worst fears, but it also shows the way out. We've found one disguised as a cover for a charming new glass powder box. The top of the lid is a quaint old-fashioned garden scene, but lift up the handle and there you see yourself without benefit of indirect lighting.

Then here's what you can do about it. Chase right out and get yourself a bottle of the new rosy lotion that's recommended as combined cleanser, toner and powder base. It cleans. It tingles. And leaves your skin as smooth as smooth and is meant for both oily and dry skins because, while it clears away the oil, it leaves in its place a soft, slightly oily film. It gives your skin a glowing youth and radiance.

If it's the stray ends that bother you—the ones that weren't long enough when you had your permanent or that straighten out right after you've had a finger wave—try grandmother's remedy in a new form—kid curlers—that look for all the world like an oversize needle with a slit down it. You draw the ends of the hair through the slit, roll the hair and hold in place by putting the point through the eye.

It isn't news any more if a lipstick is merely indelible. It has to be more than that to fill our demands. Here's one that in addition to that feature has a fine fruity perfume and an interesting gunmetal case with a trimming strip to identify the various shades.

Kid curlers are back! But they're different.

And now you can buy lipstick tissues—in little cases like matches. Carry them in your purse, and keep some on your dressing table. They are a handy aid in shaping lipstick strokes.

If you wish to know the names and prices of the articles described here write to the Beauty Editor, Make-Up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped envelope.

Here's a new indelible lipstick with a nice flavor and lipstick tissues, now easily available.

The Hoodoo Fortune

(*Continued from page* 27)

moniously removed the hat, moustache and spectacles from the bronze head. Then he turned to the counsel table and said:

"Step up here alongside of this bust, Mr. Morris."

With timid tread, the parlous Scot took his place alongside the bust, beads of perspiration glistening on his forehead. The spectators gasped. For the little Scot was the flesh and blood counterpart of this eerie thing that had been wheeled into the courtroom a few minutes before.

MR. BOWES, who swore that he had never seen Thomas Patrick until he entered the courtroom that afternoon, stepped from the witness chair and scrutinized the Scot's face. He, too, agreed that it bore a striking resemblance to the statue. The distance from the chin to a point between the eyes was in each instance abnormally long. The lips of the bust, like those of the man who claimed one hundred million, had a peculiar cast; and there were other similarities that the reader will quickly see by comparing the photograph of Thomas Patrick and the picture of the bust on page 27.

Of all the evidence introduced in Thomas Patrick's behalf, this silent bronze figure seemed by far the most convincing. It seemed almost as if old John G. Wendel had come back from another plane to see that justice was done in this kaleidoscopic age of gin, jazz and technocracy. For, if the little house painter was not "related" to this uncanny exhibit, nature had surely been up to one of her more rakish pranks.

Was Thomas Patrick Morris, then, to be the lucky one of all that frantic cavalcade of claimants to the Wendel gold?

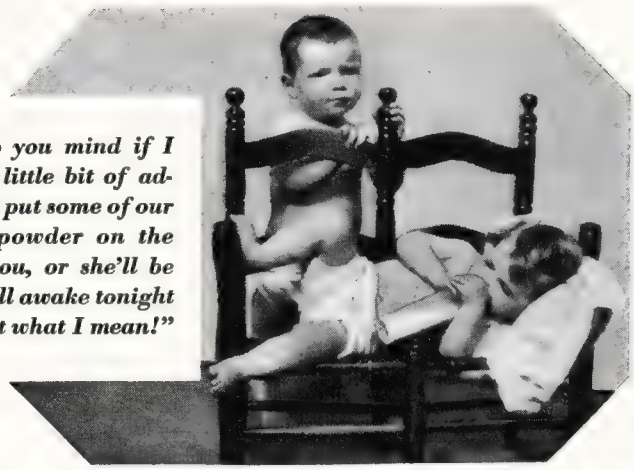
A considerable portion of Thomas Patrick's testimony was a repetition of the facts contained in a recent exclusive story in MYSTERY. He told how he had been brought up by a couple named Peter and Margaret Morris in Dundee, Scotland, as their son, and how a strange American, whom he later came to know as John G. Wendel, visited the land of heather during Thomas Patrick's childhood and insisted that the boy call him "Papa." When he reached the age of maturity in 1901, Morris testified that the man known as Wendel gave him a book called "The Fall of the Phalsburgs." On the front flyleaf of the tome was a handwritten statement, signed "John G. Wendel", in which the writer avowed that Thomas Patrick was his son by a secret marriage to one Mary Ellen Devine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, the ceremony being performed on the eleventh of June in the year 1876 at Castle Garden (now Ellis Island). In the rear flyleaf of the book was a will, also signed "John G. Wendel," and attested to by three late close friends of Wendel, in which the writer left all of his property to Morris.

A few years later, Morris testified, he saw Wendel in New York and was taken to the family home—New York's austere and forbidding mansion of mystery—only to be given the cold shoulder by Ella, one of John G.'s seven eccentric sisters.

The years passed, and Thomas Patrick, wandering hither and yon

(*Please turn to page* 102)

"My goodness! Where on earth have you been? Somebody certainly used the wrong baby powder on you! Your skin looks something terrible ... all red and rough! Guess I'd better send out an S.O.S.!"



"Mother, do you mind if I give you a little bit of advice? Please put some of our nice baby powder on the lady, will you, or she'll be keeping us all awake tonight ... if you get what I mean!"

"Fast asleep already? Just couldn't help it after mother got you all fixed, could you? It takes only a jiffy to make us babies happy ... with our Johnson's Baby Powder, of course!"

Mothers! Test different baby powders by rubbing between thumb and finger. Feel how much softer Johnson's is? Made of finest Italian talc—while the inferior talc used in some powders contains gritty particles. Johnson's Baby Powder contains *no zinc stearate* . . . no orris root. Ask your dealer for Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too. Johnson & Johnson New Brunswick New Jersey

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"Feel the edge"—that's the test thousands of smart women have made. It's paper—beautifully designed, beautifully embossed. Yes, paper—but it's twice as thick as ordinary shelf paper and feels like cloth.

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For the greatest value in paper doylies, be sure to select packages marked "Roylace."

The Royal Lace Paper Works, Inc., 842 Lorimer St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Hoodoo Fortune

(*Continued from page* 101)

in his struggle to keep his head above the waters of financial distress, forgot all about the man he had known as Wendel. In the meantime, John G. Wendel died and his Croesus-like fortune passed along to his sisters, the last surviving one—the aforementioned Ella—dying in 1931. It was only then, when he saw a newspaper story stating that there were no known heirs to the huge holdings, that Thomas Patrick took it upon himself to look into things. He resurrected the yellowing book that the strange American had given him back in 1901, regarded it seriously for the first time, and took it—and his fabulous story—to a lawyer.

Aside from the book, other documents considered valuable to Thomas Patrick's claim were introduced. These included a wedding certificate and a letter to the Morrises in Scotland from a person signing himself "John G. Wendel" and inquiring about the health and welfare of Thomas Patrick.

James McAvan of Dundee, and his wife, Rose Ann—one of the Morris children—supplied the attorneys for Thomas Patrick with both documents. McAvan, in a deposition, testified that his mother-in-law (the woman who had raised Thomas Patrick), while on her deathbed in 1904, had called him and his wife to her side and confessed to them that Thomas Patrick was not her son, but the child of John G. Wendel and Mary Ellen Devine. Both McAvan and his wife recalled the incident, despite the passing of almost three decades, because they had had quite a spat about it at the time. Mrs. Morris' daughter, it seemed, had claimed that her mother was delirious and didn't know what she was talking about, while McAvan violently disagreed.

"The auld woman ken'd what she wuz aboot," he had opined.

A few days later, when the McAvans were going through the dead woman's effects, they came across a letter from America bearing the Wendel signature, and mentioning Thomas Patrick. The letter was kept with a number of articles, in a series of tin boxes, through the years. It seems that the McAvans, in view of old Mrs. Morris' death-bed confession, held on to the letter "just in case."

The wedding certificate appeared under rather singular circumstances. The testimony revealed that Peter Morris (the man who had raised the claimant to the Wendel gold) was a cobbler who kept his tools in an old tin box below the bed in the kitchen where he slept. When old Morris, a little the worse for drink, passed out of the picture, the McAvans fell heir to the box. Unopened, it remained in their home for years, serving as a step for the bairns when they wanted to reach the pegs where their clothes hung.

IN December, 1931, when the box got a little the worse for wear, the McAvans decided to destroy it. Examining the contents, which had lain unused for years, they discovered, beneath the old and rusty cobbler's tools, a piece of brown paper, under which was an official-looking document. It proved to be a marriage certificate, indicating the marriage of one John G. Wendel and Mary Ellen Devine in Castle Garden in 1876.

Strangely enough, however, neither the marriage certificate nor the letter was ever mentioned to Thomas Patrick until he entered the Wendel case.

Mrs. McAvan gave further testimony to substantiate Thomas Patrick's claims. She corroborated the claimant's assertion that after the man known as Wendel had made one of his periodic visits to the Morris home in Dundee, there was always a financial flushness in his wake. Plenty of food and clothes, and lots of booze for father.

Several witnesses took the stand and testified that Wendel had told them that he was the father of a son. Reputable people all. One witness went a little further; he gave testimony indicating that the eccentric old millionaire had been the father of an illegitimate daughter. In fine, it appeared that, despite his reputation for being a paragon of virtue, the old boy got around.

One of the most important witnesses in Thomas Patrick's behalf, however, was Miss Annie Gordon, who, as a nurse, had taken care of Wendel when he was stricken by pneumonia at the beginning of the century.

"One morning about four o'clock," swore Miss Gordon, "when Mr. Wendel was very ill, he said he had something on his mind that he wanted to tell me. His breath was very short and I asked him to rest. Later that morning about nine o'clock he told me he was a married man and that he had a young son who was being brought up in Ireland by an Irish family. He said the son's name was Thomas Patrick Morris but that in reality he was his son."

The following day, Miss Gordon said, Wendel reiterated the statement in the presence of two doctors and another nurse.

Such, then, were the claims of Thomas Patrick Morris.

And now for the other side—the contention of the executors for the estate that Morris was not related to Wendel in any way:

Briefly, the estate charged that Thomas Patrick's claims were false from beginning to end. The handwriting in the flyleaves of the book which Morris said Wendel gave him was proved not to be that of John G. Wendel. The letter sent to the Morrises inquiring about Thomas Patrick, despite the fact that it was signed "John G. Wendel," was likewise proved not to be the handiwork of the queer old millionaire. This letter, by the way, was in the same handwriting as that which appeared in the book.

One of the most important points brought out during the entire trial was when the estate established that the letter, dated 1897, gave the address of Wendel as 175 Broadway, whereas Wendel had no such address until five years afterward.

THE defense next attacked that part of Thomas Patrick's story concerning the dates during which he said Wendel had visited him abroad, and the years Thomas Patrick said he had seen Wendel in this country. Checks, records and letters of Wendel were produced, tending to prove that the mystery man was not out of New York when Thomas Patrick said he was in Scotland. Witnesses, too, their memories refreshed by contracts, leases, checks and memorandum date books, testified to having seen and conversed

with Wendel on the dates in question. It was likewise testified that Wendel had never been in Arizona, where Morris said he saw and talked with him in 1909, and that Ella Wendel was in Europe in 1907, when Morris claimed she insulted him at the mansion in New York.

A copy of the register of baptisms of Dundee was produced, disclosing that Thomas Patrick was baptized in 1880 as the son of Peter and Margaret Morris. The Right Reverend Monsignor John Cannon Turner, a prelate of the Catholic Church, who was well-acquainted with the Morrises, testified in a deposition that Mrs. Morris, even in the confessional, had never told him that Thomas Patrick was not her son. Then, too, it was shown that Mrs. Morris, over a period of time, was accustomed to present her cobbler-husband with a new arrival on an average of once every two years, and that the birth of Thomas Patrick fitted in perfectly with the good woman's routine of reproduction. In the bargain, photographs of Morris family groups were obtained, and it was observed that Thomas Patrick, as a child, bore a strong resemblance to one of the other Morris children.

The claimant's story about the Morris family being flush with legal tender after a visit of the man from across the sea suffered a set-back when real-estate records of Dundee disclosed that old Morris was habitually behind in his rent during the years that Wendel was said to have visited Scotland. The cobbler's tardiness in this respect became so chronic, in fact, that he was eventually evicted from the house where Thomas Patrick was raised. Real-estate agents, however, testified that the fact that a man didn't pay his rent didn't necessarily mean that he was short on the coin of the realm. The non-payment idea seems to have been something of a habit in Dundee in those days.

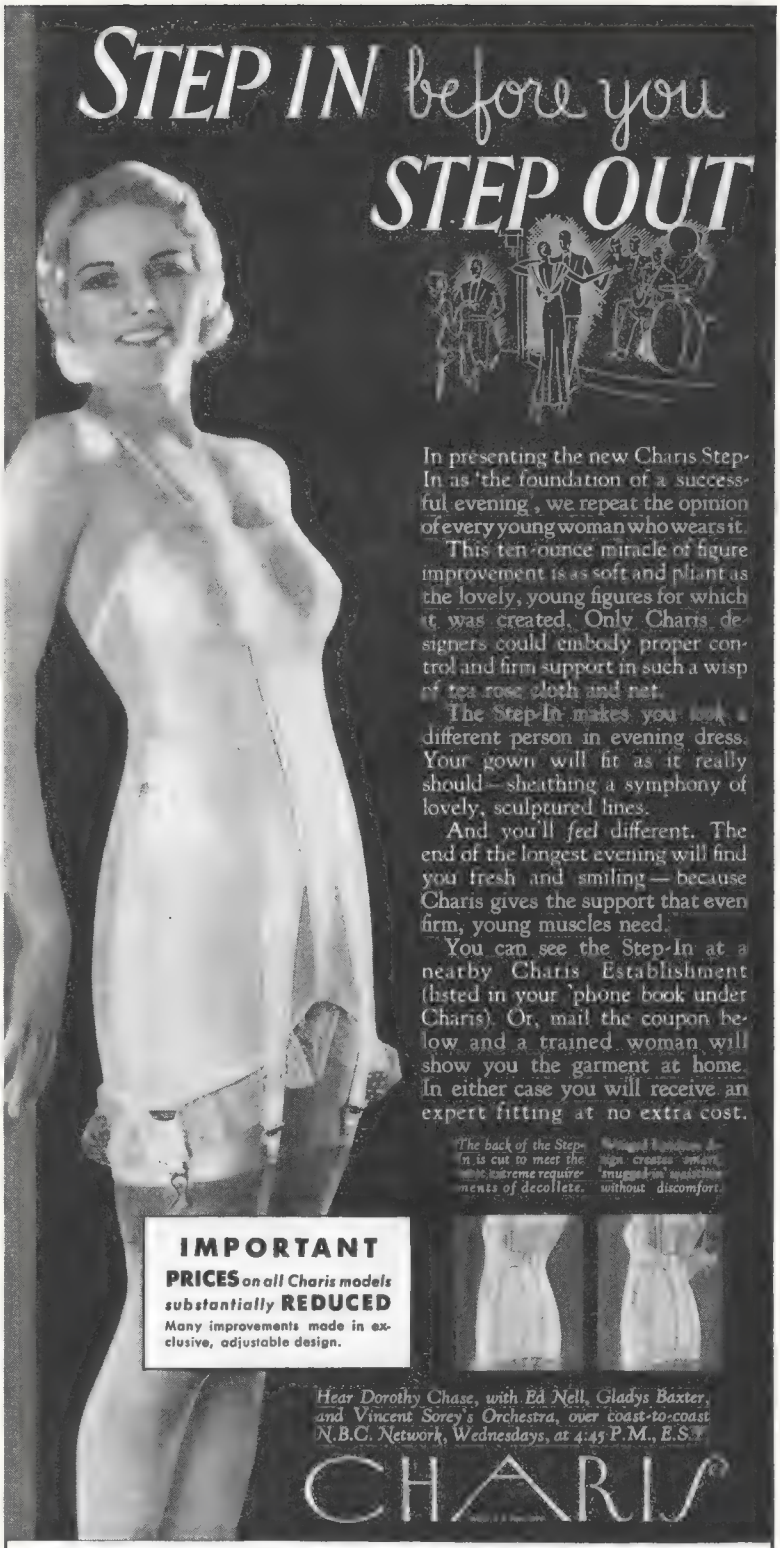
The final day of the hearing was to produce the most arresting evidence of all. It was to center around the marriage certificate—the crux of Thomas Patrick's entire case.

THE certificate in question, bearing the names of Wendel and Miss Devine, was dated 1876, the figures "1" and "8" being printed as part of the document, and the last two figures being written in in ink. At the top of the certificate was a fancy ring and bell design—the symbol of marriage.

A member of a Philadelphia concern which publishes Bibles was called to the stand. With him he brought large-sized holy books, samples of the annual editions of the publishing company from 1876 down to 1923. In the later Bibles appeared marriage certificates of the type that Thomas Patrick's lawyers had introduced, and the witness identified the certificate in question as having come from one of his company's books.

The first blow dealt against the authenticity of the Wendel-Devine document was when the witness stated that the certificate bearing the ring and bell design had been first published in 1885—nine years after the supposed Wendel wedding. Year after year, from 1885, the ring-and-bell certificate was published.

(*Please turn to page* 104)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In presenting the new Charis Step-In as 'the foundation of a successful evening', we repeat the opinion of every young woman who wears it.
This ten-ounce miracle of figure improvement is as soft and pliant as the lovely, young figures for which it was created. Only Charis designers could embody proper control and firm support in such a wisp of tea rose cloth and net.
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The Hoodoo Fortune

(*Continued from page* 103)

In 1913, however, there had been certain definite changes in size and type!

A prominent handwriting expert—Eldridge W. Stein—was the next man to occupy the mahogany witness chair. Examining enlarged copies of the various certificates published in the Bibles, he concluded that the first certificate printed by the publishers that dovetailed perfectly in lettering and design with the Wendel-Devine document had been issued in 1913 or later. It was further noted by the handwriting expert that one of the letters on the 1913 certificate was imperfect, and, when the document submitted by Morris was subjected to close scrutiny, the identical defect was found!

Thus, the date on the all-important certificates—1876—became a subject of serious doubt. And so the printed figures—"1" and "8"—were enlarged many times their normal size. When this was done, it developed that the figure "8" was perceptibly blurred, and that it had apparently been changed to an "8" from a "9"! At any rate, it had been tampered with. This, coupled with the fact that the ring-and-bell cerificate had not existed in 1876 resulted in the foundation apparently dropping from the fabulous claim of Thomas Patrick Morris.

And so you now have all of the evidence. What is your verdict?

Thomas Patrick Morris is, by his own admission, a simple, uneducated man, something that no one will doubt. Could a man of his type have been capable of perpetrating a gigantic hoax? If Thomas Patrick did not tell the truth, how can you explain away his astonishing resemblance to the man he claims is his father?

Is it possible that some master mind, with a real or fancied grievance against Wendel, conceived and executed a staggering hoax, singling out Morris because of his resemblance to the deceased man of mystery? However, if that is so, would it not be a strange coincidence that Thomas Patrick turned out to be such an accomplished actor?

Who prepared the false marriage certificate? Has Thomas Patrick's claim any basis, now that the certificate has been proved false? Is it not possible that some well-meaning person provided this false bit of evidence to sustain a claim that they knew to be genuine, but difficult of proof? What about the death-bed statement of old Mrs. Morris, and the testimony of Wendel's nurse, bearing out the story of Thomas Patrick?

Who wrote the statement and will in "The Fall of Phalsburg?" Obviously, some one who was well acquainted with the Wendel family, for the writing shows considerale knowledge of the affair of that family—far more knowledge than a man like Thomas Patrick would ordinarily have.

How do you cast your ballot?

The verdict of the surrogate was to disallow the claim of Thomas Patrick Morris. Not only that, but Thomas Patrick was thrown in jail, pending further investigation of one of the strangest stories of the 20th century.

The Murder of an Author

(*Continued from page* 61)

He had frequently sworn revenge since his release.

Examination showed the following facts about these men: Osterman and Burke had been sitting in a conference in an uptown speakeasy until 1:30 A. M. when they had gone to their homes. Both lived alone, and swore that they had gone to bed at once.

Anderson had spent a hilarious evening with a group of men and women of his own type, returning at about 2:00. He, too, had no alibi for the rest of the night.

Morrison, as stated, left Twyning at 11:30. He had walked about, he said, worrying over his debt, and then gone to his own rooms. He wasn't sure of the time, but imagined it was before midnight.

It was Miss Collum herself, after having had her own finger-prints taken to be identified as the ones on the telephone, who pointed out the fact that established the guilt of the one man of the four who committed the murder. Which one was it?

EDITOR'S NOTE: **When sending solution, do not forget to include your street address!**

Solution to "Death of a Bridge Expert"

MRS. JAMES shot Clarke Stillbury. If you study the suicide note and the note to her, you will observe that the signatures in each are *exactly* alike. Now no man ever writes his own name twice in exactly the same way; it is clear then that the signature must be a tracing. Closer study will show that all the words in the suicide note are in the note to Mrs. James, and comparison will show that they, too, are exactly alike.

Obviously, then, the suicide note was faked. Mrs. James must have seen her opportunity when she received the note from Stillbury, gone to his house at some time before 11:30, shot him, and then prepared the note with Stillbury's own pen. She then must have put his finger-prints on the gun. The check and cigarette stub she undoubtedly noticed and left untouched, hoping that they would prove evidence against other people. She waited till just after 11:30 and then called the police.

Later developments showed this to be true. Mrs. James had been paying heavy blackmail to Stillbury under the guise of taking bridge lessons from him; at last, for fear of exposure, being unable to satisfy his demands, she resorted to the desperate measure of killing her enemy.

Other Correct Solutions to February Puzzle Sent By:

D. H. Lawson, Hampton, Virginia
Mrs. A. B. Gwin, Tucson, Arizona

The March winner will be announced in the May issue. Watch for the next Crime Puzzle in the May issue of this magazine, on sale April 8, 1933.

Woman with a Past

(*Continued from page* 35)

two-handed bridge in the captain's office, came on the run. Dennis gave the driver his orders as they tumbled into the car. Two minutes later the powerful car had cleared the business section and purred softly through the night at fifty miles an hour. Only occasionally was it necessary to use the siren. People were staying at home. The streets were almost deserted.

Everybody on the force knew what an alarm from the Lownes house meant. Everybody knew about Mrs. Lownes' diamonds. They were famous and worth a hundred thousand dollars. The aged woman insisted upon keeping her jewelry in an antiquated wall safe in the room in which she slept and spent most of her waking hours. Her bankers and lawyers had advised and pleaded with her, almost with tears in their eyes, but to no avail. She had the simple faith of those of advanced years with whom the world has dealt kindly.

Dutch Schaffer, the driver, switched off the lights as they turned into Park Avenue, and two blocks farther on the car slid silently to a stop in the shadows of some trees. There was a nearly-full moon.

"You stay in the car, Dutch," ordered Dennis.

Dennis and Danny ran silently, keeping in the shadows as much as possible. Baldy took another route that would bring him to the rear of the Lownes' house. Dennis and Danny, still hugging the shadows, worked their way across the lawn toward the big white house, two sides of which were bathed in light, one from the moon, the other from the street lamp on the corner.

The house was dark, except for a fringe of light around the drawn shade of an upstairs window. That was Mrs. Lownes' room, Dennis knew, and the room in which the hold-up was being staged unless it was all over.

Dennis and Danny tried the front door. It did not yield. A giant could not have broken down the massive, iron-studded, oak front door of the Lownes house. They found the grade door that led to the old carriage drive locked also. They could have forced that with their combined weight, but the noise would have given the alarm to the intruders, and Baldy could watch only two sides of the house from his station among the bushes in the rear.

If they couldn't find a window open, better stand guard and wait for the squad car, which Dennis had left orders to have follow them in five minutes. One after another they tried the windows on the two sides of the house that lay in the shadow. All were locked.

Dennis withdrew twenty yards from the house and looked it over. "I'm going up that porch pillar," he told Danny, and proceeded to remove his overcoat and shoes. "If I can get over the coping I'll be all right. If anybody hops out, grab 'em, or if they won't stop let 'em have it."

DANNY picked a spot where he could see the two shaded sides of the house and took up his watch there. He could see Dennis, like an old-time sailor, shinnying up the porch pillar. Danny held his breath when Dennis reached the top.

(*Please turn to page* 106)

HOW often you've seen it happen! A man meets a stunning looking girl. He says to himself, *"Beautiful!"*

He dances with her . . . and says to himself as he turns away, *"Cheap!"*

Nothing so surely and quickly marks a girl down in the estimation of a man, as the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

And this form of personal neglect is all the more inexcusable because it is so easy to keep the underarms fresh, free from the slightest trace of odor. With Mum!

Mum is a fragrant snowy cream which gives all-day or all-evening protection. Half a minute is all you need to apply Mum. No fuss, no time wasted.

You can use Mum any time—when dressing or afterwards. It makes no difference, for Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing.

And it's soothing to the skin—so soothing you can even use it right after shaving the underarms. Remember, too, Mum does not interfere with natural perspiration.

Another thing women like Mum for is to remove clinging odors of onions, fish or dry cleaner from the hands.

Don't risk *your* popularity. Make sure that underarm odor can never be detected on *your* person. Be safe with Mum! 35c and 60c at all toilet counters. The Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

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WOMEN ARE GRATEFUL FOR THIS, TOO. Mum is a wonderful deodorant for sanitary napkins. Enjoy its protection in this way.

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FOR personal hygiene for women the Lotus & Lotiris combination package is the last word in Feminine Daintiness at no extra cost to you.

In each package of Lotus Sanitary Napkins there is an envelope of Lotiris Deodorant—sufficient for dusting on sanitary napkins.

Also in each package is a circular giving full particulars of the numerous uses of Lotiris for Personal Hygiene.

Lotus Sanitary Napkins are the same high quality made under the most sanitary conditions.

With Lotus and Lotiris you have the utmost in sanitary protection.

6 LOTUS SANITARY NAPKINS 10¢

15¢ in the far West and Canada

SOLD BY
F.W. WOOLWORTH CO.

Woman with a Past

(*Continued from page 105*)

To get hold of the cornice he would have to let go with both hands and grab for it as he fell backward. There was a rock garden below. If he missed it would mean a headlong plunge of twenty-five feet into the jagged rocks—it would be just too bad!

Dennis calculated his distance carefully and let go. One hand, numb with cold, slipped but the other held the cornice. He rested a moment, then swung clear of the pillar, drew his weight up with his arms and scrambled onto the porch roof. Danny breathed a sigh of relief.

Dennis crept close to the window, from around which the light came, and listened. To his surprise he heard women's voices, but no man's. One, he knew, was the voice of old Mrs. Lownes. The other, evidently, was a younger woman. Dennis placed his ear against the glass.

"What next?" asked the younger voice.

"Left to sixty-two."

"All right, now what?"

"Right to eighteen, and that's all."

The sharp click of a turned handle, and a creak of hinges.

"Now just keep your hands up and keep still and you won't get hurt," said the younger voice.

Time to do something! Dennis could see that the lock, where the two sashes of the window came together, was unfastened. He would have to act quickly. With his right hand he slipped his automatic out of his pocket—the hand and the revolver which, it was said, never missed in an emergency.

With his left hand he seized the crossbar of the lower window sash and pulled upward with all his strength. It banged open, and with a bound he was in the room.

Old Mrs. Lownes was standing facing him, clad in a voluminous flannel nightgown, her wrinkled hands held high above her snow-white head. Covering her with a revolver, a much younger woman knelt before the wall-safe, the door of which stood open. Even as Dennis entered the room, with her free hand she reached into the safe.

Like a flash she swung the gun toward Dennis. There was a flash and a report, and the revolver dropped from her hand. In amazement, more than fear, she looked at the black hole through her hand, from which the blood first dripped and then ran in a stream.

"Keep 'em up!" Dennis ordered as he retrieved her revolver from the carpet and put it in his pocket. Deftly he searched her. There was no other weapon.

"Anybody with you?" he asked.

"No. Nobody."

Her eyes met his squarely, a little mockingly. He knew she had told the truth.

"Anybody else in the house?" he asked.

"She locked the servants in the cellar," came the quavering old voice of Mrs. Lownes.

"Solo job, eh?"

"Yes," said the young woman.

"How'd you get in?"

"Would you like to know?"

"All right, let's go!" Dennis motioned toward the door; then with one leap she disappeared through the window, with Dennis at her heels. When he reached the roof of the porch she was halfway down to the ground, swinging hand over hand like a monkey, down the dead vines that had grown over a trellis that covered a window below.

"Stop!" Dennis called.

She did not stop.

Slowly, deliberately, Dennis raised his gun and fired twice.

He could not see, but heard her strike the ground with a thud.

Danny came running, his flashlight piercing the darkness. On three sides of where the girl had dropped to the ground were shrubs, on the fourth the house. She had disappeared. The squad car skidded up to the curb and six men came hurrying across the lawn.

"Spread out. Surround the house," ordered Sergeant Carey, in charge.

Dennis, unable to swing from the cornice back to the pillar of the porch, had gone back in through the window, and presently appeared at the front door with the badly frightened servants he had found locked in the cellar. One, the butler, had escaped through a window, and he it was who had turned in the alarm.

For half an hour the officers searched the grounds in vain. Sergeant Carey drew Dennis to one side. "Are you sure it was a woman?" he asked.

"Yes, I stood only a few feet from her and talked to her; and I had to nick her hand to make her drop the gun."

"The footprints where she dropped don't look like anything human," said Sergeant Carey. "Look like they were made with two round discs, a large one for the sole and a small one for the heel.

"And, I remember now," he went on, excitedly, "about ten years ago a woman pulled a lot of jobs like this in Detroit, and she had some kind of false soles on her shoes that left marks that were awful hard to follow. She was smooth. They never did get her, although a dozen people saw her and she was shot at several times.

"You don't reckon, do you, Dennis, that it could be the same one turned up again?"

"It don't seem likely, if she hasn't been heard from for ten years. Of course, that was before my time. What did they call her?"

"Milwaukee Maggie. She was smooth. They were on the lookout for her all over the country but never got her. Anyhow, if they did it was under some name that the Detroit police never connected with the same woman they were after. Finger-print records in those days weren't what they are now. By the way, can we get any prints?"

"No, she had on gloves," said Dennis.

"It's funny," said Sergeant Carey, "that after all these years she should show up again, or maybe it's some other woman who's read about her and is trying the same methods."

"She'd be pretty old now, wouldn't she?" asked Dennis.

"No," said the sergeant, "she was just a kid then, not more'n eighteen or nineteen. She was a little thing, and dark, as near as anybody could tell—but, of course, she might have worn false hair; nobody ever got a real good look at her."

They searched the grounds for another hour without success, then Sergeant Carey and Dennis agreed that they might as well give it up till daylight, leaving only guards around the grounds.

Woman with a Past

"Are you sure you missed those two shots from the roof of the porch?" asked Sergeant Carey.

"Don't look like I could, but she got away," said Dennis.

"She must have been quicker'n a cat to give you the slip through the window that way."

"She was, but I haven't any alibi. It was a fool thing to do, letting her get near the open window, but I didn't think about any way to get off the porch except jump, and no sane person would do that because they would be sure to break a leg or worse.

"Anyhow, she's gone, and I'll take the blame. It ought to have been an easy shot from the roof of the porch, but I missed. I missed twice. I haven't any alibi."

"Don't feel bad about it, Denny," said Sergeant Carey consolingly. "It's hard shooting straight in the moonlight. I couldn't hit that house there in light like this. Anyhow, you probably nicked her, and we'll find her under the bushes somewhere when it gets light."

"Probably chilled to death," suggested Danny.

"Maybe," said Dennis.

A thorough search of the grounds at daylight failed to bring forth the bandit. Blood was found on the ground under the window, and on some leaves at a considerable distance, but there the trail was lost. That might have been from the wound in the woman's hand. There was nothing to indicate that Dennis had not missed both shots from the roof.

A NET was spread, but a week passed, and then a month, and no woman answering Dennis' description was reported from any city. Dennis became silent and moody. His associates kidded him about being lonesome. His wife had gone back to Ohio to visit her folks, he said.

Still another month passed and Dennis became morose. It became rumored about that he and Mary had had trouble, and she had left him. She had not returned. His friends no longer kidded him. They were kind and sympathetic.

Early in March he asked for a leave of absence. He was not well, he said, and the doctor had recommended a rest. His face was thin and drawn, and he had lost weight. The leave was granted.

"Sure, Denny, you go ahead," said Chief Callaghan. "I've been watching you and you've been off your feed ever since you stopped that Lownes robbery."

"And missed two dead-easy shots," said Dennis with a note of sarcasm.

"Is that what's eating you?" asked Chief Callaghan. "Say, listen, lad, I know you took pride in your reputation as a crack shot, but it's nothin' to feel bad about. Anyhow, you saved the old woman's diamonds for her, and that was more than she deserved. And I'm kind of glad you did miss. No man on my force ever has shot a woman—except when you nicked that one in the hand—and I'm kind of glad they ain't."

"You understand then, chief?" Dennis asked.

"Sure my boy," Chief Callaghan patted him on the shoulder in a fatherly manner. "You go ahead and take as long as you like. Goin' back where

(*Please turn to page* 108)

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INSTANT ODO-RO-NO is for quick use—while dressing or at any time. 1 to 3 days' protection. 35¢, 60¢, $1—with applicator.

ODO·RO·NO

Woman with a Past

(*Continued from page* 107)

your wife is, I suppose?" There was more of a question in the chief's eyes than in his voice.

"Yes."

"That's good; and I hope her mother's better by this time."

"Thanks, chief."

At the end of two months a telegram came from Dennis from a city on the West Coast, asking for an extension of his leave of absence. He never was heard from after that. His disappearance was complete, and without a trace. Like all unsolved mysteries, his case was soon forgotten.

Ed Worth and I are the only two men who knew Detective Dennis Ryan who know where he is now, or what happened in his apartment the morning after the attempted robbery at the Lownes house; and Ed and I are keeping our mouths shut, except that we are giving the story to you in confidence.

DENNIS went home at six o'clock the morning after the robbery. A light glowed under the door. He took out his latch key and let himself in. Mary was fully dressed. In the middle of the floor stood two suitcases, packed.

"Going somewhere?" asked Dennis, nonchalantly.

"Yes, I think I'd better. Don't you?"

"Yes." His voice was cold, emotionless.

She studied his dark eyes but could not read them. Her lips trembled a little.

Dennis began throwing his things out of the dresser drawers.

"You going somewhere, too?" Mary asked.

"Yes."

"Where, may I ask?"

"With you."

"No, you can't."

"Why not?"

"You know that would be fatal."

"I guess you're right." He hesitated. "You're smarter than I am."

"No, you stay awhile and I'll go on, Denny." Tears were in her eyes now. "Then I'll meet you later anywhere you say."

"You expect me to go on after this?" he asked coldly.

"Maybe not, Denny." She tried to be brave. "I suppose not."

He gripped her firmly by the shoulders and looked long into her eyes.

"God, how I love you!" he said. "But you couldn't go on being square."

"I can now, Denny. Honest I will."

"That's what you said before."

"I know, and I did for eight years, but I'm cured now, Denny."

"I'm not so sure."

"I am. Tonight—we might have killed each other," she shuddered.

Slowly, he shook his head. "I took you for whatever you were, and I knew what you were. I'll stick." He folded her close in his arms. Then he held her back and said:

"Let's see the hand. We've got to do something about that before infection sets in."

"It's clean. I burned it out with caustic." She unwrapped a handkerchief from her right hand, in the middle of the palm of which was a black hole.

The Black Box

(*Continued from page* 48)

collection in Harrell's pocket.

Harrell produced the leather case. "Do you recognize this?"

"It's his," the girl replied. She was ill with shock, but mastering her nerves. "Mr. Farquarson always carried precious stones about in it. He was an authority and a collector."

"It was found in my cab. He must have dropped it, getting out. He was in a hurry."

"He had an appointment," she said in an incredulous tone. "I just finished typing the manuscript of an historical article. The publisher of the *Gem World Quarterly* is to pick up the manuscript this afternoon on his way from the office."

Harrell strode into the room, avid of gaze. "Do you know the dagger?"

"It was always on the desk for a paper-weight."

"What about these emeralds?"

"They were—oh, please!" she pleaded. "Leave things as they are. The police must take charge. Come out of the room."

Harrell looked at her, then grunted and acceded to the request. She closed the door, and he started down the stairs.

Half-way down, Harrell stopped with a start; then made a sudden leap to the bottom of the flight. In a plunging tackle he made for a man who emerged furtively from the rear of the house and was scurrying for the street door. The man turned at bay as they grappled. They hit the floor heavily, and rolled over with the momentum of the charge. The unknown, a powerful young man, cursed and struck fiercely at Harrell. Without a sound Harrell fought back, deliberately and expertly.

Suddenly, the man cried out and lay still. Harrell had him helpless by an unshakeable grip on one twisted arm.

Harrell smiled grimly. "Sorry! But such haste is out of order in the neighborhood of a murder. Who are you?"

The young man, keen-eyed and quick-witted, handsome in a reckless, firm-jawed sort of way, stared with livid hatred. He glanced once at the girl. He snarled, "I think it's none of your damned business! Let me up."

"Perhaps," Harrell amended, "I'd better tie you up."

To this the girl gave unexpected reply.

"Let him up," she said in a tragic, hopeless voice. "It's all right. I'll answer for him."

HARRELL looked at her. He uttered a grunt of surprise and mystification. Slowly he released the prisoner. The young man got up, arranging his clothing. He lighted a cigarette, suddenly ignoring them.

The girl looked at him with stark eyes. "What were you doing, Alan?" She added in stunned accusation, "Alan

—you were hiding, weren't you?"

He gave her a slow look. "Well? With *that* upstairs?"

"You hid from me!"

"No—from this Flying Dutchman. He arrived before I could get out of here."

"But, Alan—oh, I don't understand!"

Beneath the keen, bright hardness of his eyes there was sudden pain. Between them there was an invisible flow of emotion, deep and overpowering. He touched her, gripped her arm hard. "Don't worry," he said, a little husky. "It's all right. But keep quiet. Let me talk for myself. Understand?"

But she could only shake her head in negation, mutely suffering.

It was not for the police that the door first opened. The girl answered the ring, and a short, broad-bodied, dark-eyed and widely smirking man bowed in the doorway and entered. He was bright and oily and a little fawning in manner, and his glance at the two men was suavely eager and ingratiating. He wore a large diamond in his cravat and a ruby on one finger, and beneath one arm he carried a packet of manuscript and a couple of small packages.

"How are you, Miss Paula?" he inquired unctuously. "I was once here, already, but no one was at home. And you, McAlister?" with a bow to the young man. His gaze passed curiously over Harrell and ignored him. He felt the tension in the room. "And your worthy employer, Miss Paula? Is my esteemed friend waiting upstairs?"

"He is."

"I may go up?"

"No—not yet, Mr. Paleologue."

He waited, politely puzzled.

She said tragically, "We are expecting the police!"

Alan McAlister flatly and emphatically denied any part in the crime, any knowledge of its commission. He was in a bad position to claim such wholesale innocence, and his reckless, defiant story invited disbelief. He was, he explained, a seafaring man—and here Mark Harrell pricked up his ears. McAllister's ship, the *Chandra Mogul*, on which he was second assistant engineer, now lay in the Erie Basin, fresh from the Far East. He was well acquainted with the dead man, and called this afternoon on a matter of business. Farquarson's secretary and his publisher both could attest to the relationship.

"What sort of business?" he was suspiciously asked.

"Private and confidential. Nobody but myself knows the details now. And I'm keeping them to myself."

DUE to its unique nature, the supervision of a specialist was deemed advisable for the case. Inspector De Lacy, the Department's authority on gems, sped up from Headquarters and assumed charge.

Fergus Farquarson, it appeared, was a man of considerable fortune who pursued the curious career of free-lance speculator and trader in precious stones, and combined with it the fervor of the amateur collector. His large capital enabled him to handle items of great rarity and beauty, and his erudition and oracular judgment gave him prestige that was recognized in all the jewel marts of Europe. In the last few

(*Please turn to page* 110)

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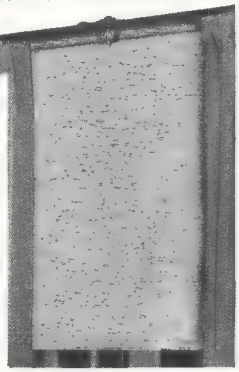

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PROVIDENCE

The Black Box

(*Continued from page 109*)

years the bottom had fallen out of the world market in precious stones, and Farquarson had turned more of his attention to the historical and antiquarian aspect of his profession. The article he had prepared for the *Quarterly*, which now lay on his desk ready for publication, was the result of recent untiring research.

"I have examined it already," the owner of the *Quarterly*, Paul Paleologue, explained to the police, not without some anxious perspiration. "I returned it to him with suggestions for revision. The final draft was to be ready this afternoon. It was to be a sensational article, of the very highest historical importance."

"What about?" De Lacy growled.

Paleologue moistened dry lips. "It was about the lost emeralds, the famous, so-called 'Four Brothers' originally belonging to Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy.

"The 'Four Brothers' came into being in the most brilliant court Europe ever knew, that of Charles, last Duke of Burgundy. They were set in a gorgeous pendant of wonderfully wrought gold, studded with diamonds, and they were grouped around and further set off by a great yellow diamond.

"They vanished completely into the mists of history. For three hundred years there has been no word of them but occasional unfounded rumor. They have been a tragic loss to our entire European culture."

"ALL of which is very instructive," De Lacy commented sarcastically. "But what has it to do with Farquarson's death."

Paleologue's hands flew wide in instant disavowal. "I do not know, my dear Inspector! But it may be of paramount importance. Because Farquarson's article announces the rediscovery of the 'Four Brothers.'"

"Do you know the identity of this person?"

"I do not."

De Lacy's gaze was dagger-sharp. "But you suspect?"

Paleologue shrugged simply. "As a student and a lover of gems, I know only one man with the means and the genius to restore the 'Four Brothers' to the world—the only man capable of preparing such an article as Mr. Farquarson has written for the *Quarterly*."

The situation within the household at this time offered nothing helpful. The formal mistress of the household, Farquarson's wife, was abroad on one of her frequent trips to the baths at Vichy. There were no servants, for Farquarson neither dined at home nor entertained, and expected soon to go abroad himself. Paula supervised the work of a woman who came daily and departed as soon as the house was set to rights. Paula lived with her mother and sister in a small apartment near by, and responded to the calls of her eccentric employer at all hours. She was reporting to him late this afternoon in accordance with his instructions.

De Lacy finally turned his attention to Alan McAlister, and there was a baleful look in his eye.

"It seems as if our reckoning must be with you, my lad. Everyone else has a story that isn't an insult to the intelligence, at least. You seem to be proceeding on the theory that the police are totally paralyzed in the region immediately above the ears!"

"A matter of opinion," said McAlister. "Start your reckoning."

"You have said you came here and found the street door unlocked. Is that correct?"

"It is."

"What time was that?"

"Just before the cab driver got here. About a quarter of five."

"You lie!" snapped De Lacy. "The door was *not* unlocked. We know Paleologue called here before you came, at 4:30, and he found the door locked."

McAlister shrugged. "What of it? Farquarson himself probably left the door open. He must have come in a little after 4:30, after Paleologue called."

DE LACY subsided a moment in glowering bafflement. He ended it with a curt decision.

"Sergeant," he ordered preemptorily of a subordinate, "search everyone here. Lay out all their belongings in plain sight. I want to have a look at them."

It was a strange lot of objects the officer assembled on the table in the death room. Nothing among them was patently suspicious. Of the men, Harrell's and McAlister's things were plain and practical; Paleologue's were Oriental in richness, from a platinum cigarette case with monogram inset in small rubies to a gold-mounted fountain pen. Paleologue's packages were opened also, uncovering several manuscripts, a book on Saracen silverwork, and a small Chinese reliquary of silver intricately inlaid with ivory.

De Lacy pawed over these things, giving no hint of his object. But he had a house-key in his hand. He looked among McAlister's things, picked up a key, and compared it with the key in his possession. The two were similar.

"So the door was unlocked!" De Lacy drawled evilly. He barked, "I fail to see how that could be of any consequence to you, McAlister, since you have the exact mate to Farquarson's own house-key!"

McAllister glared, but apparently could form no adequate reply. His eyes burned with fury and desperation.

Paula Barron suddenly rose from where she had been seated like a waxed figure.

"The key is mine!" she declared recklessly. "I gave it to him. He came secretly to see me!"

De Lacy drove at her with, "You are intimately acquainted? Then you can tell me this? What is the nature of this business with Farquarson?"

The girl swallowed painfully. "I do not know. I was never told that."

"You're lying!" De Lacy thundered. "By God, I'll send you up with him as an accomplice!"

"Wait a minute, swab!" McAlister cut in, striking the table a blow. "Lay off that girl! Go to work on me. I'll take all you've got. You're trying to stick a murder on me—well, keep on trying! Find your motive, dig up your evidence, produce your eye witness—do your shouting after that!"

DE Lacy looked at the man in evident annoyance and contempt. But Mark Harrell caught the officer's eye and said, "If you're sufficiently interested, I think we can corroborate certain details of my story, Inspector."

"What, for instance?"

The Black Box

"The exact moment of Farquarson's arrival here. By asking the passengers I picked up half a block away. They'll know."

"You mean," said De Lacy with heavy irony, "you pick up a hail on the street, drop your passengers at Penn Station—and expect ever to see them again?"

"Why not? I know the names. They caught a 4:40 train. They are Long Island suburbanites. Look up the time tables, find a 4:40 train, and the towns it passed through. Look up the telephone directories for those towns. Call all the Ellery Frazers listed. There won't be many. The old boy was standing on the curb, watch in hand. He'll tell you to the second when my cab stopped in this block."

"Huh!" snorted De Lacy. He was reluctantly impressed. He turned abruptly to the sergeant. "Get McLean on the wire at Headquarters. Explain that to him. Have it done immediately."

Harrell, trading on this slight increase in official favor, said, "Inspector, I'd like to ask an impertinent question."

"Go ahead."

"It's this. Are those four emeralds —genuine?"

De Lacy's eyes suddenly burned with a dozen mingled emotions, among them suspicion and guile and, oddly enough, respect. "How did you guess that? What do you know about emeralds?"

"Not a great deal. But I'm a seafaring man. There's always a brisk, illicit traffic in diamonds between one country and another; new stones smuggled in, stolen ones shipped out. I had no knowledge about these emeralds—but it occurred to me to ask."

De Lacy dryly tossed the glittering green stones on the table.

"Pretty!" he said. "But frauds. Those are expert jobs, but no 'Four Brothers'."

Paleologue moaned, sick to his very soul.

Mark Harrell smiled slightly and launched—somewhat irrelevantly—into a story.

"There is a little place called Voyostova, south of Vladivostok on the Siberian coast, where I first learned something about emeralds," he said. "We had put in to pick up furs, and we found it a cold, cheerless place, far away from the revolution but full of fear of its ultimate arrival. I'd never even remember its name today, if I hadn't made the acquaintance of a young Russian woman there I'll never quite be able to forget."

They listened, coldly unsympathetic but curiously attentive. The story was irrelevant, but the man was not.

"She was a woman whose high birth was evident, though she wore peasant dress and tried to disguise her dark Russian beauty. She was alone and friendless among hostile and suspicious people, and she had no means of getting away.

"She could not go away with me on my ship—but I could come back. She gave me certain jewels, including an emerald necklace, which I was to deliver to parties in Marseilles who would, by some secret means, be informed of my coming. They would dispose of them, and in some underground way provide for her escape.

"I came back—five months later. There was no trace. I did not even

(*Please turn to page* 112)

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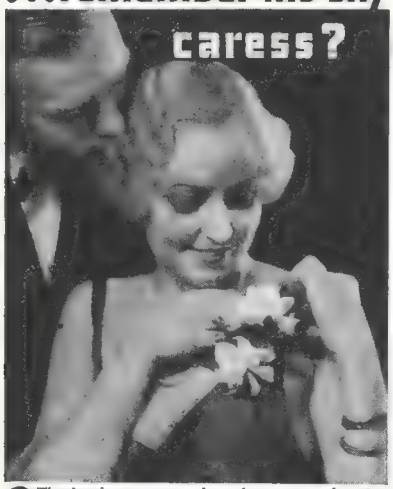

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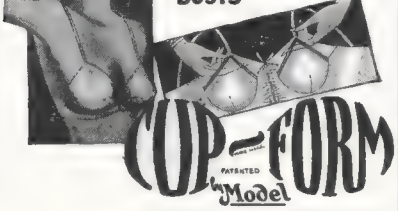

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The Black Box

(*Continued from page* 111)

know her real name. Meantime the revolution had come. There had been a battle, a massacre. Half the town lay in ashes under the melting snows of Spring. The house she had occupied was in the center of the devastated area. I never saw her again."

A telephone rang somewhere. Harrell listened. A policeman talked murmurously, then stopped. In a second, he entered and presented a slip of paper to Inspector De Lacy. De Lacy glanced over it and handed it to Harrell without comment.

Harrell smiled dryly. "'Mr. Ellery Frazer'," he read aloud, "'of Covington, Long Island, questioned, stated he hailed cab proceeding in southerly direction on West End Avenue at exactly 4:24 P. M. this date, and discharged same at 4:38 in Pennsylvania Station'."

"Do?" snorted De Lacy.

"Which fully supports my story," said Harrell, "and also a certain curious fact. We find that Farquarson, expecting an important visitor, arrived here *before* 4:30. Paleologue called here, he says, several minutes later, exactly *at* 4:30—and no one was home! Somebody is—mistaken!"

HARRELL suddenly reached out on the table and snatched up the Chinese reliquary of silver and ivory, almost out of Paleologue's hands.

"I omitted one detail from my Siberian story. I hesitated to include it. It might have proved embarrassing to certain parties present. But out East, you see, these elaborately decorated boxes are highly useful and not at all uncommon. As it happens, it was just such a contraption as this I made use of to carry out of Siberia a fortune in emeralds. In this manner!" He gave the ornate, circular case a deft, practiced wrench, and the bottom, secretly detachable, came free from the box proper.

And out of the box and over the table rattled four brilliant green stones of enormous size, curious intricate cutting, and incomparable splendor—a splendor that quite dimmed the glitter of the synthetic counterfeits.

"The authentic 'Four Brothers,' of Charles the Bold!" said Harrell.

He leaned over the table.

"Paleologue, I'll charge you with the murder of Fergus Farquarson! And with the theft of the emeralds—for which you substituted imitations brought here in premeditation of crime. And with conspiracy, too, if necessary—in planting false evidence tending to incriminate an innocent man!"

Paleologue almost burst with incontinent rage. He was on his feet, purple of face, screaming obscene, unintelligible denial.

Suddenly the wiry form of Inspector De Lacy dived across the table and grappled with Paleologue's right wrist. In the latter's hand, whipped from concealment in his coat sleeve, was a lean, deadly knife.

The knife clattered to the table, and Paleologue, with a quick, sharp cry, collapsed under the policeman's overpowering strength. There was a click of handcuffs.

The mystery unraveled with tragic simplicity when Inspector De Lacy looked into the last few details. Paleologue, a shady figure of sinister repute in the gem world, had gone clean out of his mind with covetousness when he learned of the presence of the "Four Brothers" in America and of Farquarson's ultimate plan to bequeath them to the Metropolitan Museum of Art on his demise. The secrecy necessarily surrounding the emeralds favored his evil designs. He had delayed acceptance of Farquarson's article on one pretext or another until he had time to acquaint himself with a full description of the gems and to prepare synthetic counterfeits.

It was no secret that Farquarson possessed the genuine "Four Brothers," although the fact was tacitly ignored. Doubtless, Paleologue would have preferred stealthy substitution, but there was no possible chance for that. In a moment of desperate passion, he planned the death that permitted him to gain possession of the historic emeralds. The wreckage of the room and the loot in the handkerchief were false clues planted after the crime.

"That magazine of his is fairly recent and merely a blind," said De Lacy. "I knew of him before. But he never did anything openly illegal. He was always far too clever."

Alan McAlister's suspicious presence on the scene was entirely blameless. He had, as Harrell guessed, smuggled the emeralds for the wealthy collector. It was an adventure scarcely to be branded as criminal. Any attempt to acquire them through customary channels was sure to result in confiscation by the Soviets. In the course of the prolonged preparation for the coup, he met Paula Barron, and the two handsome young people fell headlong in love.

McAlister had arrived, admitted himself to the house, and discovered the murder. He attempted flight on the instant, and had the misfortune to be trapped by Harrell. For his quixotic refusal to talk he had excellent reason.

"The worst isn't over yet," he told Harrell later in dogged pessimism. "You cleared me of murder. But you're a seagoing man; you know what I'm up against now. Conviction of smuggling, violation of the U. S. Customs. Prison maybe—cancellation of my license!"

Paula Barron, firmly at his side, was fiercely, anxiously defiant. "Let them prove it! It's all hearsay, so far as they're concerned. No one saw you smuggle the emeralds. Don't admit another thing to anybody about them!"

"On the contrary," Harrell drawled, grinning a little. "I'd advise you to admit everything. It will simplify matters."

They stared blankly at him.

He explained, "The 'Four Brothers' are now going to the Museum of Art. The trustees of the museum, by the mere fact of acceptance of the bequest, will establish the stones in the class of precious antiquities. And maybe you'll remember that antiquities and objects of art over a hundred years old are specifically exempt by the Government from any and all impost and duty. Son, you're no more a smuggler than your loyal and lovely accomplice!"

His accomplice quickly looked up at him. "Oh—my darling!" she said.

Alan McAlister was immediately thereafter unable to say anything. And Mark Harrell, whistling softly to himself, thought it just as well at that moment to wander off elsewhere.

In the New MOVIE ALBUM

Photos of the STARS, STIRRING SCENES from their FAVORITE FILMS

Do you remember Richard Dix in that great picture, "Cimarron"? Did you see that other famous Richard—Dick Barthelmess—fly in "The Dawn Patrol"? If you saw "Anna Christie," will you ever forget the thrill of hearing Greta Garbo speak? You'll do a lot of remembering as you turn the pages of The New Movie Album. Besides the many unusual photographs, it shows you a dramatic moment in each star's favorite rôle.

Canadian Orders 15c

TOWER BOOKS
Incorporated
55 Fifth Ave.
New York

$50,000

(*Continued from page* 42)

stared at the man as he stepped down from his driver's seat, and held open the door for her to alight. Dumbly, she sat beside him as he started the car again, and with a cautious glance around him drove off.

They drove several blocks in silence. If anyone had been following them, they were certainly not in sight now. Slowly, Bonnie Dent's mind began to function. In a moment of panic she exclaimed, "What have you done to——"

Cartwright hastened to answer. "Dicky's all right. When we're through with this talk, I'll give you the key to my car, which you'll find parked behind the hotel—with Dicky curled upon the floor in the rear, undamaged—except for a slight lump on his head, which won't amount to anything more than a headache," he added, in answer to her look of alarm.

Again a silence, with Bonnie Dent vainly trying to adjust herself to this startling situation.

"Who are you?" she exclaimed at last. "How do you know my baby's kidnaped. Nobody knows I have a baby. Nobody even knows that I'm married. Why should I think you're a friend?" she finished, on a rising note of hysteria.

For answer, the Honorable Cecil reached into his pocket and withdrew a fat, square envelope and from this drew out a sheaf of onion-skin sheets covered with a fine handwriting which he showed to her by the faint light of the side brackets.

"In private life, Miss Dent," he said calmly, "you are Mrs. Richard Springer of Kew Terrace, Long Island, where you have a little hide-away home and where, until eleven days ago, you had a two-year-old baby daughter, Kathryn. In broad daylight, kidnapers took the child from a crib on the sun-porch. You've had no word since. You daren't go to the police. Your motion picture contract includes a clause in which you promise not to marry—for the duration. You're afraid of losing that contract. Right?"

"Yes," returned Bonnie Dent, breathlessly, "but how——"

"Never mind how I know. I couldn't tell you myself," he interrupted bitterly. "Now, listen, I'll get your baby back for you."

She started, looking at him suspiciously.

He interpreted her look, and exclaimed impatiently.

"What's it matter where the help comes from? You'll do anything to get your baby back, won't you?"

"Yes." The answer was drawn unhesitatingly from her.

"Then, there's no time to lose. The men who have your baby will stop at nothing, you know that! Now—" intent and speaking rapidly—"have you received any message from the kidnapers?"

She hesitated only a moment, then drew a folded slip of ruled paper from a hiding-place in her gown, and thrust it into his hand.

"A ransom demand?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Before I read it," he continued, his hand closing around the missive, "how did it get to you?"

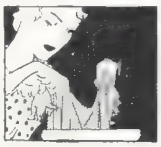
"It was in my purse yesterday afternoon. I left it in the car and when I

(*Please turn to page* 114)

Underthings Tinted This New Way DON'T FADE

Color Holds Through 25 Washings!

And more! Hundreds of women report that just one dip in the rinse with the new Instant RIT imparts a lovely alluring color that stays fresh and true as long as the garment lasts.



1. Drop Instant Rit powder wafer in the rinse water. Dissolves completely in 40 seconds.

2. Not just a surface dye. Rit penetrates the fabric . . . dyeing every thread through and through.

3. That's why Instant Rit gives truer, evener color than any other package dye . . . lasts much longer.

New Instant Rit
Dissolves Immediately (like lump sugar)

This wonderful new Instant RIT dissolves in 40 seconds, like lump sugar—and dyes perfect, absolutely fast colors! So easy—you simply can't have a failure! A special new ingredient prevents streaking and spotting... gives truer, evener color than any other package dye... lasts much longer. New *concentrated* RIT is more economical—dyes twice the amount of material.

For lace-trimmed lingerie, use RIT Silk Tints—in the green box. It dyes the silk but not the lace. For tailored lingerie, use Instant RIT—in the orange box. All desired colors—on sale everywhere.

Now you can match any color with RIT color combination chart. See it at your dealer's or write for free copy. See also the RIT color card with its 33 smart colors at your dealer's. Use new Instant RIT for *everything* you'd like to have in a sparkling new color.

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You've never **TASTED NUT-MEATS** *like these*

Entirely new . . . more tender . . . crisp, tasty, delicious. Made so by new patented **NUTMASTER PROCESS** *Seals in* the full, ripe flavor of filberts, cashews, pecans, almonds, Brazils. See them toasted in pure butter before your very eyes at most Woolworth stores. Plump, tempting tidbits from world's choicest crops. Most luscious..all varieties. Ready to serve and eat . . or unsalted for salads, desserts and baking. Liberal quantity..10c.

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"TUMS" Let You Eat The Foods You Like

No longer need you pass up favorite foods for fear of acid indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach or gas. TUMS—the new candy-like antacid mints—quickly counteract excess acid, dispel gas and relieve "fussy stomach." Simply eat three or four TUMS after meals, when smoking or whenever you are distressed. They're safe, agreeable—handy to carry in pocket or purse. Get a roll today at any drug store—only 10c.

FREE Package of Nature Flower Garden Seeds—also samples of NR and TUMS—*Just send name and address, enclosing stamp, to* A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Dept. 8-D, St. Louis, Mo.

TUMS ARE ANTACID—Not a Laxative
For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative NR (Nature's Remedy). Only 25 cents. NR

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All-expense tour prices from $260 to $979 include round trip ocean passage, hotels, meals, travel in Europe, guide service, motor trips, admissions to galleries and museums—even your tips! THE TRAVEL GUILD, INC. 180 No. Michigan, Chicago 521 Fifth Ave., New York City

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• Try this amazing silver polish—Shi-Nup. Easier to use—very economical—delightfully fragrant.

10¢ Introductory Size

3 sizes, 10c, 35c, 60c.

• Ask your dealer or send 10c for introductory size. *S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Dept. ST-4 Racine, Wisconsin.*

JOHNSON'S SHI-NUP *for silver*

$50,000

(*Continued from page* 113)

came back and opened my purse, the letter was in it."

"You left your purse in the car?"

"Yes. My chauff—my husband—Dick—he's always in the front seat. He keeps an eye on my things."

He bit his lip meditatively, and then turned to inspection of the ransom note. "Important. Life or Death. Kathryn well." He looked up and was struck by the despair written in the trivial little mother's face, livid under the rouge.

He read the note to the end:

> "If you want that delivery, see me Thursday 11 P. M. Leave Long Island place at ten, follow turnpike to second gas station. Take right turn seven miles to brown barn on hill and stop at culvert with white fence. Switch lights twice. Bring packages without fail. Signed: Sam, the Snatch."

"IT'S fairly clear," he commented. "The 'Long Island place' is your Kew Terrace house, I assume, and the road directions are simple enough. 'Packages' means a sum of money. How much?"

"Fifty thousand," she breathed.

"Well?" He waited. "The appointment was for last night. Did you keep it?"

"No." Faintly.

"Why not?" he demanded sharply.

"I didn't have fifty thousand."

He gave a skeptical snort. "You mean to say——"

"I mean to say," she retorted, "that I haven't *one* thousand dollars."

It was the Honorable Cecil's turn to be astonished.

"But, what about the reports of the fabulous salary you're supposed to be making?"

She shrugged wearily. "I get my bills paid, and that's about all. The huge salary business is just a lot of publicity. What I actually get paid is less than they pay Dick for driving this car. He's the one who really pays the rent for our house in Kew Terrace."

The Honorable Cecil's surprise was genuine. "Then—then, you'll be unable to provide the ransom money?"

There was a jarring note of triumph in Bonnie Dent's quick exclamation.

"Yes. So, if it's money you're after, mister, you've been wasting your time!"

He realized that she considered him "one of them," still.

A silence, then——

"I guess I'll have to pay it for you, then," Cartwright added calmly.

"YOU!" she pitched forward in her amazement and stared into his face. *"You'll pay the ransom?"*

"I'll pay it," he went on, "if, in return, you give me your perfect cooperation, if you work with me, carrying out any directions I give you to the letter."

Bonnie Dent shook her head bewilderedly. "I know you're crazy; but I'll do anything to get my baby back. What do you want me to do?"

He gave his instructions rapidly.

On the three succeeding days—it being now Thursday—she would seek in the want-ad columns of the *Morning Leader-Dispatch* a series of "personal" messages, signed "Sam."

"Then, the real Sam," he continued, whoever and wherever he is, will be sure to see the messages, and dope out that some one is trying to muscle in on his racket. Get it?"

"But," Bonnie Dent objected, with a shiver, "won't he make trouble?"

"If he doesn't make trouble, we're licked," said Cartwright grimly.

"That's all I have to do, then?" Bonnie Dent deferred. "I just read these messages?"

"And answer them." He schooled her in the form and content of answering "personals" in the want-ad columns of the *Evening Bulletin* of Friday, Saturday and Monday. "And sign your initials, 'B. D.' Got it straight?"

"Yes."

He moved from behind the wheel and unlatched the door.

"Can you drive your own car?"

She smiled quizzically. "A garage man's wife?"

He stood a moment on the curb, looking at her.

Then, with a sudden disarming smile, he said, "Cold water will help that lump on your husband's head a lot. If I'd known he was your husband I might have acted differently, but there's always some little thing."

And lifting his hat gallantly, he disappeared abruptly around the corner, leaving Bonnie Dent staring after him quite bewildered.

PRESIDENT BANTON of Mexban, Inc., mining promoters and engineers, in the Towne Building on lower Fifth Avenue, beamed on his office force, all busy at desks when he arrived with his usual punctuality at 9 A. M.

Everything was in order—and Mr. Banton liked order exceedingly. Mr. Banton glanced around the familiar reception hall, nodding to the telephone girl, the head accountant, the office boy, each in turn, his smile growing broader and broader until his touring glance fell on the callers' bench in the corner—whereupon Mr. Banton's smile disappeared.

Mr. Banton was disconcerted. The spectacle of a gentleman in evening clothes and top hat taking what looked very much like a nap on his callers' bench at 9 A. M. was an irregular sort of incident—very irregular.

Mr. Banton abruptly withdrew to his inner office, where he cross-questioned his secretary.

"He was here five minutes after I opened up," explained the secretary, "and he insisted on waiting." The secretary hesitated. "I think he represents some London investing syndicate."

"Show him in," surrendered Mr. Banton wearily, with the air of one who reflects on the uselessness of expecting employes to save employers any pains.

Consulting the card as the singular visitor was shown in, Mr. Banton was elegantly cool.

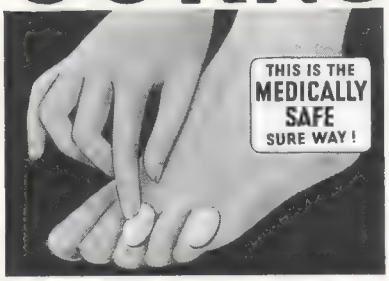
"The Honorable Cecil Cartwright? Honored, I'm sure. You've come a long way, Mr. Cartwright, but I must set you straight on one thing right away. Mexban doesn't need capital."

Mr. Banton sought a closer inspection of his caller, but the latter had somehow and quite naturally managed to find a seat with his back to the light. He sat down.

"Mexban doesn't need capital," reiterated Mr. Banton nervously.

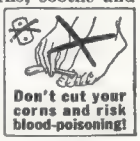
"But I do."

CORNS



Pain Gone QUICK!

Follow this method and be SAFE — Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They end pain instantly; quickly remove corns; soothe and heal and stop the cause; prevent blisters; make new or tight shoes easy on the feet. No other method does all these things for you! Sold everywhere—cost but a trifle. Get a box today!



Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

KEEP LAMP & RADIO WIRES OFF FLOOR

New Easy Way

A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords, 10c.

JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIP

10 Cents

At Most Woolworth Stores

FITS BACK OF BASEBOARD OR MOULDING

IF YOU HAVE A MAN TO COOK FOR

send for "Food Men Prefer." Breakfast to start them happily on their way and good masculine menus for lunch and dinner, too. Recipes! Send 10c to Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

A *Popular* HOTEL IT MUST EXCEL!

Every Room with Bath

Daily $2.00 up

Weekly $11.50 up

Located in a delightful section which retains traditional dignity and quiet charm. Here is every provision for comfort. Solarium, roof garden, lounge, library, recreation rooms and entertainment

The

GEORGE WASHINGTON

23rd Street and Lexington Ave., New York City

Tune in Station W O R Mon. & Fri. 5 to 5.30 P.M. Jane Bartal's Orchestra. Rex Sheridan, Baritone

$50,000

THE visitor uttered his retort so suavely that it was a full second before Mr. Banton could digest the implication.

"You do!" he stuttered. "But this isn't a bank! Why come here for a loan?"

"I represent myself and a woman—a woman to whom you owe a great deal," the elegant visitor replied, significantly.

"So that's it!" Mr. Banton brought his hand down violently on the desk top. "A shake-down game, eh?"

"Before you get excited," intervened the visitor calmly, "let me state the case. This is unfinished business of October seventeenth last!"

Mr. Banton's hand fell away from the buzzer he was about to press and he turned slowly in his swivel chair.

"You!" A strangled voice which uttered the syllable of recognition scarcely above a whisper. "You!" he repeated.

His visitor nodded. "I'm glad you didn't recognize me too soon. If you keep your voice low, you may use my real name. Unless you've forgotten it—over these seven months of prosperity?"

"Corey Chaice! I haven't forgotten," muttered Banton. He rubbed his brow "Corey Chaice, the—"

"—the escaped convict, the fugitive murderer—the thief?"

Banton shook his head vigorously. "No. You're Corey Chaice, the man who saved my business and my life." He rose and came to his visitor to proffer a trembling hand. The emotion and gesture impressed Corey Chaice as genuine. "But you want better thanks than a handshake," said Banton eagerly. "You said you needed money. How much. All I have is yours."

He started rummaging in his desk drawer for his check book.

The Hon. Cecil Cartwright—Corey Chaice—shook his head. "I'm not holding you up, Banton. But I need money—a lot of money, right away."

Banton fluttered all over his desk, reaching for pens, ink, check book.

"My signature only!" he interposed fervently. "The amount blank. You fill in what you please!"

Corey Chaice smiled. "Hadn't you better ask me first? I want $50,000."

BANTON spread his hands wide. "My life is yours. What is money compared to that?"

Corey Chaice signed the check with

(*Please turn to page* 116)

To obtain circulars described on page opposite 67, write to Miss Frances Cowles, in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or fifteen cents for all eight. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers which you will find accompanying descriptions.

Chapped, rough Skin!

'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly is most effective for healing chapped hands and faces; rough, red skin; for cracked lips or for giving relief from windburn and head colds. If you go in for outdoor sports, tuck a tube of 'Vaseline' in your pocket—you'll find it useful. Keep a jar on the bathroom shelf, too, for all family emergencies such as bumps, burns, scratches and bruises.

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE
LOOK FOR THE TRADEMARK
VASELINE WHEN YOU BUY.

If you don't see it you are not getting the genuine product of Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State St., New York.

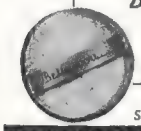
Now Men Adore Her Milky-White Skin

SHE has the loveliest face! Once muddy skin, freckles and blemishes made her actually homely, until she learned of a delicate, dainty white cream, called Golden Peacock Bleach Creme. This new discovery brought out the hidden *natural* whiteness of her skin in three days! And now, in only ten minutes a week, this same cream keeps her skin always dazzling white. No more redness, sallowness or freckles; blackheads and blemishes never bother her. Try a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme yourself—at any drug store or department store toilet counter.

Goodbye TO COARSE FACE POWDERS!

YOU'LL never go back to coarse powders after using the new Betty Lou Face Powder. It has been sifted through fine mesh silk . . not once . . but three times. Betty Lou adheres to your skin longer, will not clog delicate pores, and gives your face that much-desired youthful complexion. 10¢

IN CANADA—15¢

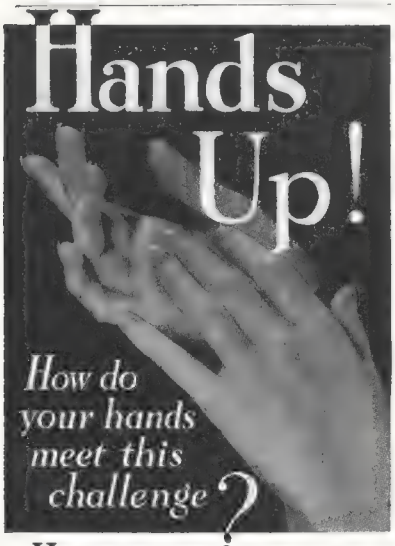


By the makers of the famous Betty Lou powder puffs *10,000,000 sold annually*

Sold Exclusively at

F.W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10¢ STORE

Hands Up!



Hold up your hands! Judge them! Your friends do. So does your family. That's the important test for your hands! If they look their best, you want to keep them that way. If not, you want to improve them.

Hands reddened and roughened by housework show amazing improvement when cared for with *Barrington Hand Cream*. A revelation in beautifying hands.

ACCEPT THIS TRIAL OFFER . . NOW!

NORTH AMERICAN DYE CORP., MT. VERNON, N.Y.
ENCLOSE 10¢ FOR A CONVENIENT PURSE-SIZE TUBE

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Barrington HAND CREAM

$50,000

(*Continued from page 115*)

the amount, folded it, and placed it carefully in his wallet. He rose to go.

"Thank you, Banton. You have helped save a life by this, maybe two." He shook hands with the old man and started toward the door.

Banton stopped him with a cry. "But you'll let me see you from time to time?"

Corey Chaice shook his head. "I think not! Remember, I'm an escaped convict. I still have a sentence to serve. On top of that, I'm supposed to have murdered a man. I'll be caught sooner or later. That wouldn't do you any good. This," he tapped his breast pocket, "finishes our business."

"But the other—the woman who wrote the letter—surely I should know——"

"Banton, if I knew that, I'd know the answer to a lot of things. I only know the perfume she wears—violets. And that she's very beautiful—and that I must always do what she orders . . ." His voice trailed off.

"I was the first one she saved, Banton. You were the second. She knew all your secrets as well as mine. She knew you had put all your hopes and every penny you could beg or borrow into that Mexican silver mine. She knew how you were being squeezed by that money-lender, Harrington. She even knew your plan to kill yourself, to save the mine with your insurance policy. She used me for the intervention. I robbed Harrington's safe—put Harrington's notes in your hands—just in time to stop you from putting a bullet through your head."

"Yes!" breathed Banton.

Corey Chaice shrugged his shoulders. "And that's all I know," he said. "A few days ago, I received another of those perfumed letters. What the outcome will be, I cannot tell. Whether I will see her, I do not know. Goodby, Banton."

And leaving the president of Mexban, Inc., staring after him, Corey Chaice, as the Honorable Cecil Cartwright, in top hat and evening clothes, strolled elegantly out of the office.

"KATHRYN well and nearby and still needs fifty packages. Answer today. SAM." (*From the Morning Leader-Dispatch, personal column of Friday.*)

"Okay the fifty packages same way. SAM." (*Leader-Dispatch of Saturday.*)

"Same place same hour Monday. SAM." (*Leader-Dispatch of Sunday.*)

"Will be there. B. D." (Monday's *Evening Bulletin.*)

THE road was empty but for a high-waisted old juggernaut of a car with yellow headlights, coming up the slope from the rear. Corey Chaice slowed his own long-hooded eight and let the heirloom pass, idly noting that an old lady with mittens sat rigid beside the chauffeur at its wheel.

And now the hill-top was his alone, and he could make, unwatched, such preparations for the transfer of the ransom as he chose. Swerving his car into the head of an old disused lane, he brought it to a stop and extinguished the lights and, in the same series of moves, slipped noiselessly over the side without unlatching the door. The lane ahead offered the best footing and seemed to lead upward toward the barn. Corey Chaice slipped along stealthily, on the alert. And then, for all his caution and watchfulness, he would have fallen thunderously over the front bumper of a car blocking the lane, but that his hand, blindly outswung, luckily fell on the steadying support of the car's hood.

Corey Chaice caught his breath, and grinned. The audience was on time. By feel more than sight, he studied the conformation of the car, making out that it had triple headlights and a winged Mercury set in the radiator cap.

At the bottom of the hill curve a motor hummed and headlights swept the birches in the hollow. In mid-climb, the arriving car blinked lights twice. Corey Chaice picked his way back and stepped into the clear

Bonnie Dent was alone.

"Can you take one more order from me?" asked Corey Chaice, leaning on the window-sill of her car to look down into the small face behind the wheel.

She answered quickly. "I've started to take your orders and I'll go through to the end."

"Then—go on to the turnpike, turn left, and go back to your hotel and wait."

FOLLOWING Bonnie Dent's car in his own, without lights, he saw her dutifully take the townward turn as he had instructed. That disposed of her, and he could give his undivided attention to developments at his rear. He sensed pursuit by the triple-headlight car, but moved to make sure. He switched on lights and turned into the cement highway. The pursuers would have to show lights, too. Corey Chaice pressed an elated foot on the accelerator and ran the indicator needle up to sixty.

He made it competitive, then, for a matter of five miles. This straight-away through woods was as good for his purpose as any stretch of road he was likely to strike, and he reached to the choke and pulled it out full. The car slowed like a wild bird winged with shot, and the triple lights of the pursuing car behind came out of the distance like falling suns. The pursuers passed him and forced him to the ditch. He sprang out onto the road for parley. There were three of them, pouring out of the car ahead and running back toward him with drawn guns.

"You'll do all the talking with the main guy, see?" the leader of his captors explained curtly "We're taking you to him. You got the dough on you?"

They put hands upon him, and discovered the currency bundle at once.

"Okay," ordered the leader. "Move on."

They had him now, squatting in an uncomfortable heap on the floor of the car. He wasted no mental effort on futile attempts to follow blind the geography of their course. Toward the end of the run, he nearly dozed.

"This, now, was the place. A farm house in a clearing on soil blistered with rock that pushed through from below. That would put it on the north side of the island. This geological deduction was the only one they gave him opportunity to make, before they hustled him up a cinder path to a house door which opened directly into the living room. Methodically, they produced

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'MOIST THROAT'
ENDED HIS COUGH!

"I had coughs all winter, till I learned about 'moist throat,'" writes R. G., of New York City.

Your throat and bronchial tubes are lined with millions of pores like tiny "bottles" continually supplying moisture to the delicate tissues . . . *until you "catch cold."*

Then these pores clog. Phlegm accumulates, affording dangerous germs a breeding place. Tickling, irritation and coughing set in.

Your cough will be cured only when you increase the flow of your throat's *natural moisture*, loosening the phlegm so it can be expelled. Many cough "remedies" contain numbing drugs which merely "deaden" the nerves . . . but don't get at the real root of the trouble!

PERTUSSIN, a scientific remedy, is the extract of a famous herb which opens the tiny glands, stimulates the flow of throat moisture and brings quick relief naturally.

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rope and bound him to a chair In the end, quite likely, they would just as methodically slit his throat and leave him here. They gave him to understand that he would await here the outcome of their report to the leader in an adjoining room.

They left a chubby underling with piggy eyes and ludicrously dandified clothes on guard. The man was unsociable, having no responses but meaningless flourishes of his gun, or the knife and fork with which he discussed a cold joint on the mantelpiece, and Corey Chaice abandoned useless conversational wiles. There was one friendly thing in the musty old farmhouse parlor, a large shepherd dog, which rose from the hearth-rug and came to sniff at the prisoner's legs. Corey Chaice stroked the beast's neck and came upon a studded collar concealed under the ruff. Moving, the dog dragged a chain, from which could be assumed that he was a kennel dog let in for the night, which was cool.

COREY CHAICE stiffened in his bonds suddenly. Of course! The dog. The puzzle suddenly came neatly clear to him.

He moistened the tip of his cigarette copiously and lowered his chin, bringing his bound hands an inch forward in his lap, adjusting them so that the strand of rope over his right wrist might lie exactly where a plummet might fall if swung on a line held in his teeth. He thrust gently with his tongue and the burning cigarette fell. It lay now across the rope but, by a damnable mischance, with the ember end against his skin. He counseled his nerves to tolerate pain.

A stench of burning hemp rose to his nostrils. He looked with misgiving to his lethargic guard in the easy chair. The man did not stir. And now the pain at his wrist was too keen to be borne longer, and he had to have it over with. His immense effort of arm muscles was intensified by the rebellion of nerves against the agony. The rope gave, and his hands were free. A rope-end still smouldered against his flesh, and he crushed the stinking ember against his leg.

What now? Corey Chaice pursed his lips and emitted a low whistle. The mangy dog on the hearth rose heavily to his feet. The guard came out of doze.

"If you don't like fleas," he counseled, "don't fool around with that pup." He was struck by a grisly, humorous notion. "At that, any flea that switches to you right now—the laugh is on the flea!"

The dog came within reach of Corey Chaice's hand and he seized its collar. There was no further hesitation or delay. The dog was large and, captured, promptly fought and snarled to be free. But he raised the animal clear and aloft and flung it with all his strength at the other in the room. The chubby one struggled half-erect in the instant of the unheralded attack and then went down again, sprawling to the floor, as he received the living missile full in the chest. Corey Chaice pitched himself after the dog, achieving enough momentum to hurl himself and the chair to which he was bound into the melee on the floor. The gun was what he sought, and his hands found it at once.

(*Please turn to page* 118)

HOW I CARE *for* MY TAN *and* COLORED SHOES

Irene Marchant

THERE'S a regular rainbow of shoes in my cupboard. Brown, tan, beige, sand—and I take care of them all with ColorShine Neutral Creme. What the leather needs is cleaning to bring out the color. ColorShine Neutral Creme does that, at the same time polishing and preserving the leather.

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THANK YOU

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FREEZONE

$50,000

(*Continued from page* 117)

In the next room the argumentative voices rose to a higher pitch and chairs and feet scuffed the floor. Corey Chaice fired thrice into the communicating door. A man yelled beyond the partition which now showed three splint-bordered holes. To kill or wound had not been Corey Chaice's intent, but he wasted no regrets. The fusillade would hold the band in there for the moment he needed.

AND then, all that he had schemed and performed, all that he had brought so close to success was cancelled. He recognized defeat at once, his heart sinking and his hands rising in simultaneous reaction to the four short words, uttered behind his back:

"Put up your hands!"

A woman's voice then. Her voice!

"Good work, Corey Chaice."

He wheeled. The old woman of the antiquated car, twice passed on the road in the night, stood in the embrasure of the garden door. He was vaguely aware of a second figure, the chauffeur to her rear. But his ravenous eyes were for her alone.

Startled, he gazed at her in bonnet, mittens, taffeta robe and aging streaks of grease paint upon her face, all of which were as complete a disguise for her natural beauty as was the disguise of the insane, shackled person who had protected him from the hands of the law one memorable night not long distant.

He lurched toward her as she stood there, her weapon in her mittened hand pointed with ominous purpose at the kidnaper group across the room.

"You!" he breathed.

But before there could be any response to this exclamation, the figure at her back came forward. It was Bonnie Dent's chauffeur-husband, Dick. He walked deliberately across the floor to the luckless dandy who had stood Corey Chaice's guard and began to smash that worthy's pudgy face, fiercely and monotonously.

"Where's the baby—Fuzzy—where is she?"

"If you know where it is, Corey Chaice, hurry!" came in sharp tone from the antiquated figure holding the automatic. "Here." She held out the gun to Bonnie Dent's chauffeur-husband. "Keep them lined up just as they are; and don't use it unless one of them tries to get away," she added significantly.

In the darkness outdoors, she let him lead. They skirted the farmhouse, deserting the cinder path and striking out in a half-circle for the fields to the rear. The outbuildings would be back there somewhere. Ahead, now, loomed a barn, lifeless, on closer inspection, dilapidated, and showing gaping wounds in walls of rotting wood. What they sought might be within the structure or outside. He set a course for the outside circuit and had taken but a dozen careful strides when he came to the end of the quest quite suddenly. The kennel home of the exiled watchdog was a lean-to against the greater mass of the barn.

He wasted no time on a search for doors and locks but tested the sturdiness of the whole low structure by putting his strength against its roof-beam. With a sound of rending wood the whole super-structure of the kennel gave and it fell away from its foundations like a lid. He went to his knees and so did she. Their fingers met in the litter of straw. Something stirred down there and whimpered feebly.

SHE sat upon the earth and gathered the swathed bundle of human life into her lap, fondling it and soothing it with cooing words. Corey Chaice, abashed, leaned to offer his hand. She accepted it, but, instead of rising, drew him down to her side.

"What shall you do now?" she inquired.

The question took him off balance and he was vague. "We'll take the baby back to the father—I suppose—and then . . . and then . . ."

"No." The negation was flat. "You've finished here. You must be on your way. Shots have been fired. It won't be long before the police arrive."

"You mean to say," he burst forth, "that this is all?"

"All?" she questioned coldly. "What do you mean? You found the baby, didn't you?"

And then came one of her characteristic impulsive changes. "I'm sorry," she exclaimed, laying her hand on his arm. "I'll always tell you what I can; but there's so little I am free to tell."

Corey Chaice opened his mouth to declare his devotion to her, but she interrupted.

"I must hurry," she warned, "but I want to tell you about this affair. The husband was my means of learning the details. You've guessed the situation there?"

Corey Chaice shook his head negatively.

"Bonnie Dent and her husband got married right out of high school. His family set them up in the garage business. She tended the gas pump. One day, Steinland, the producer, came through in his car, stopped for gas, and told her she ought to have a test in Hollywood. She did, and through one of those freaks, became a success. But she never mentioned the fact that she was married. They gave out the publicity that she was heart free and had never met the man she could love.

"The husband was tragically silly. He loved Bonnie and wanted to hold on to her. Staging a kidnaping was his idea."

Corey Chaice gasped. "You mean, he kidnaped his own child?"

She nodded. "Exactly, but with no intent to do more than hide it from the mother for awhile—a sort of hostage for Bonnie's faithfulness to himself.

"Of course, there was another factor involved of which they knew nothing. A certain person——"

"*Person*—" Corey Chaice exclaimed. "You've alluded to him before—the man who killed Glengower—the man who tried to fix his murder onto me—"

"Yes." He thought she shivered slightly. "He's had his eyes on Bonnie Dent's money for a long time. Blackmail was his original plan, based on the knowledge of the secret marriage and the child. They had got so far as to cultivate Dick, when he confided his scheme to sequester his own child. They played on his sense of injustice; and, in the end, he entrusted the child to them."

Corey Chaice's eyes were fastened on her face as she unfolded this amazing tale of the foolishness of two people.

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THE BEAUTY EDITOR
TOWER MAGAZINES
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$50,000

"Of course, I can guess the rest," he said. "When he found out that it was a real kidnaping, he must have gone wild."

She nodded. "And, now, you must go, Corey Chaice."

"But, when will I see you again?" he pleaded. "Can't you tell me where I can find you?"

She placed her finger on his lips, shaking her head. "Not now," she said. "Some day, perhaps. When I need you, I'll call for you as I have always done——"

"But suppose you can't reach me—suppose you lose track of me?" he objected, in an agony of apprehension.

She smiled. "I'll never lose you, Corey Chaice," she replied.

Then, swiftly, she leaned toward him and circled his shoulder with her free arm, drawing him lightly to her and finding his lips with hers.

"Until the next time," she whispered.

She was gone, a house door slammed. He stood until it was as if he were the only thing living left in the world. Then he turned on his heel and struck into the woods. A thorny branch struck painfully across his face.

"Until the next time," he echoed, and doggedly lowered his head to plunge on.

A Thief in His House

(*Continued from page* 34)

rippling laughter. Expecting to smell a whiff of that Turkish tobacco Heath affected simply because he had to import it.

Yes. There it was. Creeping through the heat to mock him. Standing here, Morton almost believed he could smell Mona's perfume, wafting away on the breeze.

Heath still lay there, at her feet, as lean flanked as a greyhound. His car, lean flanked and high-powered, reminded Morton somehow of Heath; expensive, treacherous. A shot from his gun would put it out of commission. A shot through a tire. Or a shot through Heath himself! Why not?

As Morton sat there anger mounted increasingly. Maybe Heath knew who his enemy was. Heath had nothing to do but lie around at the feet of another man's wife—his own wife lonely enough at home. Maybe Heath knew who was taking Morton's coffee. Knew and was telling Mona, laughing up his sleeve right now. Waiting for ruin to catch him, instead of tipping him off like any real friend.

That was it. Heath wanted Morton to be ruined! Heath wanted Morton out of the way. Maybe they were plotting to kill him.

He'd show 'em. He'd show 'em how fat he was behind the ears!

Morton grabbed his gun and aimed with careful nicety. He waited for a moment as if enjoying that which was to come. Then almost impersonally, indifferently, he shot once, twice, through the tangle of vines.

Mona first—so that her lover's dying glance would be to see her suffer.

Heath never moved nor quivered. But certain that the shots had told, Morton surveyed his work.

(*Please turn to page* 120)

NOT a soul will know just what you have done to make your hair so lovely! Certainly nobody would dream that a single shampooing could add such beauty—such delightful lustre—such exquisite soft tones!

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A Thief in His House

(*Continued from page* 119)

He could see the hat fall slowly, swaying, as Mona tipped forward. Her head lay on the ground almost within reach of Heath's outstretched fingers. Well, Heath had caressed that hair for the last time. It was safe within his reach now.

Dull and with a growing daze Morton watched them. They were still. Too still.

They deserved it. "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife. Thou shalt not steal." Health had stolen Mona. Some one else had stolen his coffee. . . . Everything gone. . . . Well, it didn't matter now.

HE'D lie down a bit, try to stop this infernal shaking. A chill. Not fright. He wasn't afraid. Stupid time ahead of him, court and so on. Of course, it wouldn't amount to much, just a form. Heath had never been liked much. Morton had his friends. Oh, they wouldn't hang him.

He'd get clean and then dope it out. And he'd need a couple of shots—drinks—shots, was a slip, now after what had happened, wasn't it? He'd start things at, say, sundown.

Sundown. And nearly sundown now, thank God!

In his room Morton moved slowly to a chair by the window. To sling off his pith helmet with its green shade he fumbled for his handkerchief to mop his face. Not that it made any difference how he looked—red and warm and shiny. Mona used to have plenty to say about that. But Mona was gone.

A noise outside. But it was only Tomaso, and Morton watched him, swinging a lithe leg over the motorcycle seat, as he dismounted in a cloud of dust. Tomasco, funny fellow. Mona liked him, too. At least they agreed on that. Which was funny, as lately she hadn't liked much about Morton. And Tomaso was, first of all, Morton's own servant.

A faint odor of Turkish cigarette smoke met his nostrils. Heath's, come back to mock him! Morton started sharply. The cool breeze swung the window curtains inward—a door must be open.

Automatically, he was about to reach for his comb, to attempt some sort of law and order, crouching a bit to see the mirror, when his eyes fell on the letter, propped against his shaving cream.

Mona's hurried handwriting. Huh! Going tc run away, with her wealthy lover, was she? Caught them just in time.

He tore it open. His eyes were not as good as formerly, but it was not bad eyes which made him seem blind.

He stood there motionless, stricken dumb, five minutes, an hour.

"Dear Joe:" the letter ran—

"When I see your horse on that rise of ground a mile from the plantation"—(So she could see him, eh, before he got home, in plenty of time!)—"I am taking Malcolm Heath to the ravine.

"I'll try to keep him there a couple of hours. That will give you time to raid his storehouse. You know, the one at the edge of our land.

"Heath has been stealing your coffee. His men get it out by canoe on the creek while your watchman eats supper. As easy as that!

"I have been suspecting Heath for some time. Played him along for weeks, Joe, so that I could help you. He got a little tight last night and gave the show away.

Love, Mona.

P. S. Take Heath's car."

Well, there was one more thing to do. Shoot himself.

"MARSTER!"

Morton's hand, darting to his hip pocket, was stayed by a firm, steady grip.

The light snapped on. And with bloodshot eyes Morton looked behind him. Tomaso, of course, one hand about Morton's wrist, the other, balancing a tray.

"I take the gun, Marster," Tomaso said, practically.

He did so, slipped it into his own pocket. He motioned toward the tray.

"Two drinks. Thought you might need them both, Marster."

Morton grinned wryly.

"Hell, that's right, I do." He tried to make his voice steady. "Been swiping Turkish cigs again, eh?"

The aroma was unmistakable. It had been the same in the glade. Heath's own cigarette.

Morton watched the man pad across the room toward the table, watched him set the tray down, select a tumbler and carry it carefully back to Morton's hand. The white man might have been a pudgy child, so concerned was the servant.

"Do you good, Marster," Tomaso was saying, as if anxious that conversation did not lag. "A hard day."

"Hard enough."

He tipped back his head, the drink vanished, and setting the glass down, Morton grunted, wiped his mouth with the back of his fat hand and eyed himself in the mirror. Across his shoulder he could see Tomaso watching him.

His gaze was freighted with understanding which Morton resented even while he yearned for it.

"What the hell do you know about my hard day?"

The noise of a motor car crept in through the velvet darkness which suddenly had enveloped the house like a curtain flung over a stage set.

Morton started as if he had been shot. Tomaso did not speak.

"What's that?"

"Marster Heath's car, Marster." His voice was soothing.

Tomaso padded across the room, mixed a second drink and brought it back on a small tray.

"Heath's car?"

"It goes now. I send men to the storehouse."

Morton wheeled about. "You send men? Hell. Did you read that note? You can't read, eh? Answer me."

Tomaso shook his head.

"Mistress Morton, she tell me, Marster."

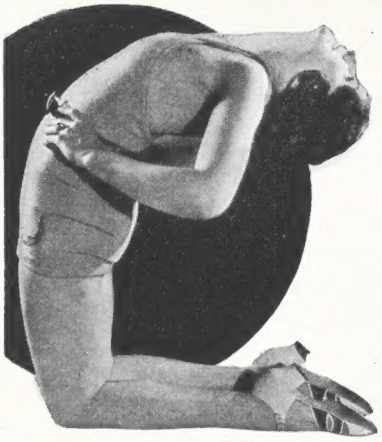
"Told you what?"

"If Marster will pardon. About Marster Heath and the coffee. I 'fraid she cannot keep him so long—two hours, so I help. I so bold, I offer Marster Heath a drink when 'e arrive this afternoon."

His tone was stealthy.

Morton was impatient. "All right. All right. You offered him a drink. Well?"

"Marster Heath, he drink it."



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A Thief in His House

"Not being an utter damn fool, of course he did. Then what?"

"He fall quickly asleep." Tomaso's glance achieved an ingredient of cunning. "I put some powder in his drink. He not wake, long time. Tomorrow."

"Yes?"

"Three men and I take him to the glade."

Tomaso's glance became important.

"You — saw — me?" Morton's own voice dropped. It wasn't like Tomaso, blackmail.

"In my mind's eye, Marster, many times I saw you. Many days. Island police, ver' bad things. I cut my thro-at for you, Marster.

"I place Mistress' Morton's hat on a bush." He grinned suddenly at the thought of his deception. "You shoot ver' good, boss. But you no touch Marster Heath. Two shots through the hat brim!"

"What! I — didn't — didn't — hurt — her? Tell me! Quick, man, tell me!"

Tomaso lowered his eyes respectfully.

"I put Mistress Morton asleep, too, boss," he said.

Morton's thick hands grasped his shoulder.

"You mean—out with it."

"Mistress Morton, she not there, boss. She asleep, now, in her room. Taya carry her. I hung her hat in the glade—"

"She wasn't there, at all?" Morton looked astonished, rather than relieved. "This note—"

"The island policeman, ver' bad things," apologized Tomaso. "They come now."

A fleet of motorcycles had hummed up, buzzing like giant bees, their lights like fireflies.

Morton sprang to the window.

He turned and looked back over his shoulder like one trapped. "You've lied to me, you dog," he snarled.

"The policemen, they come for Heath's men. Who steal the coffee. I ask them come," Tomaso explained. "Maybe Marster Heath, too. You ask them," he dropped his voice as is befitting one who speaks of women.

"Then maybe Mistress Morton need you. Maybe she like to order—new—hat."

Here's Our Colonial Bedroom

(*Continued from page* 66)

longue occupies one corner of the room, it is upholstered in chintz with a peach color background with a large floral design, in shades of blue.

The dressing table is built into the vanity alcove. The top of it is painted blue and it is draped with a plain glazed chintz of a lighter shade of blue.

The draperies are made of pale blue glazed chintz edged with wide pleated ruffles and topped by decorative wood cornices painted a darker blue. The glass curtains are dainty ruffled tiebacks made of white point d'esprit.

If you have been following the development of our little Colonial house which we are producing in miniature room by room, you will be glad to know that the guest room will be shown in the next issue of this magazine.

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The LINE-UP

A new department for mystery readers! Write your opinions and suggestions for MYSTERY Magazine every month. Tell us what story you like best—who your favorite mystery writer is. For every letter published on this page we will pay one dollar. And, remember, if you don't like this magazine, say so! Write to the MYSTERY Editor, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Ave., New York City.

A New MYSTERY Fan

MYSTERY Editor,
Tower Magazines, Inc.,
55 Fifth Ave.,
New York City.
Dear Editor:

"The Girl No One Knew" is the most exciting story I have ever read. I see that it ends in the February issue, and I am writing this letter to ask you for more stories like it. I never read mystery stories before, but after starting "The Girl No One Knew," I bought every issue of your magazine. I didn't miss an installment.

I certainly vote Henry Kitchell Webster my favorite writer. It's his fault that I am now an ardent mystery story fan. I shall read every story of his I can find from now on.

Yours for more "Girls No One Knew."

Sincerely,
Mrs. Ida M. Katch,
Detroit, Michigan.

Let's Argue

Tower Magazines, Inc.,
55 Fifth Ave.,
New York City.
To the MYSTERY Editor:

If you could arrange a debate between those two great men who appeared in the January issue of MYSTERY Magazine, Commissioner Mulrooney and Sax Rohmer, you could fill Madison Square Garden with ardent mystery lovers.

"The Mystery of the Locked Room" was the most fascinating story I have ever read, and while I agree with Sax Rohmer's solution of the murder, I admire Commissioner Mulrooney as one of the greatest police commissioners the city of New York has ever known. I, for one, would go any distance to hear these two outstanding men debate on the question of how Isidore Fink met his death.

This is still such an open mystery in the minds of American people, that I believe if you promoted such a debate, it would be the sensational event of the year.

Mary Lyons,
New York City.

Take Your Pick

Tower Magazines, Inc.,
Dear MYSTERY Editor:

I vote for "The Man With the Rubber Face" as the best mystery story you have ever published. I can't wait for the next issue to appear to see what will happen to John Cabot and Larry Kilraine. By the way, I like Viola Le May much better than Mary Sargent. Can't you tell Mr. Bedford-Jones to have John Cabot fall in love with her instead of Mary Sargent? I disagree that Viola Le May could have any evil influence over John Cabot. She's my favorite.

Frank Strechy,
San Francisco, California.

They Found a Friend

MYSTERY Editor,
Tower Magazines, Inc.,
55 Fifth Ave.,
New York City.

I have been an ardent mystery story fan for years. My husband and I have collected every outstanding mystery novel ever written, and have many first editions of the famous French mystery classics in our library. We were well acquainted with Sherlock Holmes and Watson, Philo Vance, Farmer Brown, and the numerous other famous detective characters. But in all our experience, we have never found a more delightful and amazing character than Simeon Graves, Walter Ripperger's criminal lawyer who appeared in your excellent magazine in "The Severed Hand," and starting the series called "The Weird Murders of Mr. Carn."

Here is a real detective story character that should become famous in the near future. Mr. Ripperger's stories are exciting and unique, combining all the elements of real mystery and suspense.

My husband and I already consider Simeon Graves an indispensable friend—and look forward eagerly to his further adventures.

Very sincerely yours,
Mrs. Edward Hines,
Chicago, Illinois.

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